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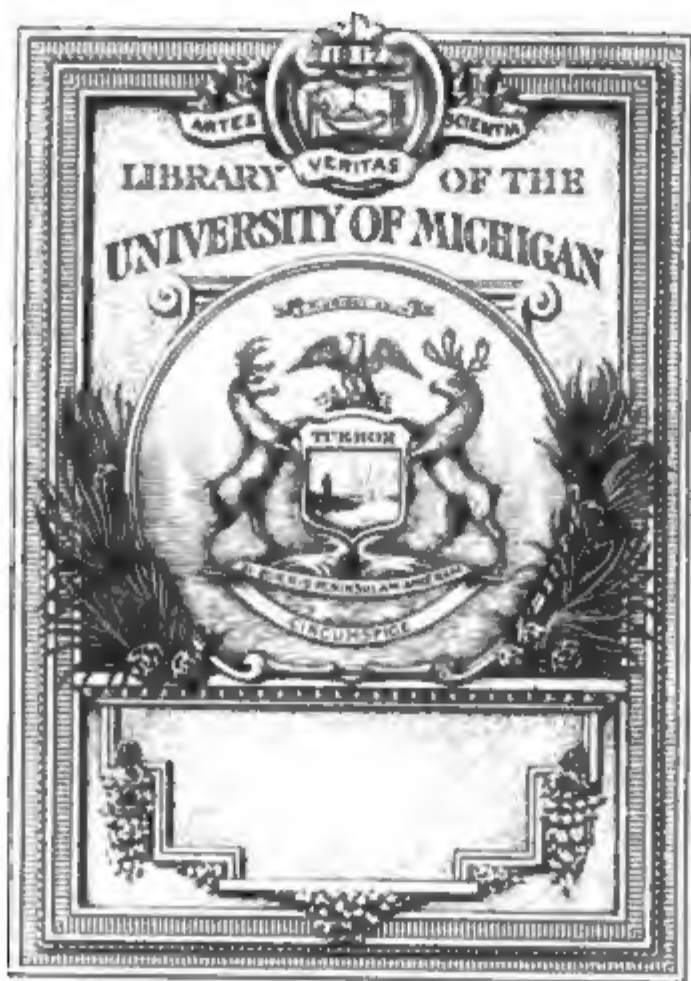
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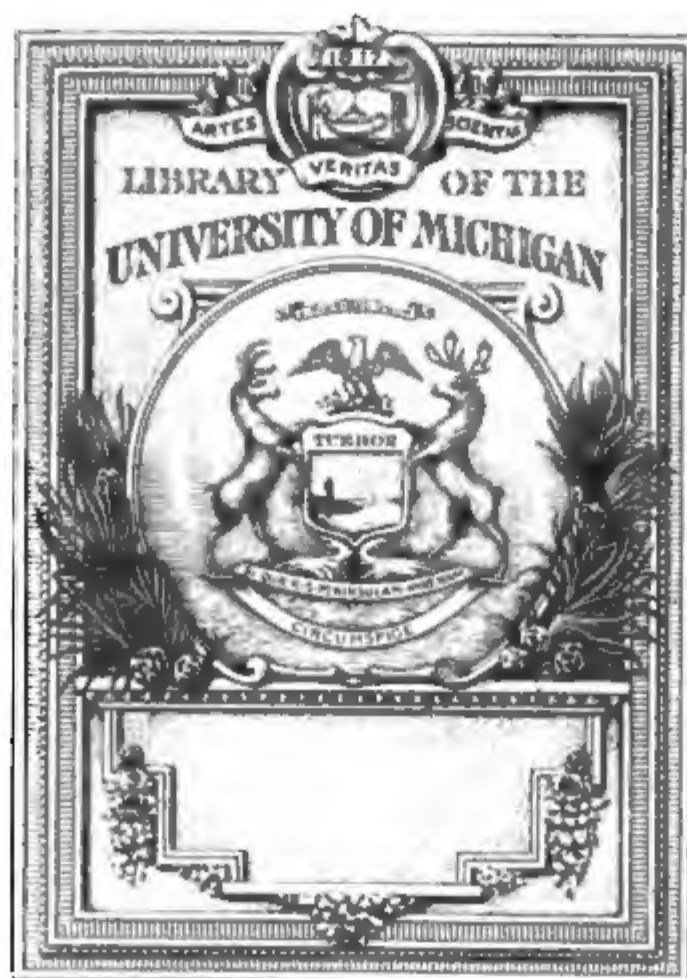
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THE

# Knickerbocker,

1848

OR



NEW-YORK MONTHLY MAGAZINE.



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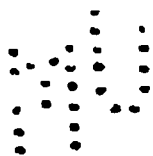
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brilliancy or particular location were rendered peculiarly serviceable, received particular names, for their more perfect identity, or from mere caprice. This was done at a period so remote as to be now lost; yet we continue both the divisions and the names, at the present day. In the book of Job, and again in Amos, we find these divisions recognised; and many of the early poets make mention of them. Numbers of the fixed stars are now known to revolve in proper orbits around each other; but still they are termed fixed, because to the unassisted eye, they suffer no change of position with regard one to another.

It was to this class of heavenly bodies that Uranus, until the year 1781, was supposed to belong. Being visible to the naked eye, it was probably seen by millions of the human family, in the earlier ages of the world; but it was seen only as one of the countless gems that immovably deck the celestial vault.

When astronomy had so far advanced as to render accurate catalogues of the fixed stars desirable, the compilation of such was undertaken; and Uranus must of necessity have had a place in each of these which embraced stars of so low a magnitude, unless overlooked by inadvertence: in several it certainly appeared.

Observations made by Flamsteed, an English astronomer, record the position of this body in the heavens, in the year 1690; and at several other periods. Mayer, a native of Maspach, in Wurtemberg, 'one of the greatest astronomers, not only of the 18th century, but of any age or any country,' (says Delambre,) in his new catalogue of zodiacal stars, for 1756, has inserted it as star No. 964. Bradley, an Englishman, also observed and noted this body as a fixed star, in 1753. Lemonnier, a French astronomer, first observed and noted Uranus, as a fixed star, in 1765; and his manuscripts, now at the Royal Observatory of Paris, show no less than *twelve* observations, upon the same planet. In all these instances no opinion was entertained, by any one of the observers, that this particular body differed in any respect, from those by which it was surrounded; and the fact of its identity with these was first suspected by finding no star in either of the several places where stars had been designated, in the maps; and such suspicions were subsequently verified by calculations that show it to have occupied the respective positions thus assigned, at the stipulated periods of time.

As no planet was suspected to exist beyond Saturn, so none was sought for there; nor had the discovery of motion, in Uranus, the most distant connexion with any preconceived intention of such discovery: it was the result of accident alone. Herschel, (father of the present English astronomer now observing at the Cape of Good Hope,) a native of Hanover, had established himself in England, where he had been some years engaged in the construction of telescopes, through mere curiosity and a taste for astronomy. These instruments he applied to use, as he completed them, and thus became a highly creditable and able practical observer. On the night of the 13th of March, 1781, while engaged in a series of observations upon the parallax of the fixed stars, and regarding with attention several small ones, near the feet of Gemini, he was struck with the fact that one appeared larger than the rest, when seen in his telescope. As



the fixed stars are not materially magnified by these instruments, the fact of this enlarged appearance, when once detected, fixed the observer's attention. The telescope with which this discovery was made was one of seven feet in length only, and the eye-piece in use at the moment was one which magnified two hundred and twenty-seven times. Having, by subsequent observations, determined that the star in question had changed place, in relation to those by which it was surrounded, Herschel no longer concealed his discovery. Still he had no suspicion he had discovered a *planet*: he wrote to the Royal Society, of which he was a member, stating the facts, and adding that his first impression was he had detected a small comet, without either tail or envelope; and in a subsequent part of his announcement he adds: 'the sequel has shown that my surmises were well founded, this proving to be the comet we have lately observed.' This announcement was published in the succeeding volume of the Society's transactions; but in the mean time Maskelyne, the English astronomer, announced the discovery to M. Messier, and the astronomers of Paris were at once engaged in observing the supposed comet, and in calculating its orbit. Nor were they long in detecting the error that had been committed, in regard to the body in question. On the 8th of May, 1781, less than two months from the first discovery of Uranus as a moving body, *Jean-Baptiste Gaspar Bochart de Saron* ascertained that it was much more elongated from the sun than any of the other planets; and his extraordinary facility, in calculating cometary orbits, had thus early enabled him to know that the motions of this body answered not to a parabolic curve. He gave the first idea of a circular orbit, and this suggestion was carried out, and the orbit determined, by his co-laborer, Méchain, according to the method of La Place. Thus, through the combined agency of a most happy piece of unexpected good fortune, on the part of Herschel, in England, and the industry and mathematical skill of the Paris astronomers, a new planet stood revealed to the knowledge of mankind, belonging to our own solar family, and yet revolving in an orbit so immensely distant as to envelope all the others, and to give to the known limits of the solar system an augmentation of dimensions almost beyond conception.

It has often been averred — and it is necessary here to repeat the truth, because the errors in question are still found in the newest books — that Dr. Herschel discovered motion in Uranus through the agency of his noted forty feet telescope; and also that he recognised that body as a planet. For the promulgation of the former of these errors, we may refer, among others equally respectable, to a no less authority than Arnott's *Elements of Physics*; and for the latter, among others, to the *North American Review*, not to enumerate a multitude of minor publications, many of them school books, and hence in the hands of most of our youth, which have given them currency until they have well nigh passed into proverbs. Advertence to this subject was called for here, as the only means of justifying some of the above statements; and the expose is equally demanded in justice to the memory of Dr. Herschel himself, who certainly, in his publications upon these subjects, has given no authority for these creations of some unknown pen.

That research might be stimulated, the French Academy of Sciences proposed the theory of the new planet for the subject of the prize of 1790; and although but eight years had transpired, since investigations began, Delambre, produced tables of Uranus which took the prize; and which are found so accurate as to be still retained.

By these it was disclosed that Uranus revolves in an orbit whose distance from the sun is more than nineteen times as great as that of the earth; and more than twice as great as that of Saturn — the most distant planet known, before this discovery. In this orbit Uranus accomplishes its sidereal revolution in a little more than eighty-four years and twenty-nine days — moving like the other planets from west to east. Less than three quarters of a single solar year of that planet, then, has transpired since its first discovery as a member of our solar family! Its apparent diameter is about 4"; yet its real diameter is about thirty-five thousand miles, and its bulk about eighty times that of our earth. Though of such magnitude, yet at the enormous distance at which it is placed, and considering the lenti-tude of its apparent motion, we can scarcely be surprised that its real character escaped detection so long. The inclination of its orbit to the plane of the ecliptic is less than that of any other planet, being not quite 47'. Dr. Herschel says, 'the flattening of the poles of this planet seems to be sufficiently ascertained, by many observations. The seven feet, the ten feet, and the twenty feet instrument equally confirm it;' and hence this planet, it has been inferred, has a motion upon its axis; which, reasoning from analogy, is certainly probable in the highest degree, although the fact has not yet been verified by observation. When its planetary character was detected, fifty-seven years since, this body was in the constellation Gemini: it is now near  $\lambda$  of Aquarius, about  $8^{\circ}$  almost due north from the star Scheat, of the same constellation.

The number of satellites belonging to Uranus is not settled; but those which are well known offer some peculiarities forming exceptions to rules that have been observed by nature in all other parts of the celestial mechanism with which we have become acquainted.

It was not until 1787 that Uranus was known to be attended by moons. On the 11th of January, of that year, Herschel believed he discovered two; and subsequent observations left no doubt of this fact. This discovery was made with his twenty feet reflector, after it had been transformed from the Newtonian form to a front view instrument. Of his great telescope, of forty feet, he says he had his first view in it on the 19th of February, 1787, but that it was not finally completed until the 28th of August, 1789. He afterwards supposed he had discovered four other satellites, and two rings, belonging to this planet; but he subsequently disproved the existence of these last, retaining only the four additional satellites. These have never been seen by any other astronomer, nor has any proof, additional to the opinion of Herschel, been obtained, that there are such bodies. The suspected rings were evidently optical illusions; and it is highly probable that they arose from the defect of figure of the speculum of the forty feet telescope. Indeed this instrument, which has been so often and so constantly the theme of eulogy and admiration, seems never to have been of very extensive

practical use. The figure of the speculum is well known to have been so defective, that the images of the celestial bodies which it produced were distorted, and although very high magnifying powers were tried upon it, yet the Rev. W. Pearson, a member of the Royal Society, does not hesitate to state, in his "Practical Astronomy," (4to. London, 1829,) that owing to this defect the magnifying powers used upon it seldom exceeded 200. The belief in its limited usefulness is still farther, and very strongly confirmed, by the fact that this telescope was taken down, some years since, and laid aside, for no other avowed reason except that the *frame work* had become decayed!

All, then, which is known with certainty respecting the attendants of Uranus, is that it has two satellites; but these present phenomena wholly unknown in any other portion of the celestial mechanism. 'Contrary to the unbroken analogy of the whole planetary system—whether of primaries or secondaries—the planes of their orbits *are nearly perpendicular to the ecliptic*, being inclined no less than  $78^{\circ} 58'$  to that plane, and in these orbits their motions are *retrograde*; that is to say, their positions, when projected on the ecliptic, instead of advancing *from west to east*, round the centre of their primary, as is the case with every other planet and satellite, move in the opposite direction.'

For these peculiarities no satisfactory cause has been assigned; and they leave us no less strikingly impressed with the peculiarity of the appendages of the most distant planet now, than we were with those of Saturn, when that was supposed to move upon the utmost border of the solar system. But of the limits of that system, whatever may once have been thought, we can now form no settled opinion. The space beyond the orbit of Uranus, within which the attraction of our sun surpasses that of the sun of any other system, is shown, by the orbits of some comets, to be almost beyond our conception; nor have we any evidence that these bodies, in their 'protracted journeys of a thousand years,' do or do not reach the confines of that space. Certain it is, that space enough is there to allow of a farther augmentation of the number of our primary planets; but whether we shall ever recognise them, if such there are, cannot now be known.

The remarkable, yet wholly empirical law of Bode, touching the distances of the planetary orbits from the sun—a law which is also found applicable to the distances of satellites from their primaries—if continued beyond Uranus, would give the next planet a distance three hundred and eighty-eight times greater from the sun than the earth, and a sidereal revolution of about two hundred and forty-three years. As no fixed proportion between the size and the distances from the sun, is found to prevail among the planets, a body, so far as we know, may hereafter become known to us, even at that prodigious elongation, by reason of great size, aided by improved telescopes, and perhaps, also, by some happy fortuity, such as that which first fixed attention upon Uranus, and one or more of the telescopic planets.

Indeed we cannot aver, with any certainty, that the first observations are not already made and recorded, that are to eventuate in perfecting the discovery of one or more such bodies. Mr. Wartman,

of Geneva, observed, in September, 1831, a small star which had an appreciable motion, both in right ascension and in declination; and in May, 1835, Mr. Cacciatore, of Palermo, observed another (for their positions showed them not the same) distinguished for like motions. In the case of the latter body; calculations, based upon the imperfect observations obtained, render it probable that its orbit, if this be a planet, is at near the same distance from the sun as that of Vesta; but of the star observed by Mr. Wartman, no such approximate determination was obtained. Neither of these bodies, we believe, has ever been seen since the year in which it was discovered; and what they are, or where arranged, in the celestial economy, if ever made known to us, is still to be disclosed by the future.

R. W. H.

*Buffalo, June, 1838.*


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THOUGHTS ON EARLY SPRING.

By the deep forest's yet unawaken'd green,  
 To tread on wither'd leaves, and herbage new,  
 And trace the first young buddings' tender sheen;  
 The downy liverwort's sweet eye of blue,  
 And pale anemoné, on amber stem,  
 Faint — blushing delicate — the woods first gem.

Where the fresh fountain bubbles into light,  
 Amidst the ferns that fringe her mossy brink,  
 Inlaid with scarlet berry, gleaming bright,  
 Invites the wanderer to stoop and drink:  
 O! give me one sweet day amidst the woods,  
 The vernal, stirring breeze, and rous'd-up floods!

The fitful spirit of the wilderness  
 Raiseth the heart, and the adoring eye,  
 To HIM who doth with early beauty, bless  
 The slender service-tree that waves so high,  
 Her snow-white wreathes amidst the unclad wild;  
 And owns the sparrow for His mercy's child.

I love all blossoms of the early spring;  
 All living things the winter-storm hath left:  
 The red-cup moss, the myrtle — fragrant thing!  
 Each tinge of life within the rock's dark cleft:  
 And when the blue-bird warbles sweet and clear,  
 To rest in some charm'd spot, the hymn to hear.

Where the sweet water-fall is chiming low,  
 Amidst the shrub-roots, and the old gray stone;  
 Catching the sunbeams in her sparkling flow,  
 And shadows of the forest branches, lone,  
 Yet leafless, rustling tuneful over head,  
 With thwarted twigs beneath the blue sky spread.

There flow to HIM my soul! my joyful soul,  
 Upward with the elastic air, and scent  
 Of early buds; and gentle sounds that roll  
 Amidst the boughs; and song of waters, blent  
 With hum of new-waked insect, on the wing,  
 And all the breathing harmonies of spring.

He who hath form'd us for devotion, He  
 Hath worn our nature; and hath lov'd to pray  
 Where the wild woods, his temple's canopy,  
 Gave a religious color to the day;  
 Here let us gather strength, e'er we depart  
 Where the world calls. God keeps the pure in heart.

w.

## THE AMBITIOUS MAN.

‘Vaulting ambition, which o’erleaps its self,  
And falls on the other side.’

MACBETH.

WERE all the crowns, and columns, and arches, in time past awarded to successful ambition, to be multiplied one hundred fold, they would hardly equal the hopes which have been blasted, and hearts broken in the winning of them. Disease has withered, and accident and self-destruction have found their victims, and men have seen the destroying messenger. But all the while ambition has been decoying us, and stimulating our lower energies, and its only records are here and there a wrinkled and care-laden brow, or an inscription on a tombstone. It goes abroad flaunting and dazzling; its solitary strivings, its heart-burnings, and its down-trampling arts are unobserved within the inner sanctuary.

My friend, Charles Egerton, was a lawyer who misused his profession; he degraded it into a means of political preferment. At college he was one of the mildest fellows in the world — winning respect by mental superiority, and retaining it by a thousand natural kindnesses. I used to admire his love for his mother, who was a widow, and had met with such a series of domestic losses, that ‘the balance of her thoughts’ already ‘inclined to another world.’

In conformity with her wishes, he was at first disposed to the ministry. By degrees, however, he proposed to himself a wider field — a place among the names that never die! He might fail, but he must strive to influence the world. During all these changes, his filial affection never cooled. ‘If my parent were not a widow,’ he used to say, ‘and her love to me her last tie to earth, I would act for myself, and the time should arrive when she might be proud indeed of her son!’

Egerton had one more inducement to humble and patient exertion. Months and years of intercourse had attached him to one of the most lovely spirits I have ever known. Anna Carlton — a gentle creature, who had never seen the dazzling flatteries of what is termed fashionable life — was at first pleased with his boyish preference; as youth changed to womanhood, she found her regard rather increased. For a while, she believed her interest in his struggle, and her triumphs in his success, to be no more than friendly; and he said he was no gladder to meet her bright eyes and modest bow, than he should have been that of any other pretty damsel. Both were mistaken, and both at last perceived their mistake. If their attachment was not formally acknowledged, it was nevertheless warm, and apparently indestructible.

Anna was an humble being; unambitious to attract but by her lovely temper; always engaged, and always postponing herself to her friends. She had that thorough self-devotion, that cheerful forgiveness, which mark woman only. In warmer days I used to fancy, that her character was in no single point deficient; I suppose she had failings, but only because she was human. Her mother died when she was in her third year, and Anna had been a kind of soothing



spirit to a capricious father; at length her gentle influence failed, he commended her to the care of friends and gave himself to temptation. She lived at times with the Egertons, and then the widow's home was bright and gladsome.

Anna Carlton was nearly eighteen when Egerton resolved to relinquish theology for a more ambitious calling. I often wish every thing could be as it was in those days; ambition came, and in its train strugglings, art, coldness. But I have no desire to detail more of my old friend's life — nor have I need. He is dead, and by his wish, expressed in his closing hours, several ms. records have been put into my hands; parts of which I have thought it no breach of confidence to extract. I have forbore to make alterations in them, leaving the circumstances given above, to explain a rather abrupt narrative, and apologize for the tone of disappointment and repining occasionally perceptible. These desultory passages shall be called

SCRAPS FROM A GREEN BAG.

\* \* \* \* \* 'A dark eye made me a politician. I blush to confess it. It carries me back to years and feelings from which I seldom draw the curtain. Professional eminence, which I used to covet, now that I am leaving the scene, crumbles to dust in the grasp. I recollect my first case; events, coincidences connected with it cannot be forgotten.

'My mother, who was a widow, wished me to prepare for the church. I suppose that wish was deeper in her heart than any other; but she was too mild a being to restrain by ambitious aspirations. I told her that a wider field would afford me eminence, and her, and a young friend whom she loved, pecuniary independence.

'When she consented to my relinquishing her favorite profession, a tear was on her cheek. 'My son, always recollect,' said she, taking my hand more affectionately than it has ever been grasped since, 'that seventy years are short enough for God's service; fame is exacting, and if you are its devotee, death may overtake you unprepared. Never forget the claims of another, in the struggles and honors of this world; be, for my sake, a good man.'

'I would relinquish every attainment to hear that mild counsel again. I thought at the time I would not forget the scene, were temptations never so many.

'Anna Carlton was standing by, and looking steadily in my face; I assured them that no professional allurements should trample upon conscientiousness, inasmuch as *I would never engage in a cause, unless truth were on my side*. The widow smiled, and my last evening at home flew away speedily and pleasantly. Anna read to us from one of the English poets, and I remember thinking how public honors fell into shadow, beside her lovely temper; and her exquisitely refined mind. 'Your profession,' said she, 'will strengthen and sharpen your powers, let it not circumscribe them. They should be farther reaching than this world.' The next morning I hurried to town, to commence my reading.

'Reverencing, as all involuntarily do, great intellectual effort, for a time I was enraptured with the minds who had elevated my profession. I revelled in the stores of knowledge to which I had access.

But I did not forget those whom I loved, and my visits at home were frequent and delightful. As the science opened before me, I began to rejoice that I was not bound to a single parish, and pictured to myself the honors and the influence for which I was a candidate. Those were boyish days ; I never realized my anticipations.

‘ Young men learn bitterly their lessons of humility ; and to one ridiculously fancying, as I did, that his services could be really an acquisition to the legal profession, the weeks and months of idleness and unfulfilled expectation which followed the hanging out of my name, were unspeakably provoking. I went regularly to my office to do little nothings. Never was a fire so faithfully replenished, never were books so often put in order, and chairs and tables so scrupulously arranged ; and never was a poor fellow more disappointed. I adhered, however, to my resolution of not compromising with high principle for the sake of emolument ; and several petty cases, which I might have obtained, fell into the hands of an old college acquaintance, and to tell the truth, a rival withal. I had hoped our proximity was to have ended at the university, but I soon found him my neighbor now, as in old times. He was a man of more cunning address, more affability, as people are pleased to term it.

These are slight matters in themselves, but they bring back forcibly those days, and account for feelings and conduct of later life. In half a year, not above six charges stood on my book ; these were written very legibly and elegantly, but I was ashamed to put so few into a collector’s hands, and so let them pass. Were I to live those years again, I should not take such neglect to heart ; but then I was vexed, and for many weeks did not visit my mother, who wore, kind soul ! the same refreshing smile, whether darkness or sunshine were abroad.

One Saturday morning I was sitting with several old friends in my office, cursing in my heart a profession which I lauded to them, when a stout, middle-aged gentleman, with a bundle of papers under his arm, desired to speak with me. I asked him to be seated, and as coolly as I could, remarked that there was a prospect of a storm.

‘ We are strangers, Sir,’ said he, ‘ but, although the affair will come to a public trial, for delicate reasons I shall prefer your services to those of my usual barrister.’

‘ I know my eyes brightened, despite my attempts to take this as a matter of course. The bundle was soon opened, and the stranger, turning over paper after paper, stated to me the principles of the proceeding. ‘ I am the lawful executor,’ he remarked, and then added, with a singular sternness in his glance, ‘ and she, ungrateful for a thousand favors, would extort my own just inheritance.’

‘ We conned over the documents a while longer in silence. There was a will, and a codicil, a report of an old trial, several grants of real estate, and eight or ten private letters. After I had gained a general knowledge of the grounds of the suit — which I foresaw would be of some moment — the middle-aged man bade me good morning. ‘ I trust that all exertions will be made, Sir,’ said he, ‘ and all the fidelity used on your part, which are to be expected from a man of honor. Of your ability, allow me to say, I do not doubt.’ I bowed to the compliment, and we parted.

‘In more successful days, I have wondered at the joy with which I hailed this first professional engagement. I fancied the renown and pecuniary ease to which it might lead ; I thought of providing for the widow and Anna ; re-crossing my room for the hundredth time, and almost clapping my hands for joy.

‘My client, it appeared, was executor of an estate, to which the children of his sister, a widow, laid certain claims, by right of their father. The suit concerned some valuable landed property, which it was contended, by reason of previous sales, as well as an obscurity in the testamentary dispositions, formed a part of their inheritance. The executor had placed innumerable instruments before me, but I confess I thought his grounds unsubstantial ; the objections, to use a term of our trade, were *wire-drawn*. However, the more compliment to my ingenuity, thought I, bending hour after hour over torn letters, and formal documents, and sketching every favorable view of the case.

‘Evening was just closing in, when I received a short letter from my mother. She was sorry another week had elapsed without my visiting the homestead, and hoped I should never find a heartier welcome elsewhere. Her health was worse than it had been, although Anna Carlton was a kind nurse, etc., etc.

‘I never expected to greet coldly a letter from my mother ; but there was something so mild in all this, it brought back the last evening at home, which all at once contrasted strangely with the business I had undertaken. ‘Oh !’ I exclaimed involuntarily, ‘I have broken that foolish promise, that silly resolution, about keeping truth on my side !’

‘Taking up the papers again, I tried to laugh the matter off ; but the cob-web I had been weaving, I no longer dared tread upon. ‘And yet,’ thought I, ‘I have been slaving and starving six months ; shall I lose this opportunity, to humor an over-anxious mother, and a young creature who really is — a good deal of a prude !’ I reflected on my neighbor’s success, and how my friends, who had heard the offer, would wonder at my refusal, and then put the letter hastily away ; resolved, however, to see home the next day.

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‘THE widow, leaning on the arm of Anna Carlton, was just coming out of afternoon service, as I passed by the village church. She was quite pale, but the mother’s smile still sat upon her features. As I gave her my arm, I said I had been considerably employed, and even could now remain but a day with her ; engagements required my return. ‘Do not forget,’ said Anna Carlton, ‘what we owe to our first benefactors.’

‘I could have borne that speech once, but now there was something of freedom in it, which rather displeased me. The sensitive creature half suspected it, and the color mounted to her cheek in an instant. It is sad enough, when the intercourse of familiar friends decays at the core, but continues fair upon the surface ! Strip friendship of its frankness, and a skeleton will haunt you. I was sorry to have hurt Anna’s feelings, and yet somehow she did not appear so

fine a girl as before I had left home ; she was a little too primitive, I fancied, for convenience.

‘ When the time came, I was reluctant to return ; an hundred petty kindnesses, which can only come from a son’s hands, had been left undone. The widow parted from me, I imagined, rather anxiously, and reproachfully. Anna said if it was best to go, not a word was to be said. She spoke with more reserve than in old times.

‘ I should remark, that about this time the struggles between the political parties of Conservatives and Reformists were very strong. Society was beginning to be marked with the distinction. Some of the younger men sided with their fathers ; others attached themselves to one faction or another, as fancy or interest dictated. My early days had glided away in retirement, and when I commenced a town life, my choice was to be made. I looked about me, and happening to gain the friendship of several distinguished Conservatives, was not long in declaring myself a warm advocate of their party doctrines. Several anonymous papers which I had compiled, attracted attention, and a few political acquaintances spoke of me as about to be a useful man. Art, too, was used, where I did not suspect it.

‘ One of the most influential of the Conservative party was the judge, before whom our all-important cause was to be argued ; a man whom many respected, but few loved or understood. Haughty and yet condescending ; wary and winning ; a sage in his profession ; a man of consummate art in private intercourse, and a skilful politician, I was anxious to increase his favorable opinion of me. Ambition, like the poor artizan striving to weave the dewy cob-webs, grasps every hope, be it never so unsubstantial.

‘ When the day of the trial came, varied and violent emotions pressed upon me. I had spent the previous night in reviewing the documents in my possession — preparing my argument, and arranging our testimony. And yet, something continually cast a shadow in my way. My thoughts strayed homeward ; I kept thinking of my late visit, and in the middle of an argument, the smile, or frown, or some expression of my mother, or Anna Carlton, would intrude itself upon me. When morning came, and my client called to hope all was right, I was sadly out of spirits.

‘ The court-room was nearly full ; some curiosity, others custom, and others interest, had brought thither. Judge Lynde complimented me elegantly and coldly ; spoke of *our* political prospects, and said his hopes were much raised touching my coming effort. I had known the magistrate so little, that such condescension surprised and embarrassed me. There was one individual among the witnesses for the prosecution, whom I looked upon with considerable interest. She sat in plain black apparel, with her countenance quite concealed ; I could not refrain conjuring up troublesome fancies concerning her. Opposite me was my old college rival, Robert Fleming, who congratulated me on so favorable an opportunity of distinction. I watched his eye — but it was very calm, and I bowed a return of his good wishes. Many others whom I knew, were present, and the occasion was more embarrassing even than I had anticipated.

‘ After the opening counsel had finished, witnesses were sum-

moned, and my duties commenced. I made an effort at severity in cross-examination, and really elicited some contradictions. By and by they called the woman in mourning. She took the stand with a humble dignity. Her form was rather bent, and as she drew aside her veil, it disclosed a mild blue eye, while her smile, occasionally awakened, was so calm, that a sunbeam seemed resting on her countenance. She was the mother on whose behalf the action was brought, and she gave her testimony with a modesty and a subdued firmness, which I cannot forget. There was so much of dependency in her situation; she was alone in the world, and not very long for it either; and when they turned to me to re-scrutinize what she had deposed, I was glad to shake my head, and let it pass. My client frowned I remarked at my so doing, and Fleming touched his arm and smiled. I felt at that moment that nothing could recompense me for failure.

‘Witnesses were examined; the various counsel finished their arguments; and my turn came to conclude the defence. I had arranged a long line of corroborating circumstances; every point had been patiently considered; and yet foreign thoughts, and a sensation of inadequacy, continually annoyed me. I recollected the saying, ‘My son, be for my sake a good man,’ and what I had to say, appeared cold and artificial. Still, the magistrate’s attention, and the half-respectful and half-sneering gaze of Robert Fleming, urged me along.

‘Like most young advocates, I was unusually explicit; touching on the various points minuted on my ample brief, drawing the intended inferences, and commenting on the opposing testimony. But my words wanted the life which, though all-important, no touch of my wand could awaken. Once to suspect we are doing ill, is a positive bar to doing otherwise. I knew I had not said what I ought, or said it as I ought, and I sat down provoked and disheartened.

‘I recollect my client’s expression of disappointment. Although he had no right to anticipate a very splendid argument, some parts of the defence led him to wonder at the want of regularity and power which marked it as a whole. Neither he nor Fleming made any remark, while the case was submitted to the jury, who, without much delay, returned a verdict for the plaintiff. Thus ended my first professional effort.

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‘THEY have given it to the widow’s children!’ said I, as I sat alone in my office, the evening after the unfortunate trial. The events of the day were passing through my mind quickly and painfully. I could not but fancy that my failure was somehow connected with the resolution I had formed, on undertaking my profession. I had looked to that day as the great stepping-stone, perhaps to political eminence, and it had given way beneath my feet.

‘Presently Robert Fleming entered. He was not a usual visitor, and I thought his calling at that time peculiarly unfair. We conversed carelessly awhile about ordinary topics. A little anxious lest I might appear down-hearted, I alluded, in an apparently accidental manner, to the business which had occupied the court.

‘He turned his deep black eye toward me, and for a time made no



reply. At length he said, 'You were remarkably unfortunate.' 'Oh!' I replied, 'with forced unconcern, 'I hardly hoped any thing else; it was up-hill work.'

There was silence for a moment. 'I fancied it would interest you,' he added, rising to go away, 'and to tell the truth, I recommended you to the executor. We had heard of a certain prudish promise, and longed to see how firmly it would be kept. But I perceive you have got the better of it.'

'Oh, entirely!' said I, parting from him with a smile, while the tears came to my eyes, and my heart ached with vexation, that, of all other men, he had sent the temptation, watched my weakness, and seen it work my failure.

'While I was brooding over the events of that unlucky day, and not long after my visitor's departure, a servant put into my hands a note from Judge Lynde. The magistrate was peculiarly condescending, and begged I would meet a few friends at his house on the ensuing evening, in a strain of happy compliment, of which, more than other man, he was master. The clouds seemed breaking away.

'I said that Lynde was a wary and a contriving man; but his art was perfect, for it was invisible. He was a little past fifty, his hair gray, and spare upon his forehead, and his smile one of the most open in the world. Yet at times his brow would contract, and a shade cross his countenance; but it passed away in a moment, and an expression was resumed, as bright as the moon-beam — as beautiful, and as cold. He was enough a man of the world to dazzle one whose ambition was to win the world's applause.

'During the evening, he took several opportunities of alluding to the difficulties of the late trial; explained with considerable candor his political views, and urged others, as particularly necessary for the generation coming upon the stage.

'The mistress of the house, and others of the family, possessed the same elegant cordiality. The second daughter, Fanny Lynde, was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. She was very tall, finely modelled, and perfectly graceful. A slight degree of *hauteur* mingled itself in her still expression, but was lost in the animation of her speech. The mental activity of her father, without his darker musings, enlivened her conversation, and a natural wit, which romps, perhaps, freest, when unencumbered by a heart, gave a charm and freshness to her society. She sought, and secured, and was satisfied with the admiration of gay life. I thought I had never heard any one converse more gracefully.

'The image of the magistrate's beautiful daughter haunted me long after I had left the brilliant scene which she adorned. I was to have written to the widow that evening, but the words came slowly, and I found the ink dry in my pen, and myself contrasting the fascinating girl by whose side I had so pleasantly galloped through the evening, with my old friend Anna Carlton. Anna would have quivered like an aspen-leaf in the merry throng, which seemed but to add strength and grace to the young thing I had been conversing with. Then Anna's simplicity, frankness, and self-devotion came to recollection, and (I think of it to this day with pleasure,) for once the

scales balanced each other — but for the last time. Ever after, ambition held the beam.

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‘MONTHS elapsed; friendships were multiplied; business increased in proportion; my visits at the politician’s were frequent, and by degrees, reports buzzed about right merrily. Every one has seen some person or other take a fancy, as the phrase goes, to another less eminent or powerful than himself. To such a fancy was Lynde’s condescension to me attributable. He complained of my absence from his house, and frequently, before joining the elegant group in the drawing-room, would explain to me in his study the propriety of urging myself forward in the conservative ranks, and, mixing with his counsel more or less flattery, anticipate the certain triumph of our party principles.

‘I have seen in my day men of talents panting for distinction, and men of eminence proud of their achievements; but never one so tinged with the changing hues of ambition, now glittering with success, now bright with hope, and now dark with despair. Every thing was secondary; literary application was necessary to eminence; affability was politic, and hospitality a stepping-stone; the present nothing; the future always anticipated, never attained; his mind working incessantly beneath the oil of social intercourse thrown upon the surface; his energies, and means, and hopes, tending toward one point, and that political advancement. Years ago, I could not see all this as clearly as I now see it.

‘Touching the hours spent in the magistrate’s family, I have nothing now to say. A light, dazzling but not very pure, plays about them in memory; and associations burning to myself, but cold to any other, are enkindled when the embers of recollection are disturbed. They are added to the record of pleasures alloyed by self-reproach, and giddy enjoyments overcoming the resolutions of better moments. Broken projects, unfinished aspirations, and shattered hopes, are the ruins of those days.

‘In time, I began to be rallied on my good fortune in gaining Lynde’s confidence, and on my familiarity at his house. My fortune, Fleming and others said, was made. Reports, which arose naturally out of affairs, were diligently circulated, and, strange to say, with such absurdities I was gratified. Business increased, and a letter to my mother, of this date, thus concludes: ‘I really quite fancy this town life. Professional stumbling-blocks have been gradually removed, and our social intercourse is delightful. I am troubled at accounts of your debility. \* \* \* Regards to Miss Carlton.’

‘One person only felt fully the freezing conclusion of that letter. Nearly a year of bustle and ambitious exertion followed; unusual success made me arrogant, and led me at last to think of more quiet days — the amusements and society of the country village, and the simple household of the widow — coldly and seldom. Scheming, contrivance, and success, occupied the present, and pointed to the future.’

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‘It was a very hurried letter, requesting me to meet him without delay. As I entered the magistrate’s study, the last rays of day-light

were lingering there, faint and few. The large apartment, strewn as usual with heaps of papers, opened volumes, letters and mss., was perfectly still. I never could conceive of that room being the scene of lifesome gayety, but only of deep thought, and complicated projects of ambition. Lynde, holding a letter which had lately been received, sat half-buried in a large arm-chair, and on my entrance, greeted me with even unusual warmth.

'We had not met for several weeks : circumstances had made me refrain from his house ; and in that period, stormy times had passed. There had been several official appointments ; one or two foreign ambassadors had been elected ; and more than one applicant was vexed and disappointed. Whispers were about, that Lynde had coveted such a distinction ; but I had heard them incredulously, as a thousand other idle tales.

'The politician walked through the apartment for several minutes ; not as usual making an effort at casual conversation, but engrossed with his own hurrying reflections. I had never before seen him resign the command of his feelings.

'Egerton, you have known me more privately,' at length he said, still walking rapidly backward and forward, and smoothing the white hair from his forehead, 'than such a difference in years generally warrants. Your intimacy in this family has been very great ; God knows, I approve of it, and its consequences !' He paused, seeming to doubt whether he could, even for once, draw thoughts and feelings from the very bottom of a well, deeper than whose surface the light of human sympathy seldom penetrated.

'I am an old man,' he added. 'The world call me eminent, and most men ambitious. But what I had been, had not the substance been transformed to shadow in my grasp, no one has conceived ! Do they not mutter some thing about the late embassy to the Court of St. James ? Do they say I am disappointed ?'

'I replied that vague reports had been circulated touching the matter.

'They lie, by the light of heaven !' He paused ; and smiling, added, in an under tone, 'I hope we understand each other ?'

'If years of intercourse,' said I, 'have not recommended me to your confidence ——'

'Ay : whatever I have felt concerning that appointment, is locked up here. I am sinking below the horizon, but he who has gained the distinction, has hardly reached the meridian. The honorable station of foreign secretary at the same court is yet to be filled, and here, and here, and here,' he said, turning over letters and documents, 'are assurances that my interest will weigh much in the choice.'

'He moved closer toward me, and with a searching but half-hesitating glance, discovered the project which had been occupying his mind, adjuring me to avail myself of this opportunity of advancement. I wondered a little at his eagerness, but he hurried on, and taking my hand, exclaimed : 'It may be yours without a struggle ! Observe the ambassador ; scrutinize every movement — every motive ; use warily the confidence — he must needs repose — and secretly and faithfully report all to me. By aid of a little ingenuity in disposing of a

few late events — by watching the future — I fancy he will not long adorn his coveted station.'

'Become a spy!' said I, with some indignation.

'Nay, merely a political opponent; a friend in the smile and courtesies of life — in heart only an enemy. You cannot say I often solicit favors. If I fall of a sudden, remember he balked me of the honor, and act as I would act!'

'A hundred emotions rushed across my mind. I thought something about self-respect, and official corruption, and moral independence, and about being hurried away by temptation. But the spark had fallen, and as the train which years had laid, burned and flashed along its way, the last relic of good resolution was consumed. I took his hand, and bound myself to second him. Other matters were then touched upon, which I may be allowed to pass over. 'God be thanked!' said he, as we parted, 'I fancy the girl too will be a rare flower at the Court of St. James.'

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'EVERY one is pleased to be thought a rising man; and notwithstanding an occasional sneer at my intimacy with the veteran politician, the terms began to be applied to me pretty frequently. In a few weeks, the appointment from which he promised himself materials for revenge, fell, as he had prayed, upon me. It was my first great step on ambition's ladder, and although after years elevated me more, my head was never again so giddy. Favors greater than the political distinction hung upon the choice, and I entered Lynde's mansion for the first time, the accepted suitor of his beautiful daughter.

'All this now seems like a dream; I can hardly realize how years have gone, and hopes, and good desires, and prospects, have changed.

'Solemn fools nodded their heads on learning the result of 'the intimacy;' several who had hardly known me when business was dull, were especially cordial in their congratulations; and Fleming averred that he had always foreseen that I should meet with good luck. To say the truth, when I looked upon the majestic creature leaning on my arm, and found myself appointed to a responsible office at a foreign court, and yet a young man, I half doubted if all were reality. But the brightest sun casts shadows, and somehow a train of dark recollections would mingle themselves with the splendid images, which used to flit before me, and despite myself, compel me to pay regard to them. I dreamed now and then of standing in my mother's chamber, and in the brightest gayeties of life, a fitful flash of memory would sometimes show me in the past, the happy country girl, poor Anna Carlton. But I threw into my letter to my mother, announcing the state of affairs, all the affectionate warmth for which once, alas! I had no need to strive. I fear to her it was the form, and semblance, and elegance of regard, without the soul. Before she replied, I went to visit her.

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THE cottage door was not opened as usual by Anna Carlton, but by a neighbor, whose countenance brightened when we met, in spite of her efforts at a little ceremony. The widow, she said, had been

ill since my last letter ; she would apprise her of every arrival. I sat down in the widow's parlor, feeling that it was an altered spot. Yet the old heir-looms were all there, and the family clock clicked quietly in the corner. But no young voice echoed there, and I fancied that the happy hearts which used to beat there, would beat never again so merrily.

' By and by my mother entered. She was paler than I had expected, and I saw had delayed, that she might change a ruffle, or add some decoration to her apparel, before she came into the presence of her stranger son, and it grieved me deeply. I thought of the days when I used to leap into her arms ; when every hope and fear was nightly divulged to her, and how in after years I took pride in administering to the comforts of that kindest, and humblest, and loveliest of mothers.

' As she advanced toward me, there was a flush upon her cheek, and at first a little formality in her expression ; but only for the instant : she clasped her arms around me, and said, with a tenderness I have never forgotten, ' Oh ! my son, God bless you !'

' The news of my engagement had come upon her as the storm upon the willow ; no resistance, no crash, but its victim yielding, and bent to the earth. There was a sadness and humility about her, which no human words, and no human eye but hers could have expressed.

' Of Fanny Lynde she spoke with a delicacy which became so humble a being as herself. But when I told her with my own lips that I was going from the country, and must shortly take leave of her, had her tears been drops of molten lead, they could not more have burned me to the soul. With a good deal of doubt, I inquired for Anna Carlton. She was rather unwell, and in her room. I knew well enough the illness which detained her, but not the exertion my mother was making to give me a cheerful welcome. But God forbid I should detail that visit ! Like the rest of these events, it has passed behind a veil which is seldom withdrawn. I requested, before I left, to see Miss Carlton, if but for an instant, wishing to gaze on a remembrance of better and happier days.

' Several neighbors came to offer congratulations — some in ignorance, and some for form. Several were happy I had been so fortunate in my profession and connexions, and others said, bluntly, there was no predicting what changes years might work ; and then shaking their heads, hoped the widow was better, and Anna quite well.

' Heavy hours rolled away, and the time came for my departure. Of the parting with my mother I shall not speak. It had come to an end, and I was about crossing the threshold, when I heard a light footstep, and saw Anna Carlton advancing toward us. There was not the usual color in her cheek, nor the usual spirit in her eye ; but there was the same beaming smile as ever. For a moment I stood perfectly unmoved, and when I approached her, speech seemed to have forgotten its office.

' But I had seen, as I had desired, the relic of earlier days, and her glance seemed to roll back the dark tide of years. Perhaps she found the like satisfaction in the interview. She extended her hand, I

clasped it in mine, and with that most common and coldest of forms, without a single word, Anna Carlton and I, who used to chat together from morning till night, separated for ever. I left the cottage with the wish, that as with me pollution had entered, it might follow me thence again, and reached town, my spirits ill according with the merry and gorgeous preparations for the coming wedding.

‘Lynde, a weak man in his devotion to the elegancies of life, would fain show the world that he approved of his daughter’s marriage. He was resolved that his fair and favorite child should celebrate her nuptials in all the splendor he could command. Fanny Lynde herself moved through the scene like a queen receiving her dues; her personal beauty and graceful wit had given her a kind of conventional ascendancy; she conversed with all, but, as it were, descended to converse with them. Her father would, time and again, take her hand, and charge her playfully to do him credit at the Court of St. James; to which a glance of her dark eye, or the scornful turn of her lip, was her only and perhaps best reply..

‘I joined in the gayety which was going forward, and watched the splendor which was preparing, apparently with considerable interest.

‘At last the month was gone, and the festivities were at hand. Congratulations poured in — thanks were returned — ceremonies were performed; and little was talked of, but the wedding and our departure. The day before the marriage was to be solemnized, Lynde was sitting in my office, explaining for the hundredth time a certain course I was to pursue, after having officially gained the ambassador’s confidence, when a man brought me a letter in a familiar hand, with a black seal. The magistrate urged me to thrust it away for the time; but I had involuntarily broken it open, and — oh God! that letter, and its consequences!’

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I do not much regret that my friends record breaks off thus abruptly. Perhaps, unconsciously interested in the circumstances, I have already extracted more than was fitting. But I shall have little to add. The letter commenced with the most affectionate advice from the widow; she commended him to the blessing of Heaven with a mother’s fervor, and feeling from her increasing weakness that they should never meet again in this world, she besought him, in memory of younger days, and more boyish pleasures, to be *a good man*.

Such a tone of perfect mildness and forgiveness as marked that letter, I never before listened to. It reverted a little to old times and old companions; recalled one or two early adventures, which of a winter’s evening at home used to send the laugh round the circle, and besought her son to seek with his best zeal the glory one day to be revealed. From the trembling hand which traced them, these words fell with a burning heat. All at once, the weak hand-writing ended, and, evidently written at a later date, was the following: ‘God did not permit your dear mother to transmit to you this last memento of her affection. She sank away calmly and unexpectedly, and expired last evening, with your name upon her lips. ANNA CARLTON.’



So suddenly, and from such a source, did poor Egerton learn this sad news. There were many shakings of the head, when it was told through the village that the widow Egerton was dead. Many had said that she was dying of neglect, and many more would not like to charge their consciences with Egerton's coldness to a certain young friend, and prophesied no good of a marriage, which, truth to tell, it were better should not take place.

I have often thought these latter good people spoke with a fair degree of shrewdness. The nuptials were decently delayed, and that delay postponed them for ever. Only a few weeks after the above letter, Fanny Lynde received an injury on an equestrian party of pleasure, and was brought senseless to her father's house. Of Lynde's agony and disappointment, a less haughty man can hardly conceive; so many bright visions, and paternal hopes, dispelled in a moment! He insisted, however, on Egerton's retaining his situation; possibly he could return, and find her improved. Ambition once more conquered; and when in a few months Charles Egerton sailed for England, his bride had scarcely the consciousness to bid him farewell.

It is rather fashionable now-a-days to make light of affairs of the heart, and to talk coldly about the nonsense of pining for disappointed love. Perhaps in some cases these notions may be sincere; but Anna Carlton knew nothing of them. She had loved Egerton with all her affections, and never once thought of concealing it. We often see a man, when the regard he has trusted totters to the ground, gather strength from the fall, and again be stern and daring. But the delicate hopes and affections of woman are sadly shattered by the jarring.

When the widow's household was broken up, Anna Carlton found a home with as kind a friend. Perhaps a stranger would have thought her daily duties cheerfully performed; and so they were, but not heartily. She was willing to live for others; but for herself, she prayed every night to meet the widow in heaven — for those on earth, whom her prayer might avail.

I will not linger on the remainder of this sketch. Sometimes a neighbor would strive to make the young orphan happy, and when in their simple merry-meetings a smile used to sit on Anna's cheek, they fancied her spirits were returning. But her heart was enshrined within an inner temple, the threshold of which, joy never passed. Not a word of repining ever escaped her, nor was a moment given to idleness; and thus she gently and hourly declined. A few months of sorrow and solitude, and close beside the spot where the widow Egerton was buried, the sod was composed over the grave of her young friend, Anna Carlton.

When the world dazzles, or interest leads astray, I love to wander to that rural burial-place. The unostentatious record of her purity, who is now beyond the reach of all human disappointment, to me is full of meaning, and I take my place again among men, with a kinder sympathy for the erring, and better guarded against temptation.

## H Y M N .

WRITTEN FOR THE LATE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF 'THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS, AT  
NEW-HAVEN, CONNECTICUT.'

HERE then, beneath the green-wood shade,  
His altar first the pilgrim made;  
'T was here, amid the mingled throng,  
First breathed the prayer, and woke the song.

The same low sounds are in our ears,  
Which echoed in those early years;  
'T was this same wave, with gentle reach,  
Came rippling up the shingled beach.

The sun which lends its gladness now,  
Lay bright upon the pilgrim's brow;  
And this same wind, here breathing free,  
Curled round his honor'd head in glee.

How peaceful smiled that Sabbath sun!  
How holy was that day begun!  
When here, amid the thick woods dim,  
Went up the pilgrim's first low hymn!

Hush'd was the stormy forest's roar,  
The forest eagle screamed no more;  
And, far along the ocean's side,  
The billow murmur'd where it died.

The young bird, cradled by its nest,  
Its matin symphony repress'd;  
And nothing broke the silence there,  
Save the low hymn, or humbler prayer.

The red man, as the blue wave broke  
Before his dipping paddle's stroke,  
Paused, and hung list'ning on his oar,  
As the hymn came from off the shore.

Look now upon the same still scene!  
The wave is blue, the turf is green;  
But where are now the wood and wild —  
The pilgrim and the forest child?

The wood and wild have pass'd away;  
Pilgrim and forest child are clay;  
And here, upon their graves, we stand,  
The freed-men of a mighty land!

And lo! our goodly heritage,  
A busy scene, a prosperous age;  
Here Commerce spreads her snowy wings,  
And Art, amid her labor, sings.

Far as the spreading gaze is given,  
A fruitful soil, a glowing heaven;  
Contentment all the valley fills,  
While peace is piping from the hills.

And here, where hearth nor home might bless,  
Once, in the woody wilderness,  
Like spring, young Love now decks the year,  
And Sharon's sweetest rose is here.

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\* Supposed to be sung on the spot where the pilgrims landed, and held their first public Sabbath worship.



Soft voices wake the streets all day,  
And smiling looks, and hearts as gay;  
And sweeter than the breath of birds,  
Childhood's light laugh, and half-lisp'd words.

Law, Justice, Love, here meet as one,  
Here Science hails her gifted son;  
Here Faith secures *her* sacrifice,  
And Hope bends radiant from the skies.

Then while upon this spot we stand,  
The children of that Christian band,  
Be ours the thoughts we owe, this day,  
To our great fathers pass'd away.

By prayer and contemplation led,  
Be ours by their brave spirits fed!  
Be ours the faith and valor true,  
Which nerved that brave immortal few!

Be ours the love by virtue given —  
The good man's boast, the pride of Heaven;  
Be ours their efforts and their aim,  
Their truth, their glory, and their name!

New-Haven, June, 1838.

W. T. S.

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## SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

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### AGE FIFTH.

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'And then, the justice,  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances,  
And so he plays his part.'

It has lately been well and truly said, 'There are two kinds of wisdom: in the one, every age in which science flourishes surpasses, or ought to surpass, its predecessor; of the other, there is nearly an equal amount in all ages. The first is the wisdom which depends upon long chains of reasonings, a comprehensive survey of the whole of a great subject at once, or complicated and subtle processes of metaphysical analysis: this is properly philosophy; the other is that acquired by experience of life, and a good use of the opportunities possessed by all who have mingled much with the world, or who have a large share of human nature in their bosoms. This unsystematic wisdom, drawn from personal experience is *termed properly* the wisdom of ages.'<sup>\*</sup> The writer from whom we quote, goes on to state, that this notion furnishes a solution of the wisdom of the Proverbs of Solomon, which are, on this account, equally applicable to all periods. Indeed it is the writing from these real sources of knowledge, action and observation, that makes the popularity of Æsop, the excellence of Bacon, and the immortality of Shakspeare. But forms and customs, the science of getting on in the world, change.

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<sup>\*</sup> London and Westminster Rev., Jan. 1837.

The 'justice' of our historian is not the justice of one day universally. The character he has hit upon to embody the 'fifth age' is not, perhaps, as applicable now, as it was then. But Shakspeare himself was a 'justice,' when he wrote the ages, not though as he painted him. It is his own age that, in our view, he fails to describe with perfect truth. But it has almost passed into an axiom that no man can write the history of his own times or of his own life. Then how can a justice describe a justice? No American could at this time write the history of the administration of Andrew Jackson with impartiality; and it is satisfactory to think, that the life of John Quincy Adams will be written by some one in the next generation. The man looks with truth upon his boyhood, his loves, and his battles, but he does not know himself. The 'justice' is the age of wisdom, but not the wisdom of its own nature and time, but of the past.

A man may be a fool at thirty, and yet die a sage. Let him who has gleaned no knowledge at forty, who is a dupe, a bigot, and a sneak at this age, keep as much out of sight as possible. His case is hopeless. It is told as a great wonder in the history of mind, that Sheridan was a dull boy. Now he is called a dull boy who does not get his lessons at school, who hates books; and it is precisely those minds that are not easily trammelled and harnessed by false systems of education, that are most likely to turn out well. Why expect the fruit before the harvest? Why look for wisdom in the ages of experience? Byron's early poetry was perhaps justly ridiculed. He who is a wonder as a boy, is rarely distinguished as a man. The boyhood of a distinguished man may be made to become a wonder, when read by the light of his manly deeds; when we have the key of his character at hand to decipher the riddle of his waywardness or dullness in his youth. The fruits that are early ripe are often worm-eaten and unsound, and the minds that are precocious and forward, never arrive at perfect strength. Let him who is cosseted in his early years as a genius, content to stand upon the sandy foundation of a pretty thought, or a flowery college exercise, beware of neglecting the common; beware of neglecting those paths to wisdom which lie open to be trod in the market places of mankind.

The steps to the 'justice' or age of wisdom, are regularly progressive. A man may not jump the 'lover' or the 'soldier' with impunity. This is the reason why some are never wise, because they are never boys, lovers, and soldiers, in a natural way; they are hurried, by ambitious and impatient parents, who always look at their children through magnifying glasses, over the early disciplinary 'ages.' A boy is a lover when he should be playing ball; he passes into action when he should be 'sighing like furnace,' and he becomes a long, lean, lank 'justice,' with no portliness nor 'wise saws' in which to play his part.

Many poets who have been worshipped, were not men in independence, self-reliance, and resolution. Like the wandering harpers, the minstrels of old, they have been welcome in castle hall, in lady's bower. They have had the freedom of the world granted to them; and by common consent have been supposed to be free from the rules and obligations which bind working, every-day men. Their excesses have been pardoned as venial eccentricities, and all their

strangeness viewed as the peculiarities of genius. Persons very wise in their own estimation, fall into the palpable inconsistency of ridiculing those who would elevate common life into its real importance, and who would consecrate in poetry, not the wild, the supernatural, the exaggerated, but simple action, way-side truth, the humble, the pure, the lowly; the cottage, not the palace; the cottager, not the king. Those very persons who now cry out so loudly against transcendentalism, the vague, the false, as they call it, are the men who, by their patronage and praise, have been the advocates of those who, so they wrote well, they were content should live very badly. They prefer Byron and Goldsmith, the one an exile by his own ill-regulated passions, the other a vagabond and gambler, to Wordsworth, with his worship of nature, and his saint-like life.

Goldsmith never was a wise man or 'justice.' He travelled widely, and mixed extensively with mankind. He is wise by fits and starts, just in proportion as he follows his practical knowledge; and he is a fool in his new clothes, and at cards, and with his wine. Poor Goldy! We love thee while we condemn thee. We use thy faults for argument — for the benefit of truth; thy virtues need no trumpet. And thou thyself, in thy purified state, free from duns, landladies, and thy superiors in talk, who prevented thee irksomely from realizing at the moment the inward strength thou wert conscious of possessing, now robed in immortal clothing with no base, earthly senses to distract thy spirit, as thou indulgest thy roving propensities in speeding from world to world, in thy pursuits of divine history, if thou art stopping to look over my shoulder as I indite thy name, in the reckless generosity of thy nature, art willing for all sacrifices of thine own! Thou knowest my motive! Thou forgivest the apparent wrong! Come, let me read to thee the 'Deserted Village,' in this richly-bound volume of your works! A poor tribute, this gilding and binding, to thy merit! Know that thou art read in many a carefully worn book, by the light of the kitchen fire; that all know thee and love thee, and all acknowledge that 'e'en thy failings lean to virtue's side!'

Man was made to be a father, to have a family altar, to provide for the wants of his children. These acts develope his nature, and make him a 'justice.' How foolish to suppose a house capable of erecting itself, or to suppose a human being can be wise without experience!

Those young men who are starting in life with high hopes, and who, in a noble spirit, have counted the cost of their undertaking, and determined upon the sacrifice, should not be discouraged when a young genius arises and shoots by them in their plodding course, seeming to take by intuition what costs them so much work. Let them recollect, that almost all those who lived in the body, years ago, and are not yet dead in the heart of the world, did not produce their lasting fruits until they had become 'justices;' been experienced in life, suffered its pangs, its ineffable miseries, and undergone its labor. Men may have a wonderful aptness in storing in their minds the knowledge of past ages, a retentive memory, a musical ear, fine taste, i. e., a good balance of the senses, the selections of the ear not offending the eye, and so through all, and yet be wanting, no matter how showy they may be, in a power to originate a single valuable idea. The makers are few; the sellers, the transporters, the box-fillers, the

binders, many. For a young man to feel his faults, to know and lament his deficiencies, is the surest token of inherent soundness. He must not expect to be a 'justice' in a hurry. Let him work, and patiently bide his time.

The early successes of the genius make him satisfied with himself, and endanger his mental health. He is apt to stop to contemplate his own elevation ; to reap his reward, ere it is ripe for the plucking ; while the late reapers gain the full harvest, pressed down and running over. If any one is anxious to test the truth of these remarks, we refer him to the eminent lawyers, profound philosophers, and eloquent and sound preachers of this or any time. Those men who have held the first places in the world's action, its honors and respect, as a general thing, either spent their youth in manual labor or some drudgery or other. After the age of twenty-five, many have begun their book-education, already educated to no common strength, and have sat with boys on a recitation bench, at school and college, and been taught by their juniors. They have had the courage and philosophy to do all this, and more, to support themselves through this iron labor (for books, words, signs, are no trifle to a man who has all his life been used to the real *thing* itself,) by services, in a menial capacity, so called, to the college ; and then have by inches mounted the 'steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar,' and been rewarded for their chivalry and manliness. These are the 'justices,' and we hope they have their 'bellies with good capon lined,' or mutton or beef-steak, as they recount the history of their early struggles to their children. Surely it is no disgrace to a man to go well fed, let him be never so intellectual and philanthropic !

Wisdom is not always employed for good, and we must needs confess that most of the charlatanry in the world is perpetrated by middle-aged gentlemen or 'justices.' It is rarely the case that youth lends itself to a set piece of imposition. It may be driven to shifts, be led into crime, and plunged in despair, which very state is a proof of a not seared conscience. But a man must be long drilled, tightly cramped, and have seen a great deal of life, (we take the view of Shakspeare,) before he will be willing to put on the garb of 'wise saws and modern instances,' and play a part. The enthusiasm of youth passed, the hurry and bustle of action being over, many a man, being taught, by conscience and his wisdom, to read the selfishness and wickedness of his own heart, about whose purity and fitness for death he has had no time to consider, does try, at least, to assume the exterior, the reality of which he so much needs, and which his moral nature demands, of virtue and sobriety ; and without 'making any bones' about it, he joins churches ; is enrolled in societies for the suppression of every thing, no matter what, so it bears the name of 'reform ;' begins to look grave ; comb out his curls ; keep a little memorandum-book of wise sayings ; feed that disposition in the world to look up to the solemn quackery of humbug, and so 'he plays his part.'

Such an one, having learned the pleasures of temperance by the pains of excess, the folly of passion by the comforts of a constant equanimity, is prepared to enjoy an inferior kind of happiness in the gratifications of sense. He knows the rules of his stomach. You

do not catch him guzzling beer and oysters of a morning. He eschews cocktails, slings, and the whole tribe of toddies, and, 'his fair round belly, with good capon lined,' he sips his weak brandy and water, or his diluted sherry, with the air of a man who is no novice, and who can predict to a shade the coats of his tongue at sunrise. Envious justice ! Thou worldly-wise, thou respectable man, through what dangers hast thou passed ! How many severe head-aches and severe mortifications, sometimes burnt, and again only singed, has Time carried you ! Where didst thou learn that voice, that swell and froth of utterance ? Where that port, that measured gait, the blending of stage dignity and commercial consequence ? Where learnedst thou the carriage of that cane ? What tailor made thy coat, the flaps so broad and respectable ?—and where gottest thou that hat, that looks new and old in a breath, with just enough of wear about it ? I see thou hast a wife ; and she too, inestimable woman ! begins to fill out into respectability. Who could suppose either of you ever danced ? You seem to have been for ages what you now are. You look no older to-day than yesterday, or six years ago. Were you ever young ? Did those 'eyes severe' in wisdom, ever look love, drop the tear of pity, or glisten with delight ? Did those compressed lips ever cry 'ma,' or imprint a warm kiss ? Good justice, thou art not much to blame, but there certainly is a good deal to laugh at in your mock solemnity. You are acting a part. God speed you harmlessly to the end of the fifth act !

Now — laying aside the true justice, a man all benevolence and charity, who has learned to look as a philosopher and Christian upon the errors of man, who deals in large principles, and trades wholesale in virtue — there is your justice-merchant, your justice-deacon, your justice-parson, your justice-quack, your justice-reformer, and your justice-of-the-peace. The first makes no allowance for any body's faults but his own ; the second sleeps in church, and votes a member out of meeting for getting in his hay on a showery Sunday ; the third preaches what he does not believe ; the fourth gives medicines he never takes himself ; the fifth is crazy about the public virtue, to the neglect of all inward piety ; the sixth often gets his appointment because fit for nothing else, or as a reward for twenty years' service to a party. Some of these do and some do not wear 'beards of formal cut.' Some only shave once a week, out of compliment to a clean shirt. All are large eaters ; many sly drinkers. All are 'full of wise saws and modern instances, and so they play their part.'

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#### H O P E .

HOPE is a goddess fairest seen,  
When Time holds up his veil between ;  
Her charms are of such doubtful hue,  
They cannot bear a closer view.  
Approach can mar them — contact blight,  
And brief possession mars them quite.

## AN ALLEGORY.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

IN a beautiful valley, which had long since been redeemed from the rude hand of nature, and over which the art of man had spread the blessings of civilization, a noble mansion reared its walls. In the midst of a spacious plain it stood, and peace and plenty were there.

This goodly dwelling was inhabited by a dame called Virtue, who not only maintained order and discipline within its walls, but over the whole valley shed the influence of her wise laws and sober regulations. Virtue was a comely matron, and pleasant to look upon, when she wore a smile upon her brow, and walked abroad through peaceful scenes, to the natural beauty of which her prudence had added an air of sweet security. The majesty of a queen sat upon her brow, and the purity of an angel; and there was at times something so winning in her tranquil smile, that an unfortunate wretch who had often looked on her from a distance with wistful eyes, ventured one evening to approach under the shadow of twilight, and implore her protection.

The suppliant was one of those erring daughters of humanity for whom Vice, the great arch enemy of Virtue, had set his snares, and not in vain. Poor fool!—she had unwarily entered his enticing paths, and becoming sorely entangled, had made a desperate effort to retrace her steps; but not unscathed did she escape; she had lost her fairest ornaments, and many a thorn had pierced her feet and rent her garments. Thus blemished and bent with shame, she appeared before Virtue, and humbly asked permission to tread the same road, and follow at a distance on her chaste footsteps.

Scarcely had this dejected form presented itself, when a sudden change came over the face of Virtue. As though a wintry wind had swept over her, she stood chilled and rigid, and scarcely opening her lips, motioned sternly with her raised arm to the sinner to depart. But not so was this child of error to be daunted. Still lingering near the sweet abode of Virtue, she haunted her steps, and hung upon her robe, and entreated beseechingly to be allowed once more to wind her way in silent obscurity through those paths of peace. Until, observing ever that she was repulsed with scorn and abhorrence, she stepped aside, and fell once more into the snares of Vice, where fearful ills beset her, and evil fellowship corrupted. The blandishments of Pleasure and Wantonness, those thoughtless satellites of Vice, gave transient relief from the anguish of remorse, and with companions like unto these she revelled a while, forgetful of the charms of innocence, and indignant at the frowns of Virtue; for a change had passed over her soul, from the moment she was cast off, degraded, from her last interview with that prudent and dignified lady. They never met again, except by chance, when, sad and weary, this wretched wanderer made a last feeble effort to regain her footing within the outskirts of Virtue's beautiful domain. Well might she struggle, for a yawning abyss was near, and many a fatal warning told her that her backward steps were sliding thitherward. But it



was now too late to shake off the evil companions that dragged her downward, and hindered her for ever more from passing unnoticed into the humble path of duty. Wantonness idled near, and Levity hung about her like a gaudy creeper round a sickly stem.

A crimson flush rested on the chaste brow of Virtue, and indignation sparkled in her eyes, when she accidentally encountered the hardened gaze, and loose disordered air, of the unfortunate; and turning to her friends Modesty and Propriety, whose faces were as red as her own, she cried, in tones that sounded like knells of death in the ears of the guilty: 'Aid me, aid me, my maidens, in chasing this abandoned creature from our own pure, unsullied walks!'

She had scarcely spoken, when her wish was accomplished, and Vice, seizing on his victim, hurled her into the abyss of infamy, where, through scenes of unspeakable pollution, she trod her way to everlasting sorrow.

Where were those lovely sisters, the fair attendants on Virtue, Faith, Hope, and Charity, whose sweet voices might have counselled that stern dame to listen to the pleadings of Mercy, and stretch forth a redeeming hand to the erring one, before it was too late to save her from the dreadful doom of the wicked? Faith was at church; Hope dwells too much on the future, to grant assistance in present difficulty; and as for Charity — she was at home.

#### AMERICAN GIRLS.

The maidens of my own countrie,  
I boast me of them all;  
As smiling in their tranquil homes,  
As blithe in festal hall:  
I boast me of their forms of grace,  
Their eyes of heavenly blue,  
But most I pride me in their hearts —  
Their hearts, so warm and true.

'Come, Laura of the siren song  
The ball to-night is gay;  
With roses there and music-notes,  
They slip the hours away;  
Then be no more the lone wild-rose,  
With sweet face aye unseen,  
But braid those sunny locks, and come  
To reign our Beauty's queen.'

'Gay, gay, I trow the ball may be,  
With mirth and music's chime,  
But I must by my father sit,  
And sing an old world rhyme.  
Sweeter to me than dancer's praise,  
It is to hear him say,  
'God bless thee now, my bonny child,  
Thou steal'st mine age away!'

'Come, Amie of the roguish eye,  
Young Ernest leads the dance,  
To him full many a maiden throws  
A message-sending glance;  
Come show that dainty cheek to-night,  
Its blushes are betrayed,  
And be no more the lily-flower,  
That lives and dies a maid.

Elizabethtown, (N. J.,) May, 1838.

'Young Ernest leads the dance to-night,  
He hath a soul of glee;  
Yet were his step not there, I trow,  
The ball were bright for me:  
But wo's my heart! all sick and pale  
My brother pineth now,  
And he will chide for Amie's hand  
To bathe his burning brow.'

'Say Isabel, 'our soul's ladyé,'  
The ball is blithest now,  
Then why amidst its mirth, so pale,  
With brimful eye, art thou?  
Ye look just like the new-dressed rose  
The big rain has gone o'er,  
That droops the head, and seems to say,  
I'll queen it here no more.'

'The ball is beautiful to me,  
The music is most sweet,  
'T is joy to see my sisters glance,  
Their glow-worm light'ning feet;  
But Leslie is a sailor bold,  
And he is on the sea;  
The winds may lose his bark, to-night,  
Then what's this ball to me?'

The maidens of my own countrie,  
I boast me of them all,  
As smiling in their tranquil homes,  
As blithe in festal hall;  
I boast me of their forms of grace,  
Their eyes of heavenly blue,  
But most I pride me in their hearts,  
Their hearts, so warm and true.

H. L. B.

## THE EVENING OF LIFE.

'WHEN the summer day of youth is slowly wasting away into the nightfall of age, and the shadows of past years grow deeper and deeper, as life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look back, through the vista of time, upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, then the rough places of our wayfaring will have been worn and smoothed away, in the twilight of life, while the sunny spots we have passed through, will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are they, whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and touching, in the evening of age.'

Two articles, one entitled 'Our Birth Days,' and the other 'Our Wedding Days,' have appeared in the *KNICKERBOCKER*. They were designed to present to view many of those interesting scenes which distinguish the period between the dawn of infancy and the meridian of human life; to trace the gradual formation of early wishes continually expanding, and the aspirations of young ambition, in its advance to the cares and business of the world, and the realization of anticipated happiness, not only in the morning of connubial promises and hopes, but in the calm and retirement of the family circle, amidst its kind, and mild, and purifying influences. Some advice has been offered, and some suggestions have been made, in the hope that they might awaken more particular attention to the discharge of those duties and delightful offices, on which the happiness of home so essentially depends; which assuredly serve to brighten those chains which connect hearts with hearts, here on earth; and, what is of more vital importance, may prepare those hearts for never-ending communion in the regions of love, purity, and peace, in Heaven. In our early days, we are constantly extending our upward view to the elevated landscapes spread out before us. Our ambition is continually prompting us to ascend, till we can reach them, and join the happy multitudes who possess and enjoy them. In this prospective and distant view, we perceive unnumbered charms, but we have no distinct vision of the scenes beyond. In process of time, in various paths, we advance; and, as we advance, we discover the elevation to be less than we had imagined: and as soon as we arrive at the summit, we see that the plain is not so extensive as we had supposed; and find that the ground soon becomes gradually descending to the shadowy vale of years. To this vale, our view is now more particularly to be directed, and to the search for those avenues which may be the most smooth, peaceful, and pleasant.

We are now to consider ourselves as having arrived at that stage of our earthly journey, from which the place of its termination becomes every year more and more distinctly discernible. We perceive a gradual change in the climate, and an autumnal coolness in the air, as we advance: the verdure has lost much of its freshness; and the fading colors around us remind us that we are in the neighborhood of life's sober twilight, and solitude, and decay. Such, at least, is the prospect to the general observer, and such are the reasoning and the conclusions which are constantly commanding our attention. Such scenes as these are of an instructive character. They call to our remembrance the flatteries of the world, and its thousand broken promises, and teach us to depend for our contentment and



happiness upon other sources than those which satisfied our desires in the days of the heart's sunshine, while indulging in the pride of health and prospect. We must search for these sources, and secure a supply from them. Their waters may not be so sparkling as those we loved in former years, but they are more salubrious and composing. The holidays of the heart may not be so gay and joyous, but its seasons of thanksgiving will be calm and peaceful. What then are these sources? They are numerous, and accessible to all. It is true, that in all periods of life, sickness or sorrow may visit us, and infuse bitterness into our cup. For these, allowances must always be made, in our estimates of happiness : but making proper deductions on this account, it will be found that life's evening, and its near approach to it, have their fair proportion of substantial peace and comfort.

In the first place, we have the benefit of those lessons which we have been taught by experience ; and foolish experiments we shall not be inclined to repeat. We shall be on our guard against temptations, knowing how we are surrounded by them, and knowing also their power. The young are always trying experiments ; the aged have seen their uselessness, and avoid them. Youth is a bold and imprudent speculator ; Age is cautious, and deals more in realities than in castle-building. Hence the pains and mortifications of disappointment seldom destroy or impair its peace of mind. In the next place, the feelings and passions, which make so much display in the early part of life, in old age become calm and subdued ; at least their motion is more gentle and pacific. Anger and resentment are found to be disorderly and disturbing inmates of the bosom ; and they will soon be expelled by those whose experience has taught them the miseries which such intruders always occasion. In the third place, in old age, our friendships become matured ; and our friends are estimated according to what we consider their deserts ; whereas the hasty friendships, as they are called, formed in early life, are frequently dangerous to one or both of the parties : they are formed at random, too often, and end in misfortune. A want of experience occasions thousands of these temporary alliances, which are productive of no valuable results. Old friends are like old wine : more pure, more loved, and more medicinal, than new. ' A faithful friend is the medicine of life ; ' and when experience is added to fidelity, so much the better.

Again. Go into the family circle, and see the venerable heads of it, whose hands and hearts have been joined for half a century. They have become acquainted with each other's desires, failings, and virtues ; and if the world frowns, they are from habit inclined to aid and comfort each other. Their happiness and duty cannot be separated. If any thing is necessary to strengthen their mutual affection and add to the harmony of home, they find it in the consciousness of having been faithful in the education of their children, by planting in their hearts the seeds of religion and virtue. If old age is not a season of pure enjoyment, with a competency, the fault must have been occasioned by early aberrations, or a sinful apostacy from known duty. It is true that the remarks immediately preceding are only *generally* correct. There is in society a melancholy catalogue of

exceptions ; but such is human nature, and such are the frailties and follies of man.

To a certain proportion of mankind — such as the literary, and those whose circumstances place them above the necessity of labor or business, and who are fond of reading and indulging in matters of taste — the evening of life affords especial opportunities for the most tranquil enjoyments, arising from the view of the past, the present, and the future ; and it is the happy season for solemn meditation on subjects of eternal moment : and for this last purpose, the season is most interesting to all, whatever may be the external circumstances which distinguish their lot in life. The foregoing observations have reference to *some* of the comforts of old age, as they are seen to exist, arising out of the employments, habits, dispositions, tastes, and views, of people, as they approach the vale of years. It is true, that in countless instances they are imperfect and unsatisfying comforts. They are too often, merely occasional and transitory : but man's imprudence or misconduct gives them this character. Such being the sorrowful truth, the philosopher and the moralist are anxious to change the aspect of society, and by inducing mankind to observe the only true regimen, to increase the moral health, and preserve it in purity and strength, when bodily disabilities are constantly increasing. Let us then resort to the only medicine which possesses the necessary virtue to sustain the health of the heart, and its best affections, not only in the summer of life, but in its waning autumn, and the cold climate of its winter. The only sure way to guard against this climate, is to be constantly preparing for it. Such a preparation renders our approach toward it by no means unwelcome, because it is so gradual. In a word, a *virtuous life* is the only one which can give serenity and peace during the last act of life's drama. The calm beauty of its evening is generally the natural consequence of a fair morning, properly improved in preparation for the labors and duties of its busy day : and the faithful discharge of these duties will procure those treasures which will last, and preserve their virtues till the close of the evening. We have abundant assurance that such is the course, in the moral as well as the natural world. They who, when young, cultivate kind and affectionate dispositions, will imperceptibly surround themselves with friends, and receive courtesy and kindness from all. The same remark will apply to those in the meridian of life. Sincerity, integrity, and truth, always will command respect, and secure the homage of all hearts, except the hearts of those ' whose censure is praise, and whose good opinion is scandal.' In old age, virtue will always enjoy and inspire confidence : and the peace of mind which an old man, walking in the path of honor and truth, displays to those around him, insensibly awakens in them a love of virtue, and kindles the desire of imitation. We are not aware of the extent of that influence which the Christian and good man, without seeming to know it, exerts on all around. His atmosphere is all health and purity.

It should be remembered, that a large portion of those miseries which multitudes suffer in old age, are penalties which they are doomed to endure, as the usual consequences of irregular habits, violent passions, unhallowed desires, or unpardonable carelessness. Heaven thus

teaches wisdom ; and yet how few attend to the lessons given them ! Let these solemn truths never be forgotten, by the rising or the risen generation. To be sure, there are miseries which age is doomed to suffer, that seem to be the effects of pure misfortune : but what we call misfortunes, too often are occasioned by imprudence or inattention. Afflictions must come, according to the order of nature. Sickness distresses our friends, as well as ourselves ; and *their* death wounds our hearts. Still, in all these cases, the good man finds peace in the retrospect of life, and is sustained by hopes, and consolations, and humble trust, when he extends his view beyond the valley before him. His life may have been, at certain periods of it, covered with clouds and gloom, and even storms may have overtaken him. Still he is at peace with himself and all around him. In the same manner we often witness days in succession, during which no sunshine gladdens the earth, and the elements are in wild and destructive commotion ; yet before those days have closed, the heavens have presented to view the western horizon all mild, cloudless, and beautiful, and glowing with the promises of a morning of serenity and softness. The setting sun of the good man is equally peaceful, and full of promise. Heaven grant that ours may be such ! To gain this blessing should be the unceasing business of life — the constant aspiration of the heart. Whatever may be our sphere of action, we all have our duties ; and our great aim should be, to perform them properly. Time is on the wing. Youth soon rises into manhood ; manhood is for a while buried in the midst of cares, pleasures, and anxieties, and then hastens onward toward his last resting place. Let us all, in view of 'Life's Evening,' and the solemnities which are associated with it, sincerely endeavor *to be*, as will *appear* to be, such as we *ought* to be. This is no time for deceiving others or ourselves. Let us not depend on the flattery of our epitaphs, inscribed by the hand of affection, and therefore deceptive and overdrawn ; nor let us repose our confidence in the comforting aphorism, that 'Death opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after him.' Let us establish our own characters, as good and worthy, and deserve them. Let this be our earthly crown of rejoicing. A poet of feeling and sensibility has, in the two following lines, beautifully described the good man's exit :

'Night dews fall not more gently on the ground,  
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.'

Portland, (Maine,) June, 1838.

SENEX.

#### NIGHT.

THE earth and air are silent, the pure sky  
Relieved alone by pale clouds floating by :  
The summer moon, in her soft majesty,  
Is pouring silver on the sleeping sea.  
This is the hour when love, deceitful sprite,  
Steals with his magic through the shades of night.  
Giving, in lover's eyes, a holier smile  
Unto the beams which kiss each leafy isle ;  
Unto the firmament a softer mood ;  
Unto the sea a deeper solitude.

Montreal.

A. A. M.

## CLIMBING THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

BY THE ONLY SURVIVING WITNESS OF THAT EXTRAORDINARY FEAT.

I HAVE some reason to believe, that I am the only surviving witness of that most adventurous exploit of climbing the Natural Bridge in Virginia; and believing that the particulars ought to be put upon record, I have selected the KNICKERBOCKER as the medium. I have oftentimes, and for many years, withstood repeated solicitations to do this, for the following reasons, which I give, lest it might be supposed, by some suspicious persons, that I had waited for the death of the other alleged witnesses.

Immediately after the adventure had been accomplished, and while all the circumstances were fresh in my memory, I recorded them in a sort of journal, kept to record visitors' names, by poor Patrick Heury, a man of color, who kept the Bridge. This record was referred to by Patrick, whenever a visiter became inquisitive about the circumstances. Some believed my statement, and others disbelieved it; but by far the greater number disbelieved it, as he informed me. This was far from being pleasant, to one who had never had his veracity doubted before. But this was not all.

I happened to be at the Bridge, some time after the event, when a large company of respectable-looking ladies and gentlemen had just returned from under the Bridge, and were waiting dinner, like myself, at the house on the summit, to which I have alluded. The conversation, among this company, naturally turned upon *the* remarkable event, as it does to this day; and the book was referred to, as usual, for the particulars. I immediately gave Patrick the hint that I wished to remain *incog.*, in order that I might hear for myself the remarks upon my testimony. It is an old saying, that a listener never hears any good of himself, and so it turned out on this occasion. The company were unanimous in discrediting my testimony, ladies and all. Little did they imagine that the man himself was ensconced in a corner of the same room with themselves. I forthwith determined to volunteer no more testimony about things so out of the common current of events; at all events, I determined to hold my peace, until the public mind should settle down into the truth, as it generally does at last.

That time seems to have arrived. The public, without an exception, so far as I know, has yielded its credence to the united testimony of so many witnesses. Scarcely a periodical in the country, or a book of travels, but mentions the subject.

But there is another reason for coming forward at this time. Tradition has got hold of the story at the wrong end. In the very last number of your Magazine,\* one of your contributors misrepresents the matter — unintentionally no doubt; and Miss Martineau, in her 'Retrospect of Western Travel,' undertakes to detail the whole affair, scarcely one circumstance of which she does correctly. Under

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\* See KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, for May.

these circumstances, I think a discerning public will readily appreciate my true motives in coming out over my own signature : indeed unless I were to do so, it would be useless to say any thing at all.

I think it was in the summer of 1818, that James H. Piper, William Revely, William Wallace, and myself, being then students at Washington College, Virginia, determined to make a jaunt to the Natural Bridge, fourteen miles off. Having obtained permission from the president, we proceeded on our way rejoicing. When we arrived at the Bridge, nearly all of us commenced climbing up the precipitous sides, in order to immortalize our names, as usual.

We had not been long thus employed, before we were joined by Robert Penn, of Amherst, then a pupil of the Rev. Samuel Houston's grammar school, in the immediate neighborhood of the Bridge. Mr. Piper, the hero of the occasion, commenced climbing on the opposite side of the creek from the one by which the pathway ascends the ravine. He began far down the banks of the brook ; so far, that we did not know where he had gone, and were only apprized of his whereabouts, by his shouting above our heads. When we looked up, he was standing apparently right under the arch, I suppose an hundred feet from the bottom, and that on the smooth side, which is generally considered inaccessible without a ladder. He was standing far above the spot where General Washington is said to have inscribed his name, when a youth.

The ledge of rock by which he ascended to this perilous height, does not appear from below to be three inches wide, and runs almost at right angles to the abutment of the Bridge ; of course, its termination is far down the cliff, on that side. Many of the written and traditional accounts state this to be the side of the Bridge up which he climbed. I believe Miss Martineau so states ; but it is altogether a mistake, as any one may see, by casting an eye up the precipice on that side. The story no doubt originated from this preliminary exploit.

The ledge of rock on which he was standing, appeared so narrow to us below, as to make us believe his position a very perilous one, and we earnestly entreated him to come down. He answered us with loud shouts of derision. At this stage of the business, Mr. Penn and servant left us. He would not have done so, I suppose, if he had known what was to follow ; but up to this time, not one of us had the slightest suspicion that Mr. Piper intended the daring exploit which he afterward accomplished. He soon after descended from that side, crossed the brook, and commenced climbing on the side by which all visitors ascend the ravine. He first mounted the rocks on this side, as he had done on the other — far down the abutment, but not so far as on the opposite side. The projecting ledge may be distinctly seen by any visitor. It commences four or five feet from the pathway, on the lower side, and winds round, gradually ascending, until it meets the cleft of rock over which the celebrated cedar stump hangs. Following this ledge to its termination, it brought him to about thirty or forty feet from the ground, and placed him between two deep fissures, one on each side of the gigantic column of rock on which the aforementioned cedar stump stands. This column stands out from the Bridge as separate and dis-

tinged as if placed there by nature on purpose for an observatory to the wonderful arch and ravine which it over looks. A huge crack or fissure extends from its base to its summit; indeed it is cracked on both sides, but much more perceptibly on one side than the other. Both these fissures are thickly overgrown with bushes, and numerous roots project into them from the trees growing on the precipice. It was between these, that the before-mentioned ledge conducted him. Here he stopped, pulled off his coat and shoes, and threw them down to me. And this, in my opinion, is a sufficient refutation of the story, so often told, that he went up to inscribe his name, and ascended so high that he found it more difficult to return than go forward. He could have returned easily from the point where he disencumbered himself, but the fact that he did thus prepare so early, and so near the ground, and after he had ascended more than double that height, on the other side, are clear proofs, that to inscribe his name was not, and to climb the bridge was, his object. He had already inscribed his name above Washington himself, more than fifty feet.

Around the face of this huge column, and between the clefts, he now moved, backward and forward, still ascending, as he found convenient foot hold. When he had ascended about one hundred and seventy feet from the earth, and had reached the point where the pillar overhangs the ravine, his heart seemed to fail him! He stopped, and seemed to us to be balancing midway between heaven and earth. We were in dread suspense, expecting every moment to see him dashed to atoms at our feet. We had already exhausted our powers of entreaty, in persuading him to return, but all to no purpose. Now, it was perilous even to speak to him, and very difficult to carry on conversation at all, from the immense height to which he had ascended, and the noise made by the bubbling of the little brook, as it tumbled in tiny cascades over its rocky bed, at our feet. At length he seemed to discover that one of the clefts before-mentioned retreated backward from the overhanging position of the pillar. Into this he sprang at once, and was soon out of sight and out of danger.

There is not a word of truth in all that story about our hauling him up with ropes, and his fainting away so soon as he landed on the summit. Those acquainted with the localities, will at once perceive its absurdity, for we were beneath the arch, and it is half a mile round to the top, and for the most part up a rugged mountain. Instead of fainting away, Mr. Piper proceeded at once down the hill to meet us, and obtain his hat and shoes. We met about half way, and there he laid down for a few moments, to recover himself from his fatigue.

We dined at the tavern of Mr. Donihoo, half way between the Bridge and Lexington, and there we related the whole matter at the dinner table. Mr. Donihoo has since removed to the St. Clair, in Michigan. Mr. Piper was preparing himself for the ministry, in the Presbyterian church, and the president of the college was his spiritual preceptor, as well as his teacher in college. Accordingly he called him up, next morning, to inquire into it, thinking, perhaps, that it was not a very proper exhibition for a student of theology.



The reverend president is still alive, and can corroborate my testimony. I mean the Rev. George A. Baxter, D. D., at present at the head of the Theological Seminary in Virginia. As to the other witnesses, Mr. Revely afterward became a member of the Legislature of Virginia, and somewhat distinguished, I believe, for a young man; but he unfortunately fell a victim to poison, as I have been informed. Mr. Wallace was then from Richmond, but a native of Scotland, whither he returned soon after. It strikes me that I once heard of his death, but of this I am not certain. He may be still alive, and able to substantiate my statement.

Mr. Piper himself afterward married a daughter of Gen. Alexander Smyth, of Wythe, and was soon after appointed principal of some academy in the West, which he abandoned, however, as he had done the ministry before. The last I heard of him, was during the last summer, when I saw his name registered at one of the Virginia springs. I was told he had become an engineer, and was then engaged in surveying a road between some two of the springs.

I have thus briefly and hastily related every thing about the exploit, which I have any reason to believe will be interesting to the public, either now or hereafter.

WILLIAM A. CARUTHERS.

### LINES

ON BEING ASKED BY A LADY 'WHAT IS WIT?'

I.  
 WHAT'S wit? 'Tis strange that you should ask  
 That you possess, to know;  
 'Tis wisdom's arrow, barb'd by truth,  
 Launch'd from Apollo's bow.  
 Brief as the lightning, but the darts,  
 Like those your eyes surround,  
 Make e'en the pierced their brilliance own,  
 And half forgive the wound.

II.  
 To toil denied, or art, wit is  
 The immediate gift of heaven,  
 Like Pallas from the brain of Jove,  
 In perfect armor, riven.  
 It fastest binds the freest minds,  
 And willing slaves commands;  
 Can Argus' hundred eyes eclipse,  
 And chain Briareus' hands.

III.  
 Wit can, like Nile, the desert's dearth  
 With life and verdure grace;  
 While all the fertile grandeur own,  
 But none the source can trace.  
 'Tis the mind's beauty; but where both  
 Abound, who dares to teach  
 The unconscious fair what either is,  
 Will rue the force of each!

## THE CRUSADES.

BRIGHT rose the sun over the hills of Palestine, and never, since the world had birth, did it rise on a brighter or more inspiring scene. There, her gorgeous palaces and beautiful temples bathed in the sunlight of an eastern morn, rose Jerusalem !

‘ Her towers, her domes, her pinnacles, her walls,  
Her glittering palaces, her splendid halls,  
Showed in the lustrous air like some bright dream,  
Wove by gay fancy from the morning beam.’

Jerusalem ! What hallowed associations rush upon the mind at that name ! Once, Queen of the East, and mistress of the world ; unsurpassed in importance, and unrivalled in splendor ; the home and pride of Judea’s sons. Now, the jackall howls where her kings reigned, and the crumbled marble, once marking where her warriors slept, now mingles with the whirling sands of Arabia.

Roll back the tide of time ! Retrace the scroll of history to that epoch when Europe sent forth her noblest and her best, to battle with the Saracen, to rescue the sepulchre of their Redeemer from defilement and disgrace.

Under the city’s walls were encamped the Army of the Cross. Companions in former wars, and victors in former battles, they had come determined to accomplish their errand, or die in the attempt. There were the flower and boast of Europe’s chivalry. Steel hauberk and coat of mail gleamed in the sunbeams, and the trumpet’s note of defiance rang on the morning air, with the taunting clash of the Turkish cymbal. That pennon which had floated o’er the head of its gallant lord amid former conflicts of his house, now danced gaily to an Asiatic breeze. The emblem of an ancient line, it was not there to be dishonored ; the cherished relic of past splendor its fair blazonry was not there to be stained or sullied.

Who would blame the enthusiasm which had thus led them forth to battle ? Who can censure that piety which gave strength and sinew to their arms in the battle’s shock, and was their last solace in the hour of danger and of death ? Yet, there are those who call the age of chivalry an age of folly — who denounce the Crusades but as an act of madness. Madness and folly they may have been ; unjust they certainly were ; but who of us, had he lived in that day, would not have also bound the sacred emblem to his shoulder, and followed the crusading host to the holy land ? The enthusiasm of the hermit of Amiens, the oratory of St. Bernard, and the commanding talents of Fulk, had successively been used to spur them on to action. The commands of the papal prelate were imperative, were not these enough to impel them to almost any deed. But the Saracen’s insulting heel was on the very sepulchre of their Lord ! The Turk’s proud foot spurned the dust once pressed by the meek footsteps of Christ ! Jerusalem was captive ! Through her courts and palaces a Moslem strode in defiance, and reigned without rebuke ! Were they Christians, and could they endure this ? Were they knights, and could they brook it ? Drawing the avenging steel, they swore never again to sheathe it, till their object was accomplished, or till



the last drop of their life's blood had ceased to circle round those hearts which beat only for their honor and their God.

But why seek to excuse the Crusades by the motives which led to them? It is their consequences that give them importance in history, and furnish ample apology for all their follies, if not for all their crimes. Apology!

'Sleep, Richard of the lion heart,  
Sleep on, nor from thy cerements start,'

at the wrong done thy memory and thy name. But the age of chivalry has passed, like a bright vision of the morning.

If we contemplate for a moment the dreary picture which the civilized world presented in the age of the Crusades, and compare it with the succeeding, we must allow that the political advantages resulting from them were such as Europe will never cease to feel, so long as her hills shall stand, or her name be known.

Torn by intestine feuds, the western world was at that time the scene of the most bloody and atrocious wars that ever disfigured the page of history. The order and beauty of the social compact, like that of the ocean lashed to fury by the rushing tempest, was lost in the wild vortex of raging passions and unbridled licentiousness. Law and right were neither respected nor obeyed. The sword was the only passport to greatness, and opened the only path to fortune and to honor. Human life was held but as the sport of any petty tyrant who chose to take it, and the frequent death-cry of the murdered rolled wildly up to an offended God.

Then came the Crusades. Glory, immortality, religion, all pointed with imploring finger to the scene of a Saviour's sufferings and death. Fame called upon her votaries to battle to the death with Paynim hosts; Religion upon hers to wipe for ever from the escutcheon of the Christian world, the deep, damning disgrace of allowing an unbelieving race to defile the land they loved, the sepulchre they adored. Then warring nations dropped their swords, and gave answer to the cry of vengeance. They came, the noble and the proud, the young and the old, rallying round the crimson standard. Unity of sentiment and community of interest have ever given birth to mutual kindness, and

'All those courtesies that love to shoot  
Round virtue's steps, the flowrets of her fruit.'

So was it then; and Europe, purified and enlightened from this and other causes flowing from it, woke from the lethargy which had so long bound her, and advanced rapidly toward that civilization and refinement which now ennoble and adorn her.

The effects of the Crusades upon literature, though not immediate, were no less salutary. Philosophers have moralized, scholars have wept, over the deplorable, the degrading ignorance of the tenth and eleventh centuries. Science slept. A death-like lethargy had come over her, which, like the sultry blast of an eastern noon, had palsied all her efforts, and withered all her energies. The spirit of poetry had long since fled. She seemed for ever to have forsaken those haunts she once loved so well, till the Troubadours, catching up

the lyre, then shattered by Time's careless hand, struck from its long mute strings those strains which roused nations to arms, and a world to madness. Never was music more magically eloquent. The lyre which thrilled beneath a Homer's touch, or the lapses of the cygnet song, might have been sweeter; they could not have been more inspiring. All Europe responded to the strains which swept over the land, and echoed through her old baronial halls.

Then commenced the restoration of letters in the West. The Troubadour's lay was but the prelude to the diviner strains of a Boccaccio, a Petrarch, and a Dante. Song again revived, and from the blushing vine hills of France, from the castled crags of Scotland, from the wild glens of Switzerland, and the lovely vegas of romantic Spain, again ascended the poet's breathings, free as their mountain air. The very Crusades themselves, by furnishing the materials from which to weave the gorgeous fictions of the imagination, and by making the Crusaders acquainted with all the glowing imagery and fanciful decorations of oriental literature, gave an impulse to letters which will never cease to be felt, till man shall cease to appreciate and admire the beautiful and the sublime. Can it be, then, that the Crusades retarded the progress of literature? Rather, they cherished and promoted it, when the last flicker of the fire upon her altar had nearly expired, in sadness and in gloom.

Such were the holy wars, their causes, and their effects; and our feelings and sympathies cannot but be gratified at their final success.

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It was sunset. The rich mellow light streamed in a thousand variegated hues over Olivet's green top, the holy city, and the Christian camp, till at last it met Bethsaida's wave, blushing and sparkling in its embrace. Not a ripple disturbed its mirrored stillness, save when the bright-plumed bird stooped to lave his wing, or taste its refreshing coolness. Above, was the deep blue sky, so bright and clear that fancy could almost soar to the regions of the blest — could almost catch the harmonies of heaven. All was calm and beautiful. Even the stern sentinel, pacing his lonely round, for a moment relaxed his iron brow, and stopped to gaze upon the surpassing loveliness of that hour. But a far brighter sight met *his* eye, as he gazed upward, and saw the consecrated folds of the sacred banner floating in triumph over the walls and battlements of Jerusalem. Yes, that day had seen the city theirs, and the knightly, the good, the gallant Godfrey, as he bent to kiss the tomb he had rescued, was seen to dash away a tear of mingled gratitude, penitence, and veneration, and then to lift his hands in mental adoration to that Being who is ever the same, whether amid the burning sands of Syria, or the icy regions of the Pole. Thus should heroes conquer. Thus did the crusaders. Blame not hastily their misdirected zeal. Censure not their holy enthusiasm. Profane not with sacrilegious touch the moss-grown tombs where their ashes sleep. Their faults were the faults of their age — their virtues all their own.

Φ. B. K.

## MY MOTHER.

—  
'Blest mother! I remember thee!'  
—

Blest mother! I remember thee, from early childhood's hour,  
When first my heart awoke to feel maternal love's deep power;  
When not a transient tear could dim the smile of infant bliss,  
That was not dried beneath the warmth of a mother's fervent kiss.

Ah! yet the prayer I learned to lisp at twilight by thy knee,  
Is clear upon the deep-wrought page of hallowed memory!  
And those soft tones that rose to heaven from out thy swelling breast,  
They seem to sound upon my ear, though thou art gone to rest.

Blest mother! I remember thee, from youth's fresh, buoyant day;  
A star thou wert to guide my feet, of pure and constant ray:  
Thy love possessed a charm beyond the light of pleasure's beams,  
And 't was thy counsel that forbade my trust in earthly dreams.

And I remember a soft hand, that smoothed my aching head,  
A tearful, guardian eye, that watched beside my curtained bed;  
The careful step, the soothing draught thy kindness had prepared,  
And all the tokens of that love thy orphan child once shared.

Blest mother! I remember thee, as guide, companion, friend!  
When years mature had taught my heart life's blessings and their end;  
When I had learned to share thy griefs, to shed the tear for thee,  
Who in my wayward days had turned to pray and weep for me.

'T was mine to cheer thy widowed heart with all a daughter's love,  
And lift thy sinking spirit up to brighter scenes above;  
To scatter in thy lonely path the flowers which kindness weaves,  
And bind around thy temples fair affection's myrtle leaves.

Blest mother! I remember thee, (alas! how sad the spot  
On memory's page, which even now the tear of grief must blot!)  
When first the blight of fell disease passed o'er thy constant heart,  
And on thy brow, with death's pale hand, 't was written, 'We must part!'

But not a murmur mingled then with faith's assurance given,  
And not a fear passed with thee through the darksome vale to heaven;  
No! God's own rod and staff were there, nor could I wish thy stay,  
When angels beckoned thee from earth and all its ills away.

Blest mother! I remember thee, when on thy sable bier,  
And followed by an orphan train, which stranger hands must rear;  
When laid within thy narrow bed, where now the green turf grows,  
While we were left alone to stem the tide of human woes.

Yet not alone, for One there is, our Father in the sky,  
Who stoops to make our cause his own, who listens to our cry;  
Upon his arm our strength was stayed, his hand hath been our guide,  
And He who gives the ravens food, for us will still provide.

Blest mother! now I think of thee, as one amid that throng  
Who chant before the throne of God their 'everlasting song';  
In midnight dreams thy angel form around my couch appears,  
And oft thy hand seems stretched again, to wipe away my tears.

When gazing at the shining stars, their fixed and holy light  
Recalls thine own unwavering faith, and thy example bright;  
And in the firmament of heaven, a star thou 'lt ever shine,  
With beams more beautiful and bright — a lustre all divine.

## LETTERS

OF LUCIUS M. PISO, FROM ROME, TO FAUSTA, THE DAUGHTER OF GRACCHUS, AT PALMYRA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE PALMYRA LETTERS.'

## LETTER FOUR.

I PROMISED you, Fausta, before the news should reach you in any other way, to relate the occurrences and describe the ceremonies of the day appointed for the dedication of the new Temple of the Sun. The day has now passed, not without incidents of even painful interest to ourselves, and therefore to you, and I sit down to fulfil my engagements.

Vast preparations had been making for the dedication, for many days or even months preceding, and the day arose upon a city full of expectation of the shows, ceremonies, and games, that were to reward their long and patient waiting. For the season of the year, the day was hot, unnaturally so; and the sky filled with those massive clouds, piled like mountains of snow one upon another, which, while they both please the eye by their forms, and veil the fierce splendors of the sun, as they now and then sail across his face, at the same time portend wind and storm. All Rome was early astir. It was ushered in by the criers traversing the streets, and proclaiming the rites and spectacles of the day, what they were, and where to be witnessed, followed by troops of boys, imitating in their grotesque way the pompous declarations of the men of authority, not unfrequently drawing down upon their heads the curses and the batons of the insulted dignitaries. A troop of this sort passed the windows of the room in which Julia and I were sitting at our morning meal. As the crier ended his proclamation, and the shouts of the applauding urchins died away, Milo, who is our attendant in preference to any other and all others, observed,

'That the fellow of a crier deserved to have his head beat about with his own rod, for coming round with his news not till after the greatest show of the day was over.'

'What mean you?' I asked. 'Explain.'

'What should I mean,' he replied, 'but the morning sacrifice at the temple.'

'And what so wonderful,' said Julia, 'in a morning sacrifice? The temples are open every morning, are they not?'

'Yes, truly are they,' rejoined Milo; 'but not for so great a purpose. Curio wished me to have been there, and says nothing could have been more propitious. They died as the gods love to have them.'

'Was there no bellowing nor struggling, then?' said Julia.

'Neither, Curio assures me; but they met the knife of the priest as they would the sword of an enemy on the field of battle.'

'How say you?' said Julia, quickly, turning pale; 'do I hear aright, Milo, or are you mocking? God forbid that you should speak of a human sacrifice!'

‘It is even so, mistress. And why should it not be so? If the favor of the gods, upon whom we all depend, as the priests tell us, is to be purchased so well in no other way, what is the life of one man or of many in such a cause? The great Gallienus, when his life had been less ordered than usual, after the rules of temperance and religion, used to make amends by a few captives slain to Jupiter; to which, doubtless, may be ascribed his prosperous reign. But, as I was saying, there was, as Curio informed me, at the market, not long afterwards, a sacrifice, on the private altar of the temple, of ten captives. Their blood flowed just as the great god of the temple showed himself in the horizon. It would have done you good, Curio said, to see with what a hearty and dexterous zeal Fronto struck the knife into their hearts — for to no inferior minister would he delegate the sacred office.’

‘Lucius,’ cried Julia, ‘I thought that such offerings were now no more. Is it so, that superstition yet delights itself in the blood of murdered men?’

‘It is just so,’ I was obliged to reply. ‘With a people naturally more gentle and humane than we of Rome, this custom would long ago have fallen into disuse. They would have easily found a way, as all people do, to conform their religious doctrine and offerings to their feelings and instincts. But the Romans, by nature and long training, lovers of blood, their country built upon the ruins of others and cemented with blood — the taste for it is not easily eradicated. There are temples where human sacrifices have never ceased. Laws have restrained their frequency — have forbidden them under heaviest penalties unless permitted by the state — but these laws ever have been, and are now evaded; and it is the settled purpose of Fronto and others of his stamp to restore to them their lost honors, and make them again, as they used to be, the chief rite in the worship of the gods. I am not sorry, Julia, that your doubts, though so painfully, have yet been so effectually removed.’

Julia had for some time blamed as over-ardent the zeal of the Christians. She had thought that the evil of the existing superstitions was over-estimated, and that it were wiser to pursue a course of more moderation; that a system that nourished such virtues as she found in Portia, in Tacitus, and others like them, could not be so corrupting in its power as the Christians were in the habit of representing it; that if we could succeed in substituting Christianity quietly, without alienating the affections or shocking too violently the prejudices of the believers in the prevailing superstitions, our gain would be double. To this mode of arguing I knew she was impelled by her love and almost reverence of Portia; and how could I blame it, springing from such a cause? I had, almost criminally, allowed her to blind herself in a way she never would have done had her strong mind acted, as on other subjects, untrammelled and free. I was not sorry that Milo had brought before her mind a fact which, however revolting in its horror to such a nature as hers, could not but heal while it wounded.

‘Milo,’ said Julia, as I ended, ‘say now that you have been jesting; that this is a piece of wit with which you would begin in a suitable way an extraordinary day; this is one of your Gallienus fictions.’

‘Before the gods, if never before,’ replied Milo, ‘I have told you the naked truth. But not the whole — for Curio left me not till he had shown how each had died. Of the ten, but three, he averred, resisted, or died unwillingly. The three were Germans from beyond the Danube — brothers, he said, who had long lain in prison till their bones were ready to start through the skin. Yet were they not ready to die. It seemed as if there was something they longed — more even than for life or freedom — to say; but they might as well have been dumb and tongueless, for none understood their barbarous jargon. When they found that their words were in vain, they wrung their hands in their wo, and cried out aloud in their agony. Then, however, at the stern voice of Fronto warning them of the hour, they ceased — embraced each other, and received the fatal blow; the others signified their pleasure at dying so rather than to be thrown to wild beasts or left to die by slow degrees within their dungeon’s walls. Two rejoiced that it was their fate to pour out their blood upon the altar of a god, and knelt devoutly before the uplifted knife of Fronto. Never, said Curio, was there a more fortunate offering. Aurelian heard the report of it with lively joy, and said that ‘now all would go well.’ Curio is a good friend of mine; will it please you to hear these things from his own lips?’

‘No,’ said Julia; ‘I would hear no more. I have heard more than enough. How needful, Lucius, if these things are so, that our Christian zeal abate not! I see that this stern and bloody superstition requires that they who would deal with it must carry their lives in their hand, ready to part with nothing so easily, if by so doing they can hew away one of the branches or tear up one of the roots of this ancient and pernicious error. I blame not Probus longer — no, nor the wild rage of Macer.’

‘Two, lady, of the captives were of Palmyra; the queen’s name and yours were last upon their lips.’

‘Great God! how retribution, like a dark pursuing shadow, hangs upon the steps of guilt. Even here it seeks us. Alas, my mother! Heaven grant that these things fall not upon your ears!’

Julia was greatly moved, and sat a long time silent, her face buried in her hands, and weeping. I motioned to Milo to withdraw and say no more. Upon Julia, although so innocent of all wrong — guiltless as an infant of the blame, whatever it may be, which the world fixes upon Zenobia — yet upon her as heavily as upon her great mother fall the sorrows which sooner or later overtake those who for any purpose, in whatever degree selfish, have involved their fellow creatures in useless suffering. Being part of the royal house, Julia feels that she must bear her portion of its burdens. Time alone can cure this grief.

But you are waiting with a woman’s impatient curiosity to hear of the dedication.

At the appointed hour we were at the palace of Aurelian on the Palatine, where a procession, pompous as art and rank and numbers could make it, was formed, to move thence by a winding and distant route to the temple near the foot of the Quirinal. Julia repaired with Portia to a place of observation near the temple — I to the palace to join the company of the emperor. Of the gorgeous magnificence of



the procession I shall tell you nothing. It was in extent and variety of pomp and costliness of decoration, a copy of that of the late triumph, and went even beyond the captivating splendor of the example. Roman music—which is not that of Palmyra—lent such charms as it could to our passage through the streets to the temple, from a thousand performers.

As we drew near to the lofty fabric, I thought that no scene of such various beauty and magnificence had ever met my eye. The temple itself is a work of unrivalled art. In size it surpasses any other building of the same kind in Rome, and for the excellence of workmanship and purity of design, although it may fall below the standard of Hadrian's age, yet for a certain air of grandeur and luxuriance of invention in its details, and lavish profusion of embellishment in gold and silver, no temple nor other edifice of any preceding age ever perhaps resembled it. Its order is the Corinthian, of the Roman form, and the entire building is surrounded by its slender columns, each composed of a single piece of marble. Upon the front is wrought Apollo surrounded by the Hours. The western extremity is approached by a flight of steps of the same breadth as the temple itself. At the eastern there extends beyond the walls to a distance equal to the length of the building a marble platform, upon which stands the altar of sacrifice, and which is ascended by various flights of steps, some little more than a gently rising plain, up which the beasts are led that are destined for the altar.

When this vast extent of wall and column of the most dazzling brightness came into view, every where covered, together with the surrounding temples, palaces and theatres, with a dense mass of human beings, of all climes and regions, dressed out in their richest attire—music from innumerable instruments filling the heavens with harmony—shouts of the proud and excited populace every few moments and from different points, as Aurelian advanced, shaking the air with its thrilling din—the neighing of horses, the frequent blasts of the trumpet—the whole made more solemnly imposing by the vast masses of cloud which swept over the sky, now suddenly unveiling and again eclipsing the sun, the great god of this idolatry, and from which few could withdraw their gaze;—when at once this all broke upon my eye and ear, I was like a child who before had never seen aught but his own village and his own rural temple, in the effect wrought upon me, and the passiveness with which I abandoned myself to the sway of the senses. Not one there was more ravished by the outward circumstance and show. I thought of Rome's thousand years, of her power, her greatness and universal empire, and for a moment my step was not less proud than that of Aurelian. But after that moment—when the senses had had their fill, when the eye had seen the glory, and the ear had fed upon the harmony and the praise, then I thought and felt very differently; sorrow and compassion for these gay multitudes were at my heart; prophetic forebodings of disaster, danger, and ruin to those to whose sacred cause I had linked myself, made my tongue to falter in its speech, and my limbs to tremble. I thought that the superstition that was upheld by the wealth and the power, whose manifestations were before me, had its roots in the very centre of the earth—far too deep down for a few

like myself ever to reach them. I was like one whose last hope of life and escape is suddenly struck away.

I was roused from these meditations by our arrival at the eastern front of the temple. Between the two central columns, on a throne of gold and ivory, sat the emperor of the world, surrounded by the senate, the colleges of augurs and haruspices, and by the priests of the various temples of the capital, in all their peculiar costume. Then Fronto, the priest of the temple, when the crier had proclaimed that the hour of worship and sacrifice had come, and had commanded silence to be observed — standing at the altar, glittering in his white and golden robes like a messenger of light — bared his head, and lifting his face up toward the sun, offered in clear and sounding tones the prayer of dedication. As he came toward the close of his prayer, he, as is so usual, with loud and almost frantic cries and importunate repetition, called upon the god to hear him, and then with appropriate names and praises invoked the Father of gods and men to be present and hear. Just as he had thus solemnly invoked Jupiter by name, and was about to call upon other gods in the same manner, the clouds, which had been deepening, and darkening, suddenly obscured the sun; a distant peal of thunder rolled along the heavens, and at the same moment from the dark recesses of the temple a voice of preternatural power came forth, proclaiming so that the whole multitude heard the words, ‘God is but one; the king eternal, immortal, invisible.’ It is impossible to describe the horror that seized those multitudes. Many cried out with fear, and each seemed to shrink behind the other. Paleness sat upon every face. The priest paused as if struck by a power from above. Even the brazen Fronto was appalled. Aurelian leaped from his seat, and by his countenance, white and awe-struck, showed that to him it came as a voice from the gods. He spoke not, but stood gazing at the dark entrance into the temple from which the sound had come. Fronto hastily approached him, and whispering but one word as it were into his ear, the emperor started; the spell that bound him was dissolved; and recovering himself — making indeed as though a very different feeling had possessed him — cried out in fierce tones to his guards,

‘Search the temple; some miscreant hid away among the columns profanes thus the worship and the place. Seize him and drag him forth to instant death!’

The guards of the emperor and the servants of the temple rushed in at that bidding, and searched in every part the interior of the building. They soon emerged, saying that the search was fruitless. The temple in all its aisles and apartments was empty.

The ceremonies, quiet being again restored, then went on. Twelve bulls, of purest white and of perfect forms, their horns bound about with fillets, were now led by the servants of the temple up the marble steps to the front of the altar, where stood the *cultrarii* and *haruspices*, ready to slay them and examine their entrails. The omens, as gathered by the eyes of all from the fierce strugglings and bellowings of the animals as they were led toward the place of sacrifice — some even escaping from the hands of those who had the management of them — and from the violent and convulsive throes of others



as the blow fell upon their heads, or the knife severed their throats, were of the darkest character, and brought a deep gloom upon the brow of the emperor. The report of the haruspices upon examination of the entrails was little calculated to remove that gloom. It was for the most part unfavorable. Especially appalling was the sight of a heart so lean and withered that it scarce seemed possible it should ever have formed a part of a living animal. But more harrowing than all was the voice of Fronto, who prying with the haruspices into the smoking carcass of one of the slaughtered bulls, suddenly cried out with horror that 'no heart was to be found.'

The emperor, hardly to be restrained by those near him from some expression of anger, ordered a more diligent search to be made.

'It is not in nature that such a thing should be,' he said. 'Men are, in truth, sometimes without hearts; but brutes, as I think, never.'

The report was however, confidently confirmed. Fronto himself approached, and said that his eye had from the first been upon the beast, and the exact truth had been stated.

The carcasses, such parts as were for the flames, were then laid upon the vast altar, and the flames of the sacrifice ascended.

The heavens were again obscured by thick clouds, which accumulating into dark masses began now nearer and nearer to shoot forth lightning and roll their thunders. The priest commenced the last office, prayer to the god to whom the new temple had been thus solemnly consecrated. He again bowed his head, and again lifted up his voice. But no sooner had he invoked the god of the temple and besought his ear, than again from its dark interior, the same awful sounds issued forth, this time saying, 'Thy gods, O Rome, are false and lying gods. God is but one.'

Aurelian, pale as it seemed to me with superstitious fear, strove to shake it off, giving it artfully and with violence the appearance of offended dignity. His voice was a shriek rather than a human utterance, as he cried out:

'This is but a Christian device; search the temple till the accursed Nazarene be found, and hew him piece-meal —' More he would have said, but at the instant a bolt of lightning shot from the heavens, and lighting upon a large sycamore which shaded a part of the temple court, clove it in twain. The swollen cloud at the same moment burst, and a deluge of rain poured upon the city, the temple, the gazing multitudes, and the just kindled altars. The sacred fires went out in hissing and darkness; a tempest of wind whirled the limbs of the slaughtered victims into the air, and abroad over the neighboring streets. All was confusion, uproar, terror and dismay. The crowds sought safety in the houses of the nearest inhabitants, and the porches and of the palaces. Aurelian and the senators, and those nearest him, fled to the interior of the temple. The heavens blazed with the quick flashing of the lightning, and the temple itself seemed to rock beneath the voice of the thunder. I never knew in Rome so terrific a tempest. The stoutest trembled, for life hung by a thread. Great numbers, it has now been found, in every part of the capitol, fell a prey to the fiery bolts. The capitol itself was

struck, and the brass statue of Vespasian in the forum thrown down and partly melted. The Tiber in a few hours overran its banks, and laid much of the city on its borders under water.

But ere long the storm was over. The retreating clouds, but still sullenly muttering in the distance as they rolled away, were gaily lighted up by the sun, which again shone forth in his splendor. The scattered limbs of the victims were collected and again laid upon the altar. Dry wood being brought, the flames quickly shot upward and consumed to the last joint and bone the sacred offerings. Fronto once more stood before the altar, and now uninterrupted performed the last office of the ceremony. Then around the tables spread within the temple to the honor of the gods, feasting upon the luxuries contributed by every quarter of the earth, and filling high with wine, the adverse omens of the day were by most forgotten. But not by Aurelian. No smile was seen to light up his dark countenance. The jests of Varus, and the wisdom of Porphyrius alike failed to reach him. Wrapped up in his own thoughts, he brooded gloomily over what had happened, and strove to read the interpretation of portents so unusual and alarming.

I went not in to the feast, but returned home, reflecting as I went upon the events I had witnessed. I knew not what to think. That in times past, long after the departure from the earth of Jesus and his immediate followers, the Deity had interposed in seasons of peculiar perplexity to the church, and in a way to be observed had manifested his power, I did not doubt. But for a long time such revelations had wholly ceased. And I could not see any such features in the present juncture, as would, to speak as a man, justify and vindicate a departure from the ordinary methods of the Divine Providence. But then, on the other hand, I could not otherwise account for the voice, nor discover any way in which, had one been so disposed, he could so successfully and securely have accomplished his work. Revolving these things, and perplexed by doubts, I reached the Coelian—when, as I entered my dwelling, I found to my great satisfaction, Probus seated with Julia, who, at an early period foreseeing the tempest, had with Portia withdrawn to the security of her own roof.

‘I am glad you are come at length,’ said Julia as I entered; ‘our friend has scarce spoken. I should think, did I not know the contrary, that he had suddenly abandoned the service of truth, and become a disciple of Novatus. He hath done little but groan and sigh.’

‘Surely,’ I replied, ‘the occasion warrants both sighs and groans. But when came you from the temple?’

‘On the appearance of the storm, just as Fronto approached the altar the first time. The signs were not to be mistaken by any who were not so much engrossed by the scene as to be insensible to all else, that a tempest was in the sky, and would soon break upon the crowds in a deluge of rain and hail—as has happened. So that warning Portia of the danger, we early retreated—she with reluctance—but for myself I was glad to be driven away from a scene that brought so vividly before me the events of the early morning.’

‘I am glad it was so,’ I replied; ‘you would have been more se-

verely tried, had you remained.' And I then gave an account of the occurrences of the day.

'I know not what to make of it,' she said as I ended. 'Probus, teach us what to think. I am bewildered and amazed.'

'Lady,' said Probus, 'the Christian service is a hard one.'

'I have not found it so, thus far, but on the other hand a light and easy one.'

'But the way is not ever so smooth, and the path once entered upon, there is no retreat.'

'No roughness nor peril, Probus, be they what they may, can ever shake me. It is for eternity I have embraced this faith, not for time — for my soul, not for my body.'

'God be thanked that it is so. But the evils and sorrows that time has in store, and which afflict the body, are not slight. And sometimes they burst forth from the overburdened clouds in terrific violence, and poor human strength sinks and trembles, as to-day before the conflict of the elements.'

'They would find me strong in spirit and purpose, I am sure, Probus, however my woman's frame of flesh might yield. No fear can change my mind, nor tear me from the hopes which through Christ I cherish more, a thousand-fold, than this life of an hour.'

'Why, why is it so ordained in the Providence of God,' said Probus, 'that truth must needs be watered with tears and blood, ere it will grow and bear fruit? When as now the sky is dark and threatening, and the mind is thronged with fearful anticipations of the sorrows that await those who hold this faith, how can I with a human heart within me labor to convert the unbelieving? The words falter upon my tongue. I turn from the young inquirer, and with some poor reason put him off to another season. When I preach, it is with a coldness that must repel, and it is that which I almost desire to be the effect. My prayers never reach heaven nor the consciences of those who hear. Probus, they say, is growing worldly. His heart burns no longer within him. His zeal is cold. We must look to Macer. I fear, lady, that the reproaches are well deserved. Not that I am growing worldly or cold, but that my human affections lead me away from duty, and make me a traitor to truth and my master.'

'O no, Probus,' said Julia; 'these are charges foolish and false. There is not a Christian in Rome but would say so. We all rest upon you.'

'Then upon what a broken reed! I am glad it was not I who made you a Christian.'

'Do you grieve to have been a benefactor? a redeemer? a saviour?'

'Almost when I see the evils which are to overwhelm the believer. I look around upon my little flock of hearers, and I seem to see them led as lambs to the slaughter — poor, defenceless creatures, set upon by worse than lions and wolves. And you, lady of Piso, how can I sincerely rejoice that you have added your great name to our humble roll, when I think of what may await you. Is that form to be dragged with violence amid the hootings of the populace, to the tri-

bunal of the beast Varus? Are those limbs for the rack or the fire?

‘I trust in God they are not, Probus. But if they are needed, they are little to give for that which has made me so rich and given wings to the soul. I can spare the body, now the soul can live without it.’

‘There spoke the universal Christian! What but truth could so change our poor human nature into somewhat quite divine and god-like! Think not I shrink myself at the prospect of obstruction and assault. I am a man loose upon the world, weaned by suffering and misfortune from earth, and ready at any hour to depart from it. You know my early story. But I in vain seek to steel myself to the pains of others. I can bear, but I cannot behold. But from what I have said, I fear lest you should think me over apprehensive. I wish it were so. But all seems at this moment to be against us.’

‘More then,’ said Julia, ‘must have come to your ears than to ours. When last we sat with the emperor at his table, he seemed well inclined. And when urged by Fronto, rebuked him even with violence.’

‘Yes, it was so.’

‘Is it then from the scenes of to-day at the temple that you draw fresh omens of misfortune? I have asked you what we should think of them.’

‘I almost tremble to say. I stood, Piso, not far from you, upon the lower flight of steps, where I think you observed me.’

‘I did. And at the sound of that voice from the temple, methought your face was paler than Aurelian’s. Why was that?’

‘Because, Piso, I knew the voice.’

‘Knew it! What mean you?’

‘Repeat it not — let it seek into your ear and there abide. It was Macer’s.’

‘Macer’s? Surely you jest.’

‘Alas! I wish it were a jest. But his tones were no more to be mistaken than were the thunder’s.’

‘This, should it be known, would, it is plain to see, greatly exasperate Aurelian. It would be more than enough for Fronto to work his worst ends with. His suspicions at once fell upon the Christians.’

‘That,’ said Probus, ‘was, I am confident, an artifice. The countenance struck with superstitious horror, is not to be read amiss. Seen though but for a moment, and the signature is upon it, one and unequivocal. But with quick instinct the wily priest saw his advantage, seized it, and, whether believing or not himself, succeeded in poisoning the mind of Aurelian and that of the multitude. So great was the commotion among the populace, that, but for the tempest, I believe scarce would the legions of the emperor have saved us from slaughter upon the spot. Honest, misguided Macer — little dost thou know how deep a wound thou hast struck into the very dearest life of the truth for which thou wouldst yet at any moment thyself freely suffer and die!’

‘What,’ said Julia, ‘could have moved him to such madness?’

‘With him,’ replied Probus, ‘it was a deed of piety and genuine zeal for God; he saw it in the light of an act god-like and god-direct-

ed. Could you read his heart, you would find it calm and serene in the consciousness of a great duty greatly performed. It is very possible he may have felt himself to be but an instrument in the hand of a higher power, to whom he gives all the glory and the praise. There are many like him, lady, both among Christians and Pagans. The sybils impose not so much upon others as upon themselves. They who give forth the responses of the oracle, oft-times believe that they are in very truth full of the god, and speak not their own thoughts, but the inspirations of him whose priests they are. To themselves more than to others are they impostors. The conceit of the peculiar favor of God or of the gods, in return for extraordinary devotion, is a weakness that besets our nature wherever it is found. An apostle perhaps never believed in his inspiration more firmly than at times does Macer, and others among us like him. But this inward solitary persuasion we know is nothing, however it may carry away captive the indiscriminating multitude.'

'Hence, Probus, then I suppose the need of some outward act of an extraordinary nature to show the inspiration real.'

'Yes,' he replied. 'No assertion of divine impulses or revelations can avail to persuade us of their reality, except supported and confirmed by miracle. That, and that only, proves the present God. Christ would have died without followers had he exhibited to the world only his character and his truth, even though he had claimed, and claimed truly, a descent from and communion with the Deity. Men would have said, 'This is an old and common story. We see every day and every where those who affect divine aid. No act is so easy as to deceive one's self. If you propose a spiritual moral system and claim for it a divine authority, show your authority by a divine work, a work impossible to man, and we will then admit your claims. But your own inward convictions alone, sincere as they may be and possibly founded in truth, pass with us for nothing. Raise one that was dead to life, and we will believe you when you reveal to us the spiritual world and the life to come.'

'I think,' said Julia, 'such would be the process in my own mind. There seems the same natural and necessary connection here between spiritual truths and outward acts, as between the forms of letters or the sound of words, and ideas. We receive the most subtle of Plato's reasonings through words—those miracles of material help—which address themselves to the eye or ear. So we receive the truths of Jesus through the eye witnessing his works, or the ear hearing the voice from Heaven. But we wander from Macer, in whom, from what you have told us and Piso has known, we both feel deeply interested. Can he not be drawn away from these fancies which possess him? 'T is a pity we should lose so strong an advocate, to some minds so resistless, nor only that, but suffer injury from his extravagance.'

'It is our purpose,' I replied, 'to visit him to try what effect earnest remonstrance and appeal may have. Soon as I shall return from my promised and now necessary visit to Marcus and Lucilia, I shall not fail, Probus, to request you to accompany me to his dwelling.'

'Does he dwell far from us?' asked Julia.

‘His house, if house it may be called,’ replied Probus, ‘is in a narrow street, which runs just behind the shop of Demetrius, midway between the Capitol and the Quirinal. It is easily found by first passing the shop and then descending quick to the left — the street Janus, our friend Isaac’s street, turning off at the same point to the right. At Macer’s, should your feet ever be drawn that way, you would see how and in what crowded space the poor live in Rome.’

‘Has he then a family, as your words seem to imply?’

‘He has; and one more lovely dwells not within the walls of Rome. In his wife and elder children, as I have informed Piso, we shall find warm and eloquent advocates on our side. They tremble for their husband and father, whom they reverence and love, knowing his impetuosity, his fearlessness and his zeal. Many an assault has he already brought upon himself, and is destined I fear to draw down many more and heavier.’

‘Heaven shield them all from harm,’ said Julia. ‘Are they known to Demetrius? His is a benevolent heart, and he would rejoice to do them a service. No one is better known too or respected than the Roman Demetrius: his name merely would be a protection.’

‘It was from Macer,’ replied Probus, ‘that Demetrius first heard the truth which now holds him captive. Their near neighborhood brought them often together. Demetrius was impressed by the ardor and evident sincerity so visible in the conversation and manners of Macer; and Macer was drawn toward Demetrius by the cast of melancholy — that sober, thoughtful air — that separates him so from his mercurial brother, and indeed from all. He wished he were a Christian. And by happy accidents being thrown together — or rather drawn by some secret bond of attraction — he in no long time had the happiness to see him one. From the hand of Felix he received the waters of baptism.’

‘What you have said, Probus, gives me great pleasure. I am not only now sure that Macer and his little tribe have a friend at hand, but the knowledge that such a mind as that of Demetrius has been wrought upon by Macer, has served to raise him in my esteem and respect. He can be no common man, and surely no madman.’

‘The world ever loves to charge those as mad,’ said Probus, ‘who in devotion to a great cause exceed its cold standard of moderation. Singular, that excess in virtue should incur this reproach, while excess in vice is held but as a weakness of our nature!’

We were here interrupted by Milo, who came to conduct us to the supper room; and there our friendly talk was prolonged far into the evening.

When I next write I shall have somewhat to say of Marcus Lucilia and the little Gallus. How noble and generous in the queen, her magnificent gift! When summer comes round again I shall not fail, together with Julia, to see you there. How many recollections will come thronging upon me when I shall again find myself in the court of the Elephant sitting where I once sat so often and listened to the voice of Longinus. May you see there many happy years. Farewell.



Nothing could exceed the sensation caused in Rome by the voice heard at the dedication, and among the adherents of the popular faith, by the unlucky omens of the day and of the sacrifice. My office at that time called me often to the capital, and the palace of Aurelian, and threw me frequently into his company and that of Livia. My presence was little heeded by the emperor, who, of a bold and manly temper, spoke out with little reserve and with no disguise or fear, whatever sentiments possessed him. From such opportunities and from communications of Menestheus, the secretary of Aurelian, little took place at the palace which came not to my knowledge. The morning succeeding the dedication I had come to the city bringing a packet from the queen to the empress Livia. While I waited in the common reception room of the palace, I took from a case standing there, a roll and read. As I read, I presently was roused by the sound of Aurelian's voice. It was as if engaged in earnest conversation. He soon entered the apartment accompanied by the priest of the new temple.

'There is something,' he said as he drew near, 'in this combination of unlucky signs that might appal a stouter spirit than mine. This too, after a munificence toward not one only but all the temples, never I am sure surpassed. Every god has been propitiated by gifts and appropriate rites. How can all this be interpreted other than most darkly — other than as a general hostility — and a discouragement from an enterprise upon which I would found my glory. This has come most unlooked for. I confess myself perplexed. I have openly proclaimed my purpose — the word has gone abroad and travelled by this to the court of Persia itself, that with all Rome at my back I am once more to tempt the deserts of the East.'

He here suddenly paused, being reminded by Fronto of my presence.

'Ah, it matters not;' he said; 'this is but Nichomachus, the good servant of the Queen of Palmyra. I hope,' he said turning to me, 'that the queen is well and the young Faustula?'

'They are well,' I replied.

'How agree with her these cooler airs of the west? These are not the breezes of Arabia, that come to-day from the mountains.'

'She heeds them little,' I replied; 'her thoughts are engrossed by heavier cares.'

'They must be fewer now than ever.'

'They are fewer, but they are heavier and weigh upon her life more than the whole East once did. The remembrance of a single great disaster weighs as a heavier burden than the successful management of an empire.'

'True, Nichomachus, that is over true.' Then without further regarding me he went on with his conversation with Fronto.

'I cannot,' he said, 'now go back; and to go forward may be presumptuous.'

'I cannot but believe, great emperor,' said Fronto, 'that I have it in my power to resolve your doubts, and set your mind at ease.'



‘Rest not then,’ said Aurelian with impatience — ‘but say on.’

‘You sought the gods and read the omens with but one prayer and thought. And you have construed them as all bearing upon one point and having one significancy — because you have looked in no other direction. I believe they bear upon a different point, and that when you look behind and before, you will be of the same judgment.’

‘Whither tends all this?’

‘To this — that the omens of the day bear not upon your eastern expedition, but upon the new religion! You are warned as the great high priest, by these signs in heaven and on earth — not against this projected expedition, which is an act of piety, if a warlike expedition ever may be termed so — but against this accursed superstition which is working its way into the empire and threatening the extermination and overthrow of the very altars on which you laid your costly offerings. What concern can the divinities feel in the array of an army compared with that which must agitate their sacred breasts as they behold their altars cast down or forsaken, their names profaned, their very being denied, their worshippers drawn from them to the secret midnight orgies of a tribe of Atheists, whose aim is anarchy in the state and in religion; owning neither king on earth nor king in heaven — every man to be his own priest — every man his own master! Is not this the likeliest reading of the omens?’

‘I confess, Fronto,’ the emperor replied, the cloud upon his brow clearing away as he spoke, ‘that what you say possesses likelihood. I believe I have interpreted according to my fears. It is as you say; the East only has been in my thoughts. It cannot in reason be thought to be this enterprise, which as you have said is an act of piety, all Rome would judge it so — against which the heavens have thus arrayed themselves. Fronto! Fronto! I am another man! Slave,’ cried he aloud to one of the menials as he passed, ‘let Mucapor be instantly summoned. Let there be no delay. Now can my affairs be set on with something more of speed. When the gods smile mountains sink to mole-hills. A divine energy runs in the current of the blood and lends more than mortal force to the arm and the will.’

As he spoke, never did so malignant a joy light up the human countenance as was to be seen in the face of Fronto.

‘And what then,’ he hastily put in as the emperor paused, ‘what shall be done with these profane wretches?’

‘The Christians! They must be seen to. I will consider. Now, Fronto, shall I fill to the brim the cup of human glory. Now shall Rome by me vindicate her lost honor and wipe off the foulest stain that since the time of Romulus has darkened her annals.’

‘You will do yourself and the empire immortal honor. If danger ever threatened the very existence of the state, it is now from the secret machinations of this god-denying tribe.’

‘I spake of the East and of Valerian, Fronto. Syria is now Rome’s. Palmyra, that mushroom of a day, is level with the ground. Her life is out. She will be hereafter known but by the fame of her past greatness, of her matchless queen, and the glory of the victories that crowned the arms of Aurelian. What now remains but Persia?’

'The Christians,' said the priest, shortly and bitterly.

'You are right, Fronto; the omens are not to be read otherwise. It is against them they point. It shall be maturely weighed what shall be done. When Persia is swept from the field and Ctesiphon lies as low as Palmyra, then will I restore the honor of the gods, and let who will dare to worship other than as I shall ordain! Whoever worships them not, or other than them, shall die.'

'In that spoke the chief minister of religion — the representative of the gods. The piety of Aurelian is in the mouths of men not less than his glory. The city resounds with the praise of him who has enriched the temples, erected new ones, made new provision for the priesthood, and fed the poor. This is the best greatness. Posterity will rather honor and remember him who saved them their faith, than him who gained a Persian victory. The victory for Religion too is to be had without cost, without a step taken from the palace gate, or from the side of her who is alike Aurelian's and the empire's boast.'

'Nay, nay, Fronto, you are over-zealous. This eastern purpose admits not of delay. Hormisdas is new in his power. The people are restless and divided. The present is the moment of success. It cannot bear delay. To-morrow, could it be so, would I start for Thrace. The heavens are propitious. They frown no longer.'

'The likeliest way methinks,' replied the priest, 'to insure success and the continued favor of the gods in that which they do not forbid, were first to fulfil their commands in what they have enjoined.'

'That, Fronto, cannot be denied. It is of weight. But where of two commands both seem alike urgent, and both cannot be done at once, whether we will or not, we must choose, and in choosing we may err.'

'To an impartial, pious mind, O emperor, the god of thy worship never shone more clear in the heavens than shines his will in the terrific signs of yesterday. Forgive thy servant, but drawn as thou art by the image of fresh laurels of victory to be bound about thy brow, of the rich spoils of Persia, of its mighty monarch at thy chariot wheels; and the long line of a new triumph sweeping through the gates and the great heart of the capital — and thou art blind to the will of the gods, though writ in the dread convulsions of the elements and the unerring language of the slaughtered victims.'

'Both may be done — both, Fronto. I blame not your zeal. Your freedom pleases me. Religion is thus, I know, in good hands. But both I say may be done. The care of the empire in this its other part may be left to thee and Varus, with full powers to see that the state in the matter of its faith receives no harm. Your knowledge in this, if not your zeal, is more than mine. While I meet the enemies of Rome abroad, you shall be my other self and gain other victories at home.'

'Little, I fear, Aurelian, could be done even by me and Varus leagued, with full delegated powers, opposed as we should be by Tacitus and the senate and the best half of Rome. None but an arm omnipotent as thine can crush this mischief. I see thou knowest not how deep it has struck nor how wide it has spread. The very foundations of the throne and the empire are undermined. The poison of Christian atheism has infected the whole mind of the people, not

only throughout Rome, but Italy, Gaul, Africa, and Asia. And for this we have to thank whom? Whom but ourselves? Ever since Hadrian — otherwise a patriot king — built his imageless temples, in imitation of this barren and lifeless worship; ever since the weak Alexander and his superstitious mother filled the imperial palace with their statues of Christ, with preachers and teachers of his religion; ever since the Philips openly and without shame professed his faith; ever, I say, since these great examples have been before the world, has the ancient religion declined its head, and the new stalked proudly by. Let not Aurelian's name be added to this fatal list. Let him first secure the honor of the gods — then, and not till then, seek his own.'

'You urge with warmth, Fronto, and with reason too. Your words are not wasted; they have fallen where they shall be deeply pondered. In the mean time I will wait for the judgment of the augurs and haruspices; and as the colleges report, will hold myself bound so to act.'

So they conversed, and then passed on. I was at that time but little conversant with the religious condition of the empire. I knew but little of the character of the prevailing faith and the Pagan priesthood; and I knew less of the new religion as it was termed. But the instincts of my heart were from the gods, and they were all for humanity. I loved man, whoever he was and of whatever name or faith; and I sickened at cruelties perpetrated against him both in war and by the bloody spirit of superstition. I burned with indignation therefore as I listened to the cold-blooded arguings of the bigoted priest, and wept to see how artfully he could warp aside the better nature of Aurelian, and pour his own venom into veins that had else run with human blood, at least not the poisoned current of tigers, wolves, and serpents of every name and nature most vile. My hope was, that away from his prompter, and the first purpose of Aurelian would return and have its way.

#### ENERGY.

THE soil whose rank luxuriance yields  
But thistles, thorns, and weeds,  
May smile, with yellow Ceres crowned,  
Should Culture sow the seeds:  
But 't were a waste of time and toil  
To till the Lybian sands;  
Here Art and Culture both despair,  
And Prudence holds her hands.

And thus it is with Mind: her force  
And energy misused  
In follies, or for purposes  
More mischievous abused,  
By friendly counsel, armed with truth,  
May be directed right;  
But where 't is barren all, and waste,  
The case is hopeless quite.

## OSCEOLA'S SOLILOQUY.

He stood beside the unmarbled mound  
That held the ashes of his sire,  
And gazed upon the sacred ground,  
With lip compressed and eye of fire:  
The moon shone wildly on the scene,  
Glancing the forest boughs between;  
And floated on the mournful gale  
The spirit-sighs that nightly wail  
By chieftains' graves, with mimic moan,  
Now of the screech-owl's earthless tone,  
Now of the note, long, lone, and shrill,  
Caught from the dismal whip-poor-will.

The pilgrim chieftain raised his eye  
Slowly from the ancestral grave,  
And spoke — the stream that murmured by  
Mingling the music of its wave  
With his soft tones, as thus he sung,  
Of hopes to which his spirit clung,  
Of what his nation was, before  
The white man sought their happy shore;  
How proud, how powerful then — and how  
Helpless and almost hopeless, now.

'The spirits of the Dead are near!  
At Osceola's call they come;  
Now in the breezes low and drear  
Their spirit-whisperings I hear,  
Mourning their fallen home;  
Well may they mourn; I mourn with them  
The breaking of the parent stem  
Of that proud vine from which, when young,  
And in its beauty green, they sprung;  
Well may they mourn; themselves were free  
As yon unfettered stream, that runs  
Joyous toward the summer sea,  
While we, their undegenerate sons,  
Like that same stream, when from its breast  
Struggling the icy bands to shake,  
And murm'ring in its wild unrest,  
We chafe the chains we cannot break.

'Yet will we strive; the sons of sires  
Who once were sovereigns in the land,  
Once more around their council fires  
Shall gather their unconquered band;  
Once more shall ring our battle cry  
O'er hill and valley, wild and high;  
Again th' unburied hatchet gleam,  
By forest-wilds and mountain stream;  
Till they beneath whose tyrant sway  
Our race is hast'ning to decay,  
O'er the once bright, now broken chain  
Of peace, shall mourn, and mourn in vain.

'Tis true the chiefs whose forms were wont  
To tower in the red battle's front,  
The old men, whose prophetic voice  
Made every warrior's heart rejoice,  
The sage, the seer, are vanished all  
From festive board and council hall;  
We miss them in our hunting haunts,  
We miss them in the martial dance,  
And, pilgrims to their resting spot,  
We call them, but they answer not.

Yet Osceola lives, and those  
Who answer to his battle-cry,  
Though few to combat countless foes,  
Are ready with their chief to die.

'They call me 'savage' — I am so ;  
My tears were never taught to flow  
For common griefs — and he who sees  
His nation, like their forest trees,  
Thinning and falling, one by one,  
Till each proud patriarch is gone,  
And those who linger to the last,  
Stripped by oppression's winter blast,  
Without a witnessed tear to show  
The secret workings of his wo,  
May well look on with stoic eye,  
To see his country's foemen die.

'They say an equal war I wage  
With women, and with helpless age,  
And infants on their mother's knees :  
It is not so ; trophies like these  
I do not seek — I do not shun ;  
I reck not of them, lost or won :  
My voice as soon could stop the blaze  
When kindled on the prairie plain,  
As soon control the flash that plays  
Around the tow'ring temple's vane,  
As stay the hand of my brave men,  
When, echoing far through vale and glen,  
O'er forest wild and barren hill,  
They hear the war-cry loud and shrill.

'If in the war-creed of our race  
The name of Mercy has no place,  
It has been blotted thence by those  
To whom, by birthright, we are foes ;  
Through our once happy hunting-grounds  
Daily the laborer's axe resounds,  
And the destroying woodman roves  
Heedless amid our council groves ;  
But 'neath the rod of Manitou  
The red man scruples not to bow :  
We saw in this his ruling hand,  
And yielded to disgrace and toil,  
As strangers in our father's land,  
And aliens on our native soil.

'This did we bear, and would have borne ;  
We gave up all, with tearless eye,  
Claiming the pittance in return  
Beside our fathers' graves to mourn —  
Beside our fathers' graves to die !  
Our restless conquerors willed not thus ;  
Unsated with the soil they 've won,  
They say a better home for us  
Lies far toward the setting sun ;  
A land in whose green hunting-grounds  
Unscared by man, the game abounds,  
And where, they say, is ample room  
For us our empire to resume.  
It may not be : how bright, how fair  
That distant land, it matters not ;  
Our fathers' spirits are not there,  
Nor there their sacred burial-spot.  
No ! we have sworn upon their graves,  
Their list'ning spirits lingering nigh,  
That ere the Mississippi's waves  
Divide us from them, we will die !

But in the east yon purple ray  
 Betokens the return of day,  
 And Osceola's chosen men  
 Await him in the secret glen ;  
 Perhaps ere night, pale phantom band !  
 He joins you in the spirit-land,  
 For ere the setting of the sun,  
 A battle must be lost and won !

He said — but on his stoic face  
 His heart's emotions left no trace ;  
 Hope, hatred, pride, revenge, despair,  
 Were his, but made no impress there.  
 One last, long, silent look he gave  
 Toward his sire's rude forest grave,  
 Then with a swift but noiseless tread,  
 He left the dwelling of the dead.

Auburn, (N. Y.,) 1837.

P. H. M.

### MAJOR DART: A SKETCH.

'Inter magnos ecce Major.'

I do love people who cannot keep even their faults to themselves, but in an hour's acquaintance will make such a display of their weak points, that you never forget them. Such an one was Major Dart. I saw him one day, and shall wear his impression for my whole life.

'Now I *do* hope Major Dart will come, if every body else stays away,' said my blooming friend, Alice Somers, as she drew the flowers on the centre-table more under the light of the astral, and looked round with complacency on the finished preparations for an evening party. Just then the door bell rang, and a note and a port-folio were brought in.

'Major Dart's man, ma'am.'

Poor Alice exclaimed, 'too bad — *too* bad' — for the note ran thus :

'Major Dart presents his compliments to Mrs. and Miss Somers, and expresses his deep regret that he shall be deprived of the pleasure of looking in upon their brilliant circle this evening. He has just had the ill fortune to recollect a previous engagement, and could forswear his memory for playing him true this once. He takes the liberty to send a few drawings of his protégé, Leslie, which may furnish entertainment for some of Miss Somers' young friends. Major D. will do himself the honor to call upon Mrs. Somers' stranger guests to-morrow morning.'

'Is n't it provoking, mother ? I wanted the girls should see him. He is such a character.' The company now began to assemble, and amidst the various introductions to which, as strangers, Anna Clair and myself were subjected, I thought no more of Major Dart for the whole of a very pleasant evening.

The next morning brought its round of engagements. We had but one day left to see all the remaining show-places of wide-spread Washington, where 'hurryings to and fro' weary the curious stranger into the belief that he must have seen much more than he has.

Who but an Englishman does not believe he is doing something, when he is driving at full speed from Congress burial ground to Georgetown, or toiling up steps, and opening and shutting all the doors in the capitol, to make the most of an hour?

When we returned to dinner, the squarest, stiffest, smoothest of cards, in the blackest and most perfect of letters, told us that 'Major Dart, U. S. A.,' had done his duty.

And more than his duty, it seemed; for as Alice was again taking up her lamentation, Mrs. Somers interrupted it. 'Major Dart called a second time, and spent half an hour with me. He probably either expected you would return, or he was sufficiently entertained with Florence Gray, and my other morning visitors. On learning that you had gone to the rooms of the War Department, he begged, if the ladies were interested in Indian portraits and relics, they would do him the honor to look at his small collection. He believed even Miss Alice and I had never visited him, though we were his neighbors. After scouring the prairies, and soaring into raptures over the free Indian life, till the young ladies looked satiated, and rose to go, he spoke of a present of dried buffalo tongue he had just received, and offered to share it with me; but he immediately retracted, and said he would rather reserve it for our visit. So I have promised for you that we will all go, and at four o'clock; so come to dinner, that we may be ready.'

'Major Dart and buffalo tongue! — too much for one day.'

'Like the old woman's cherry-pie and letter from David, Alice.'

Our party looked larger than we had supposed, when it stood ready to move. There was Mrs. Somers, Miss Elsa, a stiff maiden cousin, spending the day, whom we took because Alice knew the Major would not waste a thought on her to court her; Frank Somers, a bright boy of nine, full of the Major's museum, and we three fair damsels, who, Alice averred, would form, to the gallant Major's eye, the centre and main group, of which the rest would be but the framework. Our escort, cousin David, looked at his watch as he shut the hall door, for it seemed as if it must be later.

'We shall not have much time for the pictures or Major Dart,' said Mrs. Somers. 'Now, Alice, do be decorous, and do not make Ann and Jane laugh in the poor Major's face. You know he recollects you, Anna, as an acquaintance eight years ago. Be recognised gratefully, my dear; he is accustomed to civil treatment. And, Jane, mind you do not stare at his lame foot or broken nose. Those are his two great mortifications.' 'Yes, he has a broken limb and a lame nose, that you must not see. Somebody quarrelled with him once; (I do not see how it could happen, he is always so polite,) and with a blow from a cane marred his countenance in that fashion, and by way of righting the matter, he stood up in a duel and took a ball through his knee. But just listen to cousin Elsa. She is congratulating herself on having worn her new black satin, just what she would have chosen if she had known we were going. She must have designs on the Major. Here we are at the door.'

A smart-looking negro appeared, to receive us, and the inner door, which was immediately thrown open by a pale, half-way genteel boy



of twelve years, disclosed the Major standing in state behind a chair. He was a short, thick man, of more than fifty, with fierce looking light hair, erect above his temples, and as nearly meeting over his crown as an impulse on both sides could carry it. Huge red whiskers did what they could to befriend a bronzed, and seamed, and battered face, but the mutilation of a large aquiline nose was not a defect that could be veiled: his pale blue eyes rolled round furiously, to make amends for all, by a look of extreme animation.

'You do me too much honor, Mrs. Somers,' said the figure, advancing as far as it could, and retain the support of the chair, for the cane was thrown under the table. 'Welcome, fair ladies. A bachelor's welcome, my merry Lady Alice. Can it be possible that I see my lovely little playmate in the majestic Miss Anna Clair? Time is too partial; he does not so beautify me,' passing his hand over his forehead, as if to smooth incipient wrinkles, and managing with the same movement to draw the locks closer over the bald spot. 'I am enraptured to make your acquaintance, Miss Ashton. This is too much honor for a poor lonely man. How I regret that I have no lady to welcome you! Kind Miss Alice! if you would only persuade some fair friend to take compassion on the bachelor! Ah! you are looking at my flowers. You should have that bouquet, Miss Alice, but my especial favorite, Florence Gray, sent it to me not an hour ago. You have seen Florence, Miss Anna? She is our city belle, and very pretty I am bound to think her, for she is always kind to me. My plants are really hardly worth looking at. I prize them, because they are nearly all fairy favors; they come to me mysteriously, and I can only find out whence, and their errand, by applying to my Flora's dictionary. But you must each have a flower. Tom, my scissors from the drawer. Let me introduce Master Willis, my little friend and protégé. A lad of some genius, Mrs. Somers.'

The novel decorations of the parlor now attracted my whole attention. The walls were hung with embroidered buffalo skins, and rare furs, and decorated with elk horns and hoofs, bows and arrows, beautifully carved clubs, pipes, and cups, plumes, and feather robes and coronets, gay moccasins, and game bags, and cabinets of coins and minerals, arranged with much taste and skill. Beaded belts and pouches, and long shining black locks, which had been victor's trophies, and strings of rattling bears' teeth, were festooned around several large and beautiful paintings, and I was completely absorbed, when mignonette and a rose-bud thrust under my nose recalled me to the gallant Major.

'Rather savage decorations, but I am half a savage. My life has been spent among the red men, and I could gladly return to them, were it not for you charmers, whom we may not carry into the wilds. Tom, thank you for that port-folio — the smallest one — but you may give me both.'

'Pardon me, but I will do myself the honor to show you some sketches of my own, of scenes in which I have been engaged. This is an actual likeness of my favorite horse, Flash-o'-Lightning. I valued him from having taken him myself on the prairie. He was stolen from me, but I took my revenge in their own Indian fashion.

See this burning village — and the fury depicted on the faces of the braves. I bear the marks of it yet, but I live to bask in the light of sunny eyes to-day.'

'Did they scalp you, Sir?' asked little Frank, with his innocent and admiring eyes upturned.

'But I was intending to show you some drawings that are really worth looking at; very perfect little things, done in water colors. By the way, if the same labor and skill had been exerted in oils, my protégé would have been immortal, instead of depending upon my poor patronage. Poor Wentworth! he has been three years absent, taking sketches for me from actual groups. I do love the bold attitudes of these indomitable lords of the wilds. But, ladies, we are getting too barbarous. Let us return to more civilized life. What will suit your tastes best? I have some fine European views. I can speak for their correctness, from actual observation. Tom, my good lad, that red port-folio. A new and valuable set of Spanish mountain sketches, just received from my promising young friend, Lieutenant Lesler, author of 'Peak Peerings,' of which work, by the way, I may say I stood sponsor.

'Those are French and Italian architectural prints. I can answer for their correctness, from examination. Ha, ha! I criticized so severely the tower you see there, that the grotesque statues have been taken down, the cross elevated, and they have begun to build out a little projection here, to hide the defect. If you could have seen how strangely the workmen looked, suspended in baskets from that immense height.

'There is a drawing I should like your opinion upon — an emblematic design of my own — where is it, Tom? Oh! I recollect that it is lying on the table in Congress Library. The artists who met there yesterday, borrowed it, and they talk of doing me the honor of transferring my device to an empty pannel. Beautiful heads those! I have seen many of the admired originals. But have not we had enough of pictures? Could I not persuade one of you ladies to try my new German piano? No? Then I must do myself the honor to touch the keys, that you may judge of the sound. That air is better on the flute. Tom, the flute in the ebony case. Is n't that sweet? but finer still on my musical glasses. You may smile, ladies, but I actually retain all the enthusiasm that was felt for that simple musical instrument when it was first exhibited.'

The soft, sad sounds floated over our heads, and I turned my back on the thick thumbs, that with needlessly flourished circles were bringing them out, to enjoy something so heavenly, but the Major thought proper to add a voice hardly seraph-like enough to harmonize. I could not but express my admiration, for the instrument was new to me. I was met by an offer to impart all his skill to me, if I would only stay a week. He would even send to Baltimore for an instrument for me, as his was the only one in the city.

'It is too solemn for me often. Give me my violin, Tom, or rather my double flageolet. I will do myself the honor to breathe through it one little air that may revive us. My good Tom, just give me my pet little French flageolet now, in that upper drawer of my desk, that

the ladies may see the difference. I do myself and it too much honor, my dear ladies.'

He was interrupted by the entrance of the negro with refreshments — cakes, wine, buffalo tongue, which was duly wondered over and admired. The swart negro entered again, and whispered to his master. 'Ah! just in time, John — very fortunate. Ladies, I have just received a present of champagne from my friend Col. Corkin. Produce it, John, and the ladies will drink his health.'

The shadows of a November evening had been for some time gathering about us, and except that the grate cast a red glow over the wall, and revealed the wildness of antler, and hoof, and shaggy bear skin, we should have been in darkness. We were taking our leave, as John entered with lights.

'Oh! John, my cat — my good Tom, find my cat!' exclaimed Major Dart. 'I must show Conrad to the ladies. He is a splendid creature — a present from the ambassador at Constantinople. I mortally offended Commodore Downes, of the frigate that brought Conrad over, by refusing to part with him.' But the noble Maltese did not love ladies, and scorned a bribe of buffalo-tongue; he scratched Frank, and in escaping from him, sprang upon Miss Elsa. She was in convulsions. 'Take off the spiteful beast!' she screamed. 'There! see how his great claws are fraying my satin! I never could abide a cat.'

'But you might make believe you could,' whispered Alice.

The polite Major looked horror-stricken, and if we had thought it time to go before, we surely did now.

We had hardly risen from the tea-table, when Major Dart appeared once more, bearing, as a farewell gift to Anna and me, two carefully wrapped little parcels. 'Ladies,' he said, 'will you not just walk to the door, and look at Billy Button? He is a great favorite here, and if you could be induced to stay and honor him, I should be so happy to ride with you to-morrow morning.' 'Oh! Major Dart,' said Alice, 'Billy Button has upset his reputation. No young lady in the city will ride him, since he threw Marion Burke over his head.'

'Ah! dear Miss Alice, I could explain all that to your satisfaction. Billy never would throw you or any body whom he liked. He is a pony of discretion. But just look at him, ladies.' To the door we went, to see by the lamp-light a diminutive roan, with a white mane. 'Beautiful creature! but where is the Major? I surely thought he was listening.' 'Holding up by a chair in the parlor, watching for our exclamations. It is too cold. Let us go in.'

'It is really a beautiful animal, Major Dart, and I should like a trot over the long bridge to-morrow.' 'Miss Alice, Miss Anna, I must exculpate Billy, for he is my favorite, though I have other horses that are safe, and that you might like better; all at your service, ladies. Now what shall I bid upon your stay? Would not a horse-back party to Mount Vernon, and a fresh cedar branch from the tomb of tombs, be some inducement? Miss Jane, you look like the soul of patriotism. But Miss Alice, Miss Anna, let me tell you, Billy Button is in great demand. I have a quire of beautiful pink and blue notes, asking the loan of Billy Button, and it is getting troublesome to him to be so

popular; so I did not desire to condemn his one vigorous effort for more freedom.

'But what have you there, Miss Jane? Shells? How could I forget to ask you to look at my little collection? Apropos, I saw yesterday a beautiful specimen of shell work. Not that I admire that artificial arrangement of shells, but this is fine of its kind. Master Frank, will you speak to my man John? John, take my compliments to Miss Margaret Hill, and request the loan of a box I was admiring there yesterday. Be careful, John. She values it very highly, but I think she will not refuse me. Stay, John, I will mount Billy Button, for I have an engagement. Sorry to leave you, ladies. Heart-broken that we cannot make Washington more pleasant to you. Oh! Miss Anna, and you Miss Jane, remember me, if my little gift prospers. Mrs. Somers, help the young ladies, if you can.' And he bowed and shuffled his way out. A few moments after, the shell box was brought in, and we admired it as much as it deserved, and did not forget to notice the main point, that Major Dart would not have had overlooked, that the admired Miss Margaret Hill yielded her treasures at his slightest wish. Our keepsakes proved nothing more than little withered bulbs, though they were doubtless from Major Dart's horticultural friends in Holland. Mine never made an effort to grow, and Anna Clair says, in a letter some six months afterward, 'Oh! Jane, what flattering words Major Dart used! — and to me particularly, as Alice and you admitted. But

' Hopes that were angels in their birth  
Have perished young, like things of earth.'

My flower proved to be a Narcissus. The giver must have died before this of self-adoration.'

## A R E P L Y

TO LINES ADDRESSED 'TO THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OAK BY THE WAYSIDE.''

THE time of singing birds hath come, of blossoms, and of leaves,  
Of the robin on the green-wood branch, the swallow 'neath the eaves;  
The violets by the fountain side, their fragrant odors pour,  
And the old elms wave their feathery crests, as lightly as of yore;  
The unchained streamlets o'er the hills are leaping bright and free,  
And the rush of many a river soundeth onward to the sea;  
Here, where thy winds, my early home! breathe coolly o'er my brow,  
Rest I once more beneath the oak, and its o'ershadowing bough.

Mirth and the bounding footstep had left the revel hall,  
And harp, and song, and ringing cup, the nightly festival;  
And quenched on its deserted hearth, was many a household fire,  
And sunlight from mine eastern hills, burned high on dome and spire;  
The voices of my kindred came whispering to my heart,  
And the echoes of mine ancient graves seemed to call me to depart;  
Thou, where thou standest, wayside oak, fresh garlanded by spring,  
Wert, with thy giant outspread arms, me onward beckoning.

I joy to find thy gnarled limbs in scattered foliage gay;  
Thou 'rt hale, old tree! and vigorous — still green, 'mid thy decay!  
I glory in thy strength, which still defiest bolt and storm,  
But I mourn that here, in loneliness, uprears thine aged form.

When from thy forest parent bough, some wild wind sweeping by,  
Bade thee shoot forth, strike root, and toss thy branches to the sky,  
Whispered it that the severed one for home afar would yearn,  
But, like the bird of paradise, might never more return ?

Wearied within the palaces and halls of grandeur, lies  
The heart which to AMBITION itself doth sacrifice;  
True, Care doth weave the web o'er all !— it spreadeth wide and far,  
O'er the lowly peasant in his dell, the conqueror on his car ;  
Yet none, not e'en the sternest soul, its griefs alone would bear,  
But the sorrows of the mighty, what kindred soul may share ?  
O sweetly wells the desert fount beneath the palm tree hid,  
While lone and lofty mid the sands, uprears the pyramid.

Praised be the philanthropic heart, that throbs to aid its kind—  
Praised be the open hand, outspread a brother's wounds to bind ;  
Honor to him, whose franchised mind achieveth him a lot,  
Beyond the circumscribed domain which bounds his father's cot :  
O ! save me from that fate — to live 'unblessing, and unknown,'  
And shield me from that loftiness, which dwells alone— alone !

*New-England, June, 1838.*

LONG.

#### THE ATLANTINES: A ROMANCE OF AMERICA.

BY JOHN GALT, ESQ., AUTHOR OF 'ANNALS OF THE PARISH,' 'LAURIE TODD,' ETC.

INSCRIBED TO PHILIP HONE, ESQ., NEW-YORK, AND MY OTHER AMERICAN FRIENDS.

THE brightest tints of many a glowing gleam  
Appeared to me in your wild sylvan land ;  
For that I beckon to a sleepless dream  
The sprites that wait on the poetic wand.  
Methought I there could, without fancy, trace  
The old memorials of a perished race,  
The former fathers of the firm and bland ;  
And there the grave of some great overthrow,  
Whose moulder'd epitaph still seem'd to tell  
Of men who slumber with their arts below,  
Like Egypt's sires that with oblivion dwell.  
To these, when sleep at midnight wing'd away,  
Pale memory pointed with her lunar ray,  
And bade me thus to you the phantasma display.

*Greenock, 1837.*

#### PREFACE.

It is not, however, so much the domiciliation of the incidents of this romance, nor the remembrance of much kindness, that induces me to wish it may be published in America, and become honored there with some degree of favor, as because it affords me an opportunity to direct attention to a subject more important than any theme of poetry, and which I have long deemed worthy of the gravest consideration.

Many years ago, in a conversation with my old friend, President West, of the Royal Academy, he mentioned an interesting circumstance connected with the Independence of the United States, which I will here repeat.

Mr. Jacob Duchey was celebrated throughout the whole of the British provinces in America, as a most pathetic and persuasive preacher. The publicity of his character in the world was, however, chiefly owing to a letter which he addressed to WASHINGTON, soon

after the appointment of that chief to the command of the army. The purport of this letter was, to persuade the general to go over to the British cause. It was carried to him by a Mrs. Ferguson, a daughter of one Dr. Graham, a Scottish physician in Philadelphia. Washington at that time lay at Valley Forge, and this lady, on the pretext of paying him a visit, as they were previously acquainted, went to the camp. The general received her in his tent, with much respect, for he greatly admired the masculine vigor of her mind.

When she had delivered the letter, he read it attentively, and rising from his seat, walked backward and forward upward of an hour, without speaking. He appeared to be much agitated during the greatest part of the time; but at length, having decided with himself, he stopped, and addressed her in nearly the following words:

'Madam, I have always esteemed your character and endowments: and I am fully sensible of the noble principles by which you are actuated on this occasion; nor has any man in the whole continent more confidence in the integrity of his friend, than I have in the honor of Mr. Duchey. But I am here entrusted by the people of America with sovereign authority. They have placed their lives and fortunes at my disposal, believing me to be an honest man. Were I therefore to desert their cause, and consign them again to the British, what would be the consequence? To myself perpetual infamy, and to them endless calamity. The seeds of everlasting division are sown between the two countries. And, were the British again to become our masters, they would have to maintain their dominion by force, and would after all retain us in subjection only as they would hold their bayonets to our breasts. No, madam; the proposal of Mr. Duchey, though conceived with the best intention, is not framed in wisdom. America and England must be separate states; but they may have common interests, for they are **BUT ONE PEOPLE**. It will therefore be the object of my life and ambition, to establish the independence of America in the first place; and in the second, to arrange such a community of interests between the two nations, as shall indemnify them for the calamities which they now suffer, and form a new era in the history of nations.'

This declaration made on me a lasting impression. I well remember when on the first occasion I landed at New-York, the kind of convulsive emotion with which I heard, on every side, that the parent language of the country was English. It affected me with a kind of painful surprise, although I well knew I was to hear no other; and from that evening, the words of Washington took enfeoffment of my mind. Often and often did I think in America of what ways the notion of the general could be reduced into the form of a compact, and I think so still; but I am too little of a politician to say how the desideratum may be attained. Nevertheless, one of the objects of the publication is, to suggest the consideration of the measure to the benevolent and the enlightened. To what influence, indeed, might not the great free nations aspire, over 'the nations not so blest,' were they bound together by a fellowship such as the '**EMANCIPATOR OF THE WEST**' contemplated!

J. G.

17th March, 1838.



## THE ATLANTINES.

## BOOK I.

Land of the firm and calm, land of my choice !  
 With wither'd heart, life's winter drear around,  
 I chattering churme of thee an olden song :  
 Land of the firm and calm, home of my young,  
 Where once I dreamed to build a storied pile  
 Of benefits to man — Iris of thought !  
 It too hath vanish'd, like my other dreams.

To me, with silence at the midnight hour,  
 When but the stars and I to fancy seem  
 Of all the world awake, thy woodlands wild  
 Loom like a halo-fram'd apocalypse,  
 And many a vision of things pass'd away  
 Assume the part that dreams perform in sleep.  
 The time-built trees, the labyrinths of woods,  
 And the lone holiness that dwells therein,  
 Dilate my spirit with sublimity,  
 As when I first felt, on the shoreless sea,  
 The viewless presence of the Infinite.  
 Oft when the fitful whisp'ring summer breeze  
 Rustled the foliage as in wantonness,  
 I paus'd to listen, as alone I stray'd,  
 Thinking of ocean and the starry night,  
 When the calm moon, high in the blue serene,  
 Survey'd below the hoary-headed waves,  
 Like old men murm'ring prayers of miseries,  
 As if in expectation that the heavens  
 Would alter destiny for their imploring.

But not in summer, when the kindly gale  
 Fann'd with delight, I only lov'd to roam  
 The wildering wilderness of ancient woods ;  
 For in the turbulence of crash and storm,  
 Oft have I stood, enraptured with amaze,  
 To hear the mighty anthems of the boughs,  
 And sea, with minglings of poetic thought,  
 The glorious light'nings pierce the vaulting leaves,  
 Showering a momentary day around,  
 Strewing the earth as 't were with radiant plumes,  
 Snatch'd by black demons from the angels' wings.

Yet though at times, when winter ruled the year,  
 And fear, the bedlamite, with arms outspread,  
 Rode on the mane of the unbridled blast,  
 Allured by dismal pleasure, I have sought  
 The top of some steep height, more did I love  
 To mark the openings of the balmy bqd.  
 In the soft air when gracious spring reveal'd  
 Her emerald tints, bright upon every bough ;  
 For then I saw divine Benevolence  
 Wreath with the genial spirit of the day  
 The green assurances of plenty stor'd,  
 And invitations to the thralls of care  
 To seek asylums where a man may scorn  
 The burly beadles of the feudal world.

But every season in the sylvan wild  
 Hath some peculiar solace of its own  
 To soothe the troubled mind ; and thus though spring  
 Seem'd joyous as the hopeful heart of youth,  
 It was not only with her promises  
 That I in lone sequester'd walks was pleas'd.  
 The fragrant greetings of the opening flower



Inspir'd still happier themes, for then the birds,  
 Though but at intervals too long, sing gay,  
 Till solitude grows social, and the rills,  
 Which noisy prattle in the vernal prime,  
 Like boist'rous children glad with holiday,  
 Pour their pure waters shrinkingly along,  
 As holy maidens, young and modestly,  
 Whisper responses at their confirmation.

But thou, O autumn ! gorgeous, glorious queen !  
 To thee admiring homage most I paid,  
 Deeming that earth might then in splendor vie  
 With Heaven at eve. Bright sunset of the year !  
 All then seem'd flame, and all the forest then  
 An unconsuming conflagration blaz'd.  
 In such a scene, when the still bowery glade  
 Was all around full of strange mystic light,  
 As if, amidst the darkness of the shade,  
 Th' aurora of the northern morning shone,  
 Arak, a young Atlantine, musing, said :

'How holy is this calm magnificence  
 Of mountain, lake, and wood ! The ceaseless roar  
 Of the hoarse cataract, by distance soften'd,  
 Seems as the soothing lull of Nature's voice.  
 Here I will pause, till old Orooko comes,  
 Nor on the simple worshippers intrude,  
 Who still with him refuse the Christian faith,  
 And midst those scenes of solemn loneliness,  
 With aimless rites and ineffectual prayers,  
 Adore the phantasies our nations serv'd,  
 Till blest Antonio from the ocean came.'

This Arak said, what time, like crested Mars,  
 Renown'd Sir Godfrey shook Jerusalem ;  
 And as he spoke, abruptly from the bowers,  
 Orooko came, a pensive, aged man.  
 'And who,' cried he, 'art thou, who in these shades  
 Presum'st, in that apostate's garb, to steal ?'

'Dost thou not know me ?' sigh'd the vestur'd youth,  
 As if in doubt such strangeness were but feign'd.

'What, Arak ! is it thee ?' Arak advanc'd,  
 But th' old man, recoiling, said in tears :  
 'Nay, no embrace ! — thou hast the gods forsaken,  
 And I, their priest, must never more again  
 Receive thee to these arms, nor ever raise  
 My hands above thee to implore ~~their~~ blessing.  
 O ye unknown, dread and beneficent !  
 Pardon these tears, forgive my weak old heart,  
 That wuld extenuate this young man's sin !  
 But Arak, if in penitence thou com'st,  
 I'll bathe thy forehead with most joyous tears.'

Arak look'd seriously, and sadly said,  
 As if his heart were written with contrition,  
 'I bring a message to you from the king.'

Orooko sigh'd, and musingly awhile  
 Paus'd ere he spoke, and then said, as in sorrow :  
 'What would he now with me ? Oh ! he might spare  
 The little remnant I have left of life  
 To the deserted worship of the gods —  
 Our fathers' gods. The ever-bounteous powers,  
 Who never on our blest contented tribes  
 Sent civil discord, till that fatal hour  
 When on our coast the baleful stranger came,  
 Like something ominous cast from the sea !'

Sad arak heard him as a son attends  
 The aimless babble of his sire insane :

'Alas! Orooko, you will not discern  
The good, the blessing, in Antonio given.'

But with a firmer, though a sadder voice,  
The solemn old man in compassion said:  
'Beneath the boughs of these far-spreading bowers  
We happy dwelt, and with the morning light  
Our hymn, as cheerful as the thankful birds',  
Rose to the Powers that bless'd us; all the day  
The active chase gave energy to health,  
And when at night, our frugal meal despatch'd,  
We stretch'd ourselves secure on Nature's lap,  
And fear'd no danger in the form of man,  
For we had nothing then that could be stol'n!  
Spirit of Nature! did my tongue say nothing?  
Yes, we had happiness, the bosom's gem,  
But the wave's outcast has purloin'd them all!

'He has enrich'd with better,' said the youth,  
'Taught us to raise our homes and sheltering sheds,  
The woes with which the God avenges guilt,  
And the great promise of another life,  
The glorious morning after death's dark night;  
But the king summons you— obey the king.'

Orooko musingly replied:

'I cannot aid him in his new designs;  
My heart grows cold whene'er by chance afar  
My wand'ring eyes see through the opening woods  
This rising town, and dread presages come  
That mighty deities, whose thrones of fire  
Deep in the hollow of the mountains glow,  
Will burst abroad, and hurl in floods of flame  
The mad apostates and their homes away.  
But what can Yamos now require of me?  
Oh! he was once the sunbeam of my soul,  
And surely did prolific Nature ne'er  
A being fashion in the form of man,  
So good, so kind, so modest, and so brave.  
Methinks I could have pardon'd all the tribes,  
Had they rais'd altars to adore that youth;  
For they had but adored in him  
The embodied excellence of all that lives.'

Arak compassionately heard him speak,  
And said with reverence mingling with his sorrow,  
'The queen of late, drooping, forgives his love,  
And he desires that with your speediest skill  
You would restore to him her wonted fondness.'

The old man sigh'd, and then, relenting, said:  
'Though she too is apostate, I will go;  
Lead on, I'll follow: never but to take  
Some gentle essence of appeasing herbs,  
To quiet sorrow or extinguish pain,  
Shall e'er my feet toward Atlantis tend.'

Meanwhile the king fraternal kindness felt  
For strange Antonio, whose inspiring power  
Awoke the slumbering genius of the land,  
And thus his gratitude and hope express'd:

'Thrice have the trees renew'd and shed their leaves,  
And the fourth fruit hangs blushing on the bough,  
Since thou, Antonio, child of Providence,  
Wast on our shore cast from the mystic waves,  
To bless our wilds and regions undivulg'd.  
How rich in knowledge hast thou made us all!  
Yes, as the new moon out of darkness born,  
Thou cheer'st our spirits with the bleat reflex  
Of that eternal light, which o'er thy world  
Sheds its bright mid-day beams. In all this time,

With radiant wisdom ever blessing us,  
Thou hast thyself remain'd alone unblest.'

*Antonio* sadden'd as he spoke, and said,  
Like one that humbly with contrition grieves :  
'Most gracious *Yamos* ! in what I have done,  
I have in the effects a rich reward.  
Yes, in the honors which the good unborn  
Will pay my name, I do a meed foretaste.  
The time will come, when from the eastern world,  
With swan-like pomp, some daring mariner  
Will this way steer, to whom these scenes unknown,  
Of inland seas and forests infinite,  
Shall be reveal'd. When that blest dove shall find  
The arts of Europe and the Christian faith,  
My name will shine in bright equality  
With that of Abraham or Cadmus, they  
Who in the olden time taught mankind truth.'

*Benignant Yamos* gently took his hand,  
And, more with reverence than with friendship, spoke :  
'But wherefore wilt thou not be one of us ?  
Our nations will to thy posterity  
Give higher honors than to all our kings.  
I pray thee, friend, or rather should I say,  
Creative genius of this woodland world,  
Consent to what I pray for — fair *Mora*  
Has long the influence of thy virtues felt ;  
Felt as the flower that feels the solar beam.  
You seem perplex ! — why are you thus disturb'd ?'

*Antonio* wiped away a rueful tear,  
And answer'd with a lowly contrite voice :  
'My heart is glowing full of gratitude ;  
But in the fost'ring of your infant state,  
I have abundant blessing. Did I yield  
To soft endearments, my ennobling aims  
Might sink abortive, propagating wo.'

'Thou hast, *Antonio*, yet but precept given ;  
Give us example, too, that we may see,  
By thy bright practice, how to guide ourselves.  
The rights of fathers, husbands, sons, and men,  
Thou hast to us prescrib'd, take now a wife,  
And thereby show us we example need.'

The glozing spirit of the eastern clime  
Enter'd *Antonio*, yet his conscious heart  
Could not but mourn, as thus he did mislead :  
'There is a beauty, Sir, in principles  
Which men who most in theory revere,  
Cannot transpose into their way of life.  
I have denied myself connubial love,  
Lest I should not in practice well conform  
To those blest principles I try to teach.'

*Yamos*, with awe, such as of old with which  
The votive pilgrim at Dodona's shrine  
Heard the responses of the oracle,  
Said as a worshipper, and then withdrew,  
'I own the god-like grandeur of thy thought,  
And do thee homage ; but while thus you scorn  
A conscious, fallen, fearful, erring man,  
Such virtue makes you glorious and divine.'

*Antonio* stood as one convicted stands,  
And weeping briny bitterness, exclaim'd :  
'How black and horrible methinks I seem,  
Beside the lustre of thy purer mind !  
Thou dost sustain me, *Yamos*, in thy love,  
As the new moon in its embrace of brightness  
Holds in its arms the dark and rayless old.'

Meanwhile to Idda from Antonio went  
The noble Yamos, pensive to have fail'd,  
And thus he tried her waywardness to soothe:  
'Alas, dear Idda! wherefore shun'st thou me?  
The time was once, that I was all to thee;  
The blossom breathing to the noontide sun  
Its bosom's fragrance, never was more true  
To it than thou to me; but thou art chang'd,  
Ah me, how changed! looking askance on me  
As on some hateful reptile that you fear'd.'

Moved by his sadness, conscious of a sin,  
She answer'd, shudd'ring as with penitence:  
'I know not, Yamos, why I should be thus;  
I would to thee be what I was before,  
But some foul vapor doth my brain infect,  
And stain the wonted substance of my thoughts.'

Yamos replied: 'Since good Antonio  
Hath not been potent to turn back again  
Thy wander'd love, but ever still the more  
This woful change works with increas'd dislike,  
I have sent Arak to the old Orooko,  
To bring him with his healthful simples here,  
That we may try their power.' Idda exclaim'd:  
'Leave where he lives that petulant old man!  
What would he here, but fret, as he was wont,  
Against Antonio, and with greeting eyes  
Make still more irksome my unhappy heart?'

Griev'd Yamos said, almost bewailingly:  
'Does he, too, Idda, grow unloved of thee?  
Once that old man to thee was as a god'—  
'But is he not Antonio's enemy?'  
Cried the alarm'd queen, 'and may he not  
Come but to harm, and wither with dismay?'

Perturbed Yamos said, as if t' appease  
Some dread, begotten of an ailing fancy:  
'He has refus'd to take the Christian faith,  
Yet there's no enmity in his kind nature;  
I'd think as soon Antonio bad and false,  
As I could think the father would molest.'

'But wherefore bring him here?' the queen inquir'd:  
'Art thou not ill at ease?' the king replied;  
'Fair Morà droops, and all our med'cines fail.  
Alas, poor Morà, solitary still,  
With hopeless wishes she must ever pine:  
Antonio has rejected her.' 'Rejected!'  
The startled Idda, in amazement, cried:  
'He will not marry!' sigh'd the youthful king;  
'On his great purpose constantly intent,  
He'll never join his fate to womankind;  
I wish him happy who's my people blest.'

'But he rejected her, and will not marry?'  
With gladdening earnestness the queen inquired;  
And Yamos answer'd: 'Why delights that you?  
My dearest Idda, my once gentle Idda,  
Why should the tidings such strange pleasure prove?'

'Oh, not to love him, were almost to sin  
A sin as great as loving over much!'  
'Ah! my fit comes!' the kindling Idda cried;  
'Over my head some dire unholy thing  
Sits fell and hungry, feeding on my brain!  
I would I were not what I am, or could  
Again the virtue of thy love return.'  
Then from his fond embrace she burst away,  
As if his arms were flames that clasp'd with wo.

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.**  
By CHARLES ANTHON, LL.D. In one volume. pp. 284. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

IN the last number of this Magazine, we called the attention of the public to an edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, by this accomplished scholar, and we now hail with equal pleasure the appearance of a Greek grammar, worthy in every respect of the source whence it emanates. Our limits would not permit us to *review* a work of the depth and calibre of the one before us, were it otherwise in our power. It must suffice, therefore, that we record our opinions of the volume, with such brief mention of our reasons for maintaining them, as may comport with our time and space. The utility of such a work is unquestionable. No Greek grammar has heretofore existed, at all adequate to the wants of the early students in that most copious, and at the same time most delicately correct, of languages; the preliminary works, such as the Eton and Westminster grammars, being bald and meagre in many parts of vital importance, and needlessly diffuse in others of far less consequence; while those of a more advanced character, such as Matthias', particularly, in two octavo volumes, are too extended in their plan, and too deep in their acumen, for mere beginners. It would not perhaps be too much to say, that this grammar is at the same time simpler than any yet in existence, even of the most compressed, and more correctly learned than the most voluminous. Beyond all question, it is the best Greek grammar we have ever met, and we believe it to be the best ever published; for while it is eminently easy of comprehension, clear in its arrangement, and happy in its illustration, it contains every thing needful for the attainment of the glorious language to which it is the key, even in its highest branches. We have not, as we have said, the time to go fully into its points of difference from, and superiority to, other grammars; but to come at the matter shortly, its greatest merit is to be found, not in any great degree of originality — for the subject has been already so fully treated as to leave little room for new discoveries — but in that *lucidus ordo*, that clear arrangement, and easy exposition of the subject, which is indeed the all in all, in the severe and ill-appreciated art of teaching. It consists, in short, in a new way of telling things, known for the most part before; but so perfect in its simplicity, no less than its fulness, is this new way, that we are convinced that by means of this Grammar, a boy may obtain a very tolerable insight into the minutia of the Greek language, before, by the old method, he would have learned the formation of the tenses. From the first page to the last, this quality is apparent; and a person at all conversant with the subject, might arrive at the conclusion, which we have reached by a careful study of the greater part of the work, by merely reading the excellent remarks on the accents — (too much neglected by far, as well as their more necessary adjunct, the prosodial quantities, in the general education of this country,) which, in the short space of a single page, contain all that can be said on the subject, within the comprehension of the learner; while the more

ample, though still brief, exercise under the same head, at the 275th page, could not be improved, were it expanded to a volume.

The first very decided improvement in *arrangement* which we find, is the giving the declensions of nouns and adjectives at full length, through all the three numbers; and especially in the separating of the nominative, accusative, and vocative dual, instead of the senseless mode of merely declining the singulars, and affixing, in separate columns, the last syllables of the dual and plural cases, without the smallest explanation, to the invariably bewildered learner, whether this new syllable is to be added to the termination, or substituted for any portion, of the singular cases. This to the writer is a small matter, but not so to the reader! We do not hesitate to say, that this apparently trivial change will save both pupil and tutor weeks, nay months, of labor and vexation in the difficult process of tuition. The remarks on the formation of the cases are admirably clear and logical. On coming to the adjectives, we are even more struck, than in the nouns, by the excellency of the more ample method of declension; while the remarks on their terminations, as connected with their meanings, strike us as being entirely new to a school grammar, and no less useful than original. In the rules for the formation of the degrees of comparison, an important step is gained, by giving a series of plain and easy directions for the mutations necessary to different contingencies in the positive form, instead of laying down one general rule for all, which is *false of all*, and immediately *contradicted* by a catalogue of exceptions, equal (if not greater) in number to the forms first stated.

In the verbs, an excellence of the same character is observable throughout; although, *par parenthese*, we doubt the propriety of altering the second person singular of the present passive from  $\tau\acute{o}\tau\eta$  into the attic form  $\tau\acute{o}\tau\epsilon\iota$ , even while we do not deny that it may be more critically correct. In the first place, the change makes it necessary for the learner to *unlearn* something, a process more difficult, always, than acquisition; and secondly,  $\tau\acute{o}\tau\epsilon\iota$  is not so obviously deducible from the old second singular  $\tau\epsilon\tau\tau\eta$ , by contraction and syncopation, as the  $\tau\epsilon\tau\tau\epsilon\alpha\iota$  of the common dialect. The rules for the two arguments are beautifully clear — ages in advance of other grammars; and the remarks on the same, scarcely less easy of comprehension, while yet so ample as to leave nothing more to be desired. The same observation applies, in a still higher degree, to the rules for, and remarks on, the formation of tenses, the mastering of which is the fixing the key-stone in the arch of acquiring the language. Those syllables for the alterations of quantity in the penultimate syllables of the first and second aorists, are especially clear; and the fact is the more remarkable, that in former works they have been very much encumbered and obscure.

The observations on the *force* of the tenses, voices, and moods, are no less admirable than the foregoing. Almost the only thing we see to regret, in the whole volume, is that the admirable method of *declining and conjugating at length*, is not brought to bear — where we think it perhaps *most* needful — on the contrast verbs. It is true, that it would have added a few pages to the bulk of the work, but we think the expenditure of space and labor would have been amply compensated by the superior light it would have thrown upon the learner's mind. Of the remainder of the Grammar, we have only time to say, that it fully equals the beginning, and that the short but lucid syntax deserves all the praise awarded to other portions, for perspicuity, and for a force of conviction, amounting nearly to mathematical demonstration. In short, we know no mode by which we can more clearly illustrate the peculiar superiority of Anthon's Greek Grammar, to all others, than by likening it to the effect of giving a problem of Euclid to a learner with the analytical demonstration — every step gained represented below the last, with brief algebraic signs, thereby flashing the result,

as it were instantaneously, upon his understanding, instead of forcing him to labor through the verbose full length rigmarole of the older method.

The great problem in the art of teaching is, that the teacher should *forget* that he knows himself what he is teaching to others; should *remember*, that what is clear as day to him, is all Cimmerian darkness to his pupil. This problem, long since proved, Professor Anthon has, in our opinion, been the first to put in practice; and in consequence his is, we may well believe, **THE BEST GREEK GRAMMAR EXTANT**. Of course, it will be at once adopted by every institution in this country, that entertains a wholesome dread of being charged with mean and narrow-minded jealousy; and we should be little astonished to learn that, like the classical *Lexicon* of the same author, it had become a class-book in the colleges of Europe.

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**THE POETRY OF TRAVELLING IN THE UNITED STATES.** By CAROLINE GILMAN. With Additional Sketches, by a few Friends; and a Week among Autographs, by Rev. S. GILMAN. In one volume. pp. 430. New-York: SAMUEL COLMAN.

WITH but little pretension, this book has very many agreeable qualities. It is light, lively, and entertaining; the lady-author having gone like a bee from flower to flower, and generally found a flower in almost every thing. We should except, however, the colloquy relative to stage 'sea sickness,' which is unredeemed, and in bad taste. The thrice-described scenes of the lady's 'northern excursion' are invested with a new interest in her hands. The poetical portions, howbeit, for the most part, impress us less favorably than the prose, a specimen or two of which we subjoin. The annexed is a happy satire upon the 'all-is-barren' species of English travellers in our borders:

"When entering the steamer *Victoria* at Buffalo, I was startled by the question, 'Are you going to Great Britain?' It was the first time I had realized that I was about to be under a different government, and I felt a mighty working of that organ which makes captious travellers. We soon left the blue waters of Lake Erie, and entered on the Niagara river. Grand Island is twelve miles long, and is interesting from the fact of its having been selected as the spot where Major Noah, of New-York, projected the city of Ararat, as a rallying-point for the Jews. That plan failed, and it is now owned by a company of Bostonians for saw mills, etc., and is likely to be an extensive and lucrative concern. A village is already rising there, with its church and school.

"I observed a man smoking and spitting on the *quarter-deck* of the steam-boat, and as I had not seen such a spectacle throughout my whole journey from the South, I asked who he was, and was told that he was an Englishman, the agent for the British Hotel. I was lost in astonishment, having taken all my views of such matters from Hall, Trollope, and Company. Of course I entered on my notes, in conspicuous characters, that Englishmen smoke and spit, (a favorite word with English journalists.) As we entered Chippewa Creek, the first object that met my eyes was an English lady, knee deep in the water, her sleeves rolled up above her elbows, scrubbing a naked boy. My surprise was indescribable, and I entered on my notes (I never kept notes but for this occasion,) the singular manner in which English women perform their ablutions in open creeks. As we passed through another village, I observed on one sign '*Storage*,' on another, '*Travillers*.' Is it possible, thought I, that these are countrymen of Johnson, and Sheridan? I immediately entered on my tablets, according to the sweeping custom of foreign journalists, that the Canadian shop-keepers are ignorant of the most simple forms of orthography. Dinner was ready on our arrival, and, as the keeper of the Pavilion had boasted that there was nothing to eat or to see on the American side, I expected a great entertainment; more particularly did I feel that I was in a nation renowned for civilization and silver forks. What was my renewed astonishment at finding at my plate a dirty steel fork! I was almost induced to take out my tablets on the spot, and insert, that in the large hotels in British America silver forks are not used, and direct teachers to draw the shade, meaning uncivilized, over that part of the world on school maps. I afterward discovered that about a third of the plates were provided with discolored washed metal, three-pronged forks; and I minuted them at the first



British hotel I ever visited, a third of the visitors can obtain imitation silver forks if they happen to sit at the right end of the table.

"It will be perceived that in detailing these things, I am departing from my usual habit of seeing the good and agreeable wherever it can be found. I have rather done it as a lesson to myself, to show how easy it is to describe isolated things as general; how easy it is, in travelling, to revel on a few defects, and slight the useful and fair; but I have not quite wasted my time in the paltry cavilling."

An old lady at Watertown, (Mass.,) lamented to our authoress the indifference to church-going that had been growing upon the community, and contrasted it with the spirit of the olden time:

"Her grandmother had told her, that no distance or inclemency of weather had prevented her from going to *meeting* when a girl; that mothers took their infants when but four weeks old, and wrapping them in their arms, travelled through snow and sunshine to the ordinances of religion. There were seats provided in the broad aisle for those who had babies, and they generally brought apparatus for feeding them. My informant was obliged to confess, however, one accident that occurred in this church nursery, which more fastidious modern tastes has avoided. A dog prowling about the porringers of pap and fennel-seed in the broad aisle, came to a pitcher of milk, and thrust his head in. As if to punish this sacrilegious theft his head stuck there, and unable to relieve himself he ran from pew to pew with the pitcher attached to him, drawing away the attention of the congregation from the 7thly and 8thly, with which they ought to have been edified."

At the asylum for the insane, at Worcester, the writer was introduced to several very interesting individuals, one of whom appears to have been the incarnation of David Crockett:

"After a very courteous reception from one, who was told that we came from South Carolina, he said, abruptly, 'Have you felt any of my earthquakes there lately?'"

"On one of the party replying in the negative, he frowned, and said:

"'I knew it. I have an enemy. Ice—ice! Why, I ordered one of my best earthquakes for your part of the country! It was to have ripped up the earth, and sent the Mississippi rushing into the Gulf of Mexico. Look here,' he continued, pointing to a slight crack in the plastering, his arm stretched out with an air of importance, 'that is one of my earthquakes. What do you think of that?'"

A deserved reproof is forcibly conveyed, in the reflections upon the ruins of Mount Benedict, the former residence of the Ursuline community, near Boston:

"Physical infirmity produces sadness, but moral obliquity, horror. I have seen instances where the love of the picturesque has induced persons to erect seeming ruins in our young country, but there is no need of this artificial effort here. These blackened walls tell a story of deep and awful pathos. I walked on the broken terrace, where the sisters and their young pupils used to sit of a summer's afternoon, while the traveller on the road below paused a moment at the sight of their graceful forms as their dresses fluttered in the wind; I passed the wall over which the frightened creatures leaped at midnight by the light of their burning home; and I saw the rifled tomb, which the mob left empty, as it is now! On the few walls that are still standing, one may see mottoes and words indicative of the feelings of the portion of the community who destroyed them. It will hardly be believed that a couplet like the following is one of the least vulgar and blasphemous there:

'The priests go to hell,  
While the Yankees ring the bell.'

"There are epithets connected with the names of some of the former inmates, whose grossness is enough to madden a sensitive mind. I scarcely know whether to wish the whole ruin levelled and obliterated, to avoid the accusation it seems to speak to the mind of a stranger, or to let it stand as a solemn warning to the descendants of those Pilgrims who sought, on this very soil,

'Freedom to worship God.'"

The 'Notes of a Southern Excursion, in Virginia, Georgia, South Carolina, etc.,' are more novel and not less interesting than those of the North; but we have neither

time nor room to notice them in detail. 'Extracts from a Private Journal kept on a Tour from Charleston to New-York, by four Friends,' (not Quakers,) and 'A week among Autographs,' by the Rev. Mr. GILMAN, close a volume which may be especially commended, at this season of travel, as a most take-up-able book in a steam-boat or rail-road car.

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**MORAL VIEWS OF COMMERCE, SOCIETY, AND POLITICS.** In twelve Discourses. By Rev. ORVILLE DEWEY. In one volume. pp. 300. New-York: DAVID FELT AND COMPANY, Stationers' Hall.

If this volume had reached our table at an earlier period of the month, we should have been sorely tempted to transfer at least an entire half of its contents to these pages, that our readers might enjoy with us the excellent moral lessons that are here laid down, and enforced with lucid argument and admirable eloquence. The moral laws of trade and contracts; the uses of labor, and the passion for a fortune; the moral limits of accumulation; the natural and artificial relations of society, and the moral evils to which American society is exposed; associations, social ambition, war, political morality, the blessing of freedom, and the place which education and religion must have in the improvement of society; these themes — unusual, perhaps, but for no good reason, to the pulpit — are the topics treated of, in the discourses before us. Such space as we can, we devote to extracts, in place of any comments of our own. How nobly is the spirit of fashion, of selfish exclusion, rebuked in the annexed passage from our author's remarks upon society:

"There is a certain distinction, then; there is a charmed circle, within which the social exclusionist entrenches himself, and that circle is surrounded as with an electric chain, which sends quick and thrilling sensibility through every part. But touch an individual in that circle — but mention his name, and the man or the woman we are speaking of, feels it instantly; attention is on the alert; the ear is opened to every word; there is the utmost desire to know, or to seem to know, the individual in question; — there is an eagerness to talk about him, a lively interest in all that concerns him. Is he sick, or is he well? — is he in this place, or in that place? — the most ordinary circumstances rise to great importance, the moment they are connected with him. But, now, do you speak of a person *out* of that circle — be it of fashion, or birth, or wealth, or talent, or be it a circle composed of some or all of these; and suddenly the social exclusionist has passed through a total metamorphosis. He *says* not a *word*, perhaps: he settles the matter more briefly, and at less expense. His manner speaks. There is an absolute, an unspeakable indifference. He knows nothing about persons of that class, who, alas! have nothing in this world to make them interesting, but their mind and heart. And if you speak of such one, he opens his eyes upon you, as if he scarcely comprehended what part of the creation you are talking about. And when he is made, at length, to recognise a thing so unimportant, as the concerns of a fellow being, held to be inferior, you find that he is included with a multitude of others, under the summary phrase of 'those people,' or, 'that sort of people;' and with such, you would find that he scarcely more acknowledged the tie of a common nature, than with the actually inferior beings of the animal creation.

"This feeling of selfish and proud exclusion is confined to no one class. I wish we could say, that it is limited to any one grade of character. I wish we could say, that it did not infect the minds of many persons, otherwise, of great merit and worth. I wish we could say, that any one is exempt from it. Living, growing up, as we all have been, in a selfish world, educated, more or less, by worldly maxims, we have none of us, perhaps, felt as we ought, the sacred claim of human nature — felt our minds thrill to its touch, as to an electric chain — felt ourselves bound with the bands of holy human sympathy — felt that all human thought, desire, want, weakness hope, joy and grief, were our own — ours to commune with and to partake of. Few have felt this; for it is always the attribute of the holiest philanthropy, or of the loftiest genius. Of the loftiest genius, I repeat; for I venture to say, that all such genius has ever been distinguished by its earnest sympathy and sacred interest in all human feeling. And why should we not feel it? The very dog, that goes and lies down and dies upon the grave of his master, will almost draw a tear from us, so near does he approach to human affection. And when the war-horse, that has carried his rider through many battles, bows his neck,

and thrills through his whole frame, at the approach and touch of that master's hand, we feel something more than respect, towards the noble animal. Oh! sacred humanity! how art thou dishonored by thy children, when the merest appendage of thy condition, the mere brute companion of thy fortunes, is more regarded than thou!

"What a picture does human society present to us! If I were to represent the world in vision, I should say that I see it, not as that interchange of hill and dale which now spreads around me, but as one vast mountain; and all the multitudes that cover it, are struggling to rise; and those who, in my vision, seem to be above, instead of holding friendly intercourse with those who are below, are endeavoring, all the while, to look over them, or building barriers and fences to keep them down; and every lower grade is using the same treatment towards those who are beneath them, that they bitterly and scornfully complain of, in those who are above; all but the topmost circle, imitators as well as competitors, injuring as well as injured; and the topmost circle — with no more to gain, revelling or sleeping upon its perilous heights, or dizzy with its elevation — soon falls from its pinnacle of pride, giving place to others, who share in constant succession the same fate. Such is the miserable struggle of social ambition all the world over.

Of equal beauty and force, are the concluding paragraphs of the discourse upon social ambition, illustrating the ingratitude and folly of cherishing jealousies and heart-burnings, because of the worldly superiority of those around us:

"Your neighbor is above you in the world's esteem, perhaps — above you, it may be, in fact; but what are you? You are a man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, and all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now, compared with this, is a little worldly eclat? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon thy laboring thought; can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor, almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do, but to vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousands richer.

"Where, unreasonable complainer! dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries, where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch themselves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity: and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pupil of that infinite teaching! minister at Nature's great altar! child of heaven's favor! ennobled being! redeemed creature! must thou pine in sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation?

"'But thy neighbor is above thee,' thou sayest. What then? What is that to thee? What, though the shout of millions rose around him? What is that, to the million-voiced nature that God has given thee? That shout dies away into the vacant air; it is not his: but thy nature — thy favored, sacred and glorious nature — is thine. It is the reality — to which praise is but a fleeting breath. Thou canst meditate the things, which applause but celebrates. In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I had rather be the humblest man in the world, than barely be thought greater than the greatest. The beggar is greater, as a man, than is the man, merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero — not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer or Shakspeare — not one who followed in the train of Cæsar or of Napoleon, would part with the humblest power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages."

We cannot close our extracts, without presenting one passage from 'Moral Exposures of American Society,' advocating a manly freedom in the expression of just opinions, howsoever unpopular they may chance to be:

'What barrier is there against the universal despotism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up against it here, but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield this point, if you are for ever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here, is to escape opposition and reproach, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood, no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our fathers' virtues will be trodden under foot, by their unworthy children. They feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account

it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom—happier were they, when their sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease. Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale, that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said 'submit, and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and the flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom, to freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity, and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. \* \* \* I know of but one thing safe in the universe, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is, unfettered thought. And I know but one path for the multitude to truth, and that is, thought, freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine; bind thought as a victim upon it; and let the passions of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel; and you sacrifice upon that accursed altar, the hopes of the world!

"Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morality in the high places of society, is so lax and complaisant, but for want of the independent and indignant rebuke of society? There is reproach enough poured upon the drunkenness, debauchery and dishonesty of the poor man. The good people who go to him can speak plainly—ay, very plainly, of his evil ways. Why is it, then, that fashionable vice is able to hold up its head, and sometimes to occupy the front ranks of society. It is because respectable persons, of hesitating and compromising virtue, keep it in countenance. It is because timid woman stretches but her hand to the man whom she knows to be the deadliest enemy of morality and of her sex, while she turns a cold eye upon the victims he has ruined. It is because there is nobody to speak plainly in cases like these. And do you think that society is ever to be regenerated or purified under the influence of these unjust and pusillanimous compromises? I tell you never. So long as vice is suffered to be fashionable and respectable—so long as men are bold to condemn it only when it is clothed in rags, there will never be any radical improvement. You may multiply Temperance Societies, and Moral Reform Societies; you may pile up statute books of laws against gambling and dishonesty; but so long as the timid homages of the fair and honored are paid to splendid iniquity, it will be all in vain. So long will it be felt, that the voice of the world is not against the sinner, but against the sinner's garb. And so long, every weapon of association, and every baton of office, will be but a missile feather against the leviathan, that is wallowing in the low marshes and stagnant pools of society."

In the manner of these discourses, there is great literary merit and professional address. There is in all of them a *res lecler potenter*—something that attracts, and that takes hold of the feelings. The writer seems to realize, that 'what is best administered is best,' is a maxim as true of religious precept as of government. He is not of the class of holy swaggerers, or evangelical bullies, who have done so much harm to the cause of religion and morality, by their attempts to kick and cuff men into being Christians and good citizens; yet does he use 'all plainness of speech,' in denunciation, although it may be tempered with tenderness and pathos in expostulation. We commend the volume to our readers, with but one regret, that humility of matériel in externals should have been coupled with such internal excellence. The book deserved fine white paper and good printing.

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NOTES OF THE WESTERN STATES: Containing Descriptive Sketches of their Soil, Climate, Resources, and Scenery. By JAMES HALL, author of 'Border Tales,' etc. In one volume, 12mo. pp. 304. Philadelphia: HARRISON HALL.

BESIDE being a very good poet, Judge HALL is an admirable prose writer. Moreover, he can handle the tomahawk and scalping-knife, like an Indian adept, as is well evinced in the preface to the volume before us, wherein a 'North American' reviewer is disposed of in that summary mode known as the 'used up.' Passing this, however—which is more than the reader of the book will do—we come to the work itself, which the multiplicity of new publications during the month compels us to treat far more summarily than it deserves. Every thing of interest connected with the particular or general character of the western country, is here set down. The great western plain; the rivers Ohio and Mississippi; the prairies, wet and dry, their general appearance, soils,

products, etc., and a theory of their formation; agricultural productions, public domain, western steam-boats, trade, commerce, etc., — these and topics incidental, are elaborately treated of, and in a style so felicitous as at once to command and fix the attention of the reader. A single paragraph, culled with doubt and misgiving from many similar passages, must serve our purpose for the present. It occurs in one of the best and most comprehensive descriptions of the character and general aspect of the great western prairies, that we have ever encountered. It depicts, as by the light of its glorious torch, a prairie on fire :

"The thick sward of the prairie presents a considerable mass of fuel, and offers a barrier to the progress of the flame, not easily surmounted. The fire advances slowly, and with power. The heat is intense. The flames often extend across a wide prairie, and advance in a long line. No sight can be more sublime, than to behold at night, a stream of fire several miles in breadth, advancing across these plains, leaving behind it a black cloud of smoke, and throwing before it a vivid glare which lights up the whole landscape with the brilliancy of noonday. A roaring and cracking sound is heard like the rushing of a hurricane. The flame, which in general rises to the height of about twenty feet, is seen sinking, and darting upward in spires, precisely as the waves dash against each other, and as the spray flies up into the air; and the whole appearance is often that of a boiling and flaming sea, violently agitated. The progress of the fire is so slow, and the heat so great, that every combustible material in its course is consumed. The root of the prairie-grass alone, by some peculiar adaptation of nature, is spared; for of most other vegetables, not only is the stem destroyed, but the vital principle extinguished. Wo to the farmer, whose ripe corn fields extend into the prairie, and who has carelessly suffered the tall grass to grow in contact with his fences! The whole labor of the year is swept away in a few hours. But such accidents are comparatively unfrequent, as the preventive is simple, and easily applied. A narrow strip of bare ground prevents the fire from extending to the space beyond it. A beaten road, of the width of a single wagon track, arrests its progress. The treading of the domestic animals around the inclosures of the farmer affords often a sufficient protection, by destroying the fuel in their vicinity; and in other cases a few furrows are drawn round the field with the plough, or the wild grass is closely mowed down on the outside of the fence."

Let this single passage, from a work full of such, send the reader to the publisher's table.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. NUMBER C. July, 1838. pp. 272. Boston: OTIS, BROADERS, AND COMPANY. New-York: G. AND C. CARVILL.

A LONG life has already been vouchsafed to the North American Review, and what is more, a praiseworthy and an honorable; and it bids fair to preserve the even tenor of its way through a succession of 'years behind the mountains,' in the onward distance. Such, at any rate, let us hope will be the case; for, notwithstanding the charges which have sometimes been brought against it, of undue sectional feelings and prejudices, operating to bias its literary opinions, and warp its critical judgments, it has been of greatest service to American literature, causing it in its infancy to be known more widely at home, and more diffused and respected abroad.

The present number is a good one — beyond, as it seems to us, from a perusal necessarily cursory, the average issues of the work. 'Fifty Years of Ohio,' the first article, is a review of two works, from which much and important information is gleaned relative to the first settlement, gradual progress, and present condition, of this wonderful state; its territorial and state governments, rail-roads, canals, schools, common and collegiate, statistics, etc. 'The Poetical Works of MILTON' are next considered, by one who, looking back upon the noble poet in due perspective, has made us acquainted with his natural endowments, his education, social position, and the relations which his character bears to his poetry. The notice of CAREY's 'Political Economy,' (too heavy reading, with our thermometer at ninety and upward,) we have reserved for perusal when we can 'take things coolly.' Considerable space is devoted, and worthily, to an admirable paper upon Anglo-Saxon Literature, embra-



cing a sketch of the Anglo-Saxon race, and introducing to our notice several of their prominent authors, and their works, as *Beowulf*, *Cædmon*, *Alfred*, etc., together with sundry beautiful and odd poetical fragments, odes, ballads, dialogues, scriptural translations, etc. The following historical synopsis is something of the briefest, but it is clear and all-embracing :

"It is oftentimes curious to consider the far off beginnings of great events, and to study the aspect of the cloud no bigger than one's hand. The British peasant looked seaward from his harvest-field, and saw, with wondering eyes, the piratical schooner of a Saxon Viking, making for the mouth of the Thames. A few years — only a few years — afterward, while the same peasant, driven from his homestead north or west, still lives to tell the story to his grandchildren, another race lords it over the land, speaking a different language and living under different laws. This important event in his history is more important in the world's history. Thus began the reign of the Saxons in England ; and the downfall of one nation, and the rise of another, seem to us at this distance only the catastrophe of a stage-play.

"The Saxons came into England about the middle of the fifth century. They were pagans ; they were a wild and warlike people ; brave, rejoicing in sea-storms, and beautiful in person, with blue eyes and long, flowing hair. Their warriors wore their shields suspended from their necks by chains. Their horsemen were armed with iron sledge-hammers. Their priests rode upon mares, and carried into the battle-field an image of the god *Irminsula* ; in figure like an armed man ; his helmet crested with a cock ; in his right hand a banner, emblazoned with a red rose ; a bear, carved upon his breast ; and, hanging from his shoulders, a shield, on which was a lion in a field of flowers. Not two centuries elapsed before this whole people was converted to Christianity."

The reviewer approaches his subject with due reverence. 'It is difficult,' says he, with equal beauty and feeling :

"It is difficult to comprehend fully the mind of a nation ; even when that nation still lives, and we can visit it, and its present history, and the lives of men we know, help us to a comment on the written text. But here the dead alone speak. Voices, half understood ; fragments of song, ending abruptly, as if the poet had sung no farther, but died with these last words upon his lips ; homilies, preached to congregations that have been asleep for many centuries ; lives of saints, who went to their reward, long before the world began to scoff at sainthood ; and wonderful legends, once believed by men, and now, in this age of wise children, hardly credible enough for a nurse's tale ; nothing entire, nothing wholly understood, and no farther comment or illustration, than may be drawn from an isolated fact, found in an old chronicle, or perchance a rude illumination in an old manuscript ! Such is the literature we have now to consider. Such fragments, and mutilated remains, has the human mind left of itself, coming down through the times of old, step by step, and every step a century. Old men and venerable accompany us through the Past ; and, pausing at the threshold of the Present, they put into our hands, at parting, such written records of themselves, as they have. We should receive these things with reverence. We should respect old age."

'This leaf is it not blown about by the wind ?  
Wee to it for its fate !  
Alas ! it is old.'

We are not in error, we think, in tracing the paternity of this article to a pen which has been made familiar to our readers — that of Prof. LONGFELLOW, of Harvard University, a fine poet, 'a scholar ripe and good,' and as a prose writer, second only to WASHINGTON IRVING. 'M'Kenney and Hall's History of the North American Indians' forms the staple of the next article. The praise long since awarded in these pages to the pictorial and literary merits of this excellent work, are more than confirmed by the reviewer. We are glad to learn that it is meeting with signal success in England. 'Fashions in Dress,' the next paper in order, is an entertaining and instructive essay, of which Mr. Brewster's Lecture before the Portsmouth Lyceum, noticed some months since in this Magazine, forms the nucleus. We have next a review of the 'Boylston Prize Addresses,' by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, who, beside being one of our first poets, has been successful in obtaining three of these prizes, in two successive years — in the latter year, both that were offered — for his medical dissertations. A copious article, evincing great research, follows, treating mainly of the early Venetian voyages to, and discoveries in, the new world, in the latter part of the four-

teenth century. 'The Romantic Poetry of Italy' we take, by internal evidence, to be from the pen of our valued correspondent, G. W. GREENE, Esq., American Consul at Rome. It is a sketch of Italian romance, brought down to our own times, and including notices of authors most familiar to English readers. We need not add, that the review is happily executed. Beside the 'articles' proper, to which we have thus briefly alluded, there are some dozen shorter critical notices of minor works, and the usual quarterly list of new publications.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS. By JOHN H. HEWITT. In one volume. pp. 235. Baltimore: N. HICKMAN.

A BRIEF and modest preface introduces this pretty volume to the reader; and, as is usually the case, it foretells something worth reading, in the matter which it so unostentatiously heralds. Although the book reaches us at a late hour, we cannot omit to say, that we have derived great pleasure from its perusal, nor refrain from presenting one or two extracts, in justification of our favorable judgment. A large portion of the volume is occupied with anacreontic and sentimental stanzas, which have been set to music; and it is no more than just praise to say, that they are far superior to the great mass of productions, of a kindred stamp, in this country. We were surprised to find among them 'The Minstrel's Return from the War,' a song which has been upon millions of ruby lips in America. Passing these, however, we proceed to select a few passages from poems of a different description. The subjoined lines upon 'Oblivion,' are spirited and felicitous:

I HEARD the rolling muffled drum,  
And piercing sife, as lone I stray'd;  
'Thus, thus,' thought I, 'within the tomb,  
Shall fame's wadying wreaths be laid!"  
Upon a monument I saw  
The hero's glorious deeds retraced;  
Oblivion came — I read no more;  
His name, his deeds, were all effaced.

I saw a monarch on his throne,  
A throne of skulls, imbrued in blood;  
An awful splendor round him shone,  
As high he sat, 'the great, the good.'  
I saw the veil of death unfurl'd  
Over his stern and stately brow;  
Oblivion swept him from the world —  
Lo! where 's his name, his greatness now?

I saw a bard, and o'er the lyre,  
His fingers swept, in thirst for fame;  
His soul was melting on each wire,  
His pen sent forth its tides of flame.  
I saw him write his epitaph,  
'Twas 'dust to dust, and clay to clay';  
Oblivion came — he waved his staff,  
And e'en that dust was swept away!

I saw the planets, moon and sun,  
Array'd in all their glorious light,  
Careering smoothly, brightly on,  
Pouring out lustre in their flight.  
Oblivion came — Creation's groan  
Was heard amid the crash of spheres;  
Worlds upon worlds were overthrown,  
And Time himself summed up his years!

The German spirit of the 'Song of the Resurrection Man' is not less remarkable than the vividness of its limning:

We dig and we delve by the quivering light  
Of the cold and silent moon,  
While no noise disturbs the reign of night  
But the clock that tells its noon;  
And the mattock's sound  
On the frozen ground  
Keeps time to our voices' tune.

The charnel-house opens its heavy doors,  
And the bones of dead men shake;  
But the clatter of teeth and skeleton jaws,  
Can never our labor break.  
On the new made bed  
Of the silent dead  
We will work 'till the morn awake!

We know 't is the tender and comely form  
Of a maiden lov'd and young;  
And we know that her heart was true and warm,  
While spells on her proud lips hung.  
But we little mourn,  
For those charms were gone,  
When the dirge of the maid was sung.

Now up with the beautiful sleeper, my boys!  
Lo! she seems to dream of bliss;  
And her silent lips still tell the joys  
They gave in the living kiss.  
But we love her cold,  
In the death-shroud's fold,  
On a church-yard couch like this!

There are several rhythmical blemishes, and other evidences of carelessness, which ought to be looked to in a second edition. Making two syllables of flower, lyre, and fire, in fireside, and substituting 'will' for shall, occur to us, as worthy of mention.



**A POPULAR TREATISE ON MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY; OR AN EXPOSITION OF QUACKERY AND IMPOSTURE IN MEDICINE.** By CALEB TICKNOR, M. D., Author of 'The Philosophy of Living.' In one volume. pp. 273. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS is the production of a man of sense and of feeling, both of which are important qualifications for such a work. The first entitles him to credit as an observer of facts, and the second as a man that sympathizes with the sufferings brought upon the community by the prevalence of medical quackery. We are literally overwhelmed with empiricism, political, religious, medical, etc., and shall be greatly indebted to all those efforts of philosophic minds, that may have in them the effect to bring us back to sound, practical good sense.

Dr. Ticknor presents us with a brief history of the healing art; a general view of the human body and its divisions; the anatomy of the digestive organs, and their diseases; a description of the organs of respiration, of the cutaneous system, of the eye, with separate chapters on female complaints, rheumatism, deafness, cancer, measles, natural bone-setters, comparative powers of vegetable and mineral medicines; on the errors, exclusiveness, and ultraism of medical men; and finally touches up the clergy, for their influence in occasioning the spread of medical quackery. This book is, in the first place, philosophical, in the best sense of the term, and practically so. Next, it can be understood by all—a most commendable attribute. It is descriptive where it needs to be, and comprehensively so. It suggests. We think it will be approved by the faculty, and that it ought to be useful to the public. It is a good family book. If it does not mention and describe all the ailments that flesh is heir to, and appoint a remedy, it at least treats of those most common, and lifts a warning voice against medical humbug, in all its forms. It is a good sequel to the author's 'Philosophy of Living,' and an earnest, as we hope, of the continuance of his labors in this department of human science and art.

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**SKETCHES OF YOUNG LADIES AND YOUNG GENTLEMEN.** By QUIZ. Philadelphia: CARRY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. The same, with six Illustrations by PHIZ, and Original Sketches, by TIZ, RIZ, and BIZ. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM, AND G. DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

THESE are very clever sketches, and indicate close observation of odd male and female 'humans.' The style of the several 'pictures in little' reminds us continually of 'Boz,' and we are by no means sure that they do not proceed from his prolific pen. Whoso shall scrutinizingly read the 'literary,' the 'interesting,' and the 'petting' young lady, and the 'bashful' and 'political' young gentlemen, will become, we venture to predict, of our opinion in this matter. The New-York edition of the volume, beside containing characteristic engravings of the 'funny,' the 'domestic,' and the 'poetical' young gentleman, with the 'interesting' and 'abstemious' young lady, has a half dozen original sketches, two or three of which beguiled us of several dismal yawns. Their forced attempts at humor, far-fetched and of little worth, are remarkable. A dim conceit of something which the writer considers funny, is foreshadowed, for a half page or more, by a lurking uneasiness in the style, indicating the present foisting in of the labored interpolation, which after all turns out to be unworthy the writer's trouble. The 'buckish young gentleman,' however, as well as the 'mercantile' and the 'ticking,' redeem these original sketches from the class of 'total failures.'

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF NOTE-BOOK AND TRAVEL.** — With considerate regard for the reader, desiring not to 'bestow *all* our tediousness' upon him, in the excerpts of our note-book, we shall here transcribe, and liberally intersperse, from a few blank leaves of that salmagundish receptacle, certain records of travel, hurriedly jotted down in a recent excursion to the Great Cataract, and other noted resorts. Indulgently receive these memoranda. A special request. Reverently respect and obey it.

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'**HERE,**' said we, as with a delightful sense of freedom we took a chair upon the airy promenade-deck of one of our noble Hudson steam-craft,

'Here have we 'scaped the city's stifling heat,  
Its horrid sounds, and its polluted air ;'

and, please the Fates, we part company for some score of days, at least !' The steam monster, pent in his dungeon, groans and growls, and 'sighs like a furnace,' till,

'Like a pawing horse let go,  
He makes a sudden bound,'

and, with rushing waters before and wake-foam behind, we are in mid stream, the cool breeze flapping the awnings, fluttering the green veils, and stirring the hair of sable silver, and lifting the bright locks of childhood. The city fades into dimness ; the Palisades lift their frowning walls, their long shadows sleep on the western shore, and the distant uplands begin to undulate against the horizon beyond. Beautiful scene ! With care banished, a friend at your side whom you have 'buckled to your heart with hooks of steel,' and a glad face, beaming with youth, beauty, innocence, and love of nature, for your perusal — her arm in yours, as you walk the elastic deck, and her voice, soft and low, in your ear — (for thus, reader, by most pleasant accident, it chanced,) — who would not feel the full value of that blessed boon, existence ? There were a *few* promenaders on that deck, when the crescent moon walked forth into the night. But we 'prattle out of season.'

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Lights were twinkling in 'Kosciusko's Garden,' as we rounded West Point. We thought of Col. KNAPP — now alas no more ! — and his interesting volume of stories named of that romantic spot, and there written. And here, in introducing a passage concerning this writer, which we once considered noteworthy, let us pay a passing tribute to his memory. He was distinguished for much research, and as a voluminous and successful author. Of his merits as a miscellaneous prose writer, our readers are not ignorant. Many of his best efforts, in this department of literature, have appeared in this Magazine. As a man, he was kind, ingenuous, and warm-hearted. His mind was full of various knowledge, and his colloquial powers made him the favorite of the social circle ; while as a public speaker, he was remarkable for his extempore efforts, having always at command an abundance of illustrative facts, with apposite anecdotes or allusions. But to our story. Colonel KNAPP had penned an article for the dapper

little proprietor of a monthly magazine, an intellectual pauper, whom we will call Mr. P. B. D. It overran, by a half page or more, a 'form' of eight pages. Unwilling to extend the number of pages, because of the cost, the sapient proprietor changed a comma into a period, at the end of the closing line of the page, leaving the gist of the article, the very dénouement of the story, undeveloped! The author, as may well be supposed, was 'a little riled.' 'Print the article entire, as it was written, Sir,' or leave it out altogether!' 'My dear sir,' responded P. B. D., 'what's the use? It stops very handsomely; just let it go in!' Reasonable as the request was considered, the author peremptorily declined. The discomfitted proprietor took another tack, interposing what he thought would prove a 'clincher,' and remove all objections: 'Let it stand, Colonel KNAPP, let it stand. It is very good, as it is; and if it is n't, *nobody will ever read it!* — so where's the harm?' The author took the expostulatory compliment home with him, together with the article.

'Any luggage, Sir?' — 'Take a carriage, Sir?' — 'Eagle, Sir?' — 'American Hotel, Sir?' — 'first-rate house, Sir?' — 'Going west, Sir?' — 'Rail-road, Sir?' Ah! *this* is not agreeable. This is that part of travelling which is 'subject to drawback,' as the commercial gentleman has it. Albany is a pleasant city — steeple-garnished, dome-crowned, and commanding — and the mountains arise gloriously around her, in the distance. We were glad to rest, as the morning dawned, by the 'going forth of her ways.' But these pestilent porters! Six of them have seized a bewildered-looking gentleman's valise, and are bearing it off in triumph to his lodgings. The owner ruminates, and is evidently angry; but what will he say to the 'foreign levy' on his purse, from these emulous operatives? That will 'touch him farther,' when he gets to his hotel. \* \* As you roll toward Schenectady, in the rail-road cars, the hump-backed Catskills, far to the south, lift their rugged and pale blue outlines to the view. Losing sight of their cloud-capt summits, you come to the fruitless sand-soil — not barren howbeit, for the frequent clumps of wild flowers, of palest pink, have beauty if not utility — and presently thereafter, you find yourself sweeping up the fertile valley of the Mohawk, Schenectady fading behind you, wide fields spread out around, and the fragrant clover blossom perfuming the way for miles, often growing up to the very wheels of the cars. What a noble valley! — what a glorious state! In four years, a continuous rail-road will run side by side with the Erie canal, then widened to a walled river. What monument of enterprise had much-vaunted Rome to compare with this? Talk of her aqueducts! What aqueduct had she, that could vie with the one now constructing, to bring Croton river to New-York, a distance of forty miles? Americans! let us look at home. We have enough to be proud of, young as we are — much to learn, too — and how much to hope!

PLEASANT exceedingly was it, to sit in the swift car, with 'old familiar friends,' and that *one* face, fair as the rose-bud that was clasped by those innocent lips, the faintest smile of which would send the circling dimples to cheeks of softest carnation, possessing one's self in much quietness, and only interrupted by a gentle titillation of curiosity, as some pretty village is entered and left behind. Yet there was more. A strong sense of the sublime was engendered, as the snorting fire-steed galloped off with the long train, at his own free pace, in the face of a dense storm-cloud, that finally burst in full force upon us, as we entered the dépôt at Utica. Utica — charming city! Why is not prose written, and song chanted, of its multiplied attractions? How gradually its wide and handsome streets rise on every side to the summit of the ascending table land on which the town reposes! It is a beautiful *rus in urbe*. To the air of a populous city, it unites the bloom and verdure of the country. Around it, are some of the finest views in the Union. Should you ever journey thitherward, reader, fail not of 'Prospect Hill,' which rises gently some four miles to the south-west. The great basin formed

by the rich valley of the Mohawk, with its cordon of pale blue hills, lies before you, to the north and east ; the city, softened by distance, in the foreground ; and at your feet, the charming village of Whitesboro' ; far to the south-west, gleam the white college-buildings of Clinton University, and, southward and more near, stretches out a vale lovelier than Tempé's — the romantic vale of the Sadaqueda ; while nestling on its soft and verdant bosom, reposes the pretty village of New-Hartford, and farther north, a clustered, uniform 'factory settlement.' Enchanting scene ! The admirable lines of **BRYANT** came forcibly home to at least one observer of its manifold beauties :

'I stood upon an upland slope, and cast  
My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,  
Where the wide plain lay girt by mountains vast,  
And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,  
With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.'

**ASTOR** a night's sound repose, during which we had glided sixty miles in the good canal-packet 'Cleaveland,' we awoke 'at the sound of the horn' which called the Syracuse lock-master to his duty, and emerged to the deck, to survey this flourishing but crude-looking town, and to disembark, on a short excursion over the hills that 'looked on our childhood.' And certes, as we wound slowly over them, checking the good Jehu, ever and anon, to gaze upon the magnificent prospect behind, we deemed, with pride that, save the view from Pine Orchard House, we had never seen its fellow. Far-stretching, even to blue Ontario, spread the wide region, populous with villages, the long Oneida and the placid Onondaga lakes 'glinting' in the sunbeams, in the midst. And beyond all —

**VEXATION !** We are interrupted. 'There is copy enough ; the number is out !' 'Indeed ! So the 'note-book' must be nipped i' the bud, eh ? — and the travel's history, and the 'good 'uns' gleaned on the way, and the *bon mots* of our agreeable travelling companions ; also the towns, cities, and their incidents — Geneva, Canandaigua, Rochester, Lockport — the Great Cataract ! — eh ?' Good reader, it is even so ! The July number is 'overflowing full ;' but the August, treading fast upon its heels, and even now grown almost as big, shall salute you betimes ; and thereafter shall be always promptitude. We will join you at

'Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain !'

**THE GIRAFFES.** — These rare and beautiful animals, the first ever brought to this country, afford a very interesting exhibition. They seem to be quite vain of their personal appearance — of their leopard skins, dark eyes, pretty eye-lashes, and expressive mouths — and they 'hold their heads pretty high in the world,' in consequence. They are exceedingly difficult of 'captivation,' and even in Europe possess the greatest novelty. The one in the Zoological Gardens at Paris, came to that city like a crowned conqueror. She rode from the frontier to the metropolis, we are informed by Mr. **SANDERSON**, author of the entertaining 'Sketches of Paris,' in state, in a splendid carriage, attended by grooms, footmen, and 'gentlemen of the bed-chamber,' and followed by an antelope and three goats, in an open barouche ! A military escort proceeded from Paris, with members of the Institute, and other learned bodies, which met her at Fontainebleau. Her entry was a triumphal procession. From ten to twenty thousand citizens poured into the garden daily. Fresh portraits of the favorite were taken by eminent artists, and bulletins of every thing she did were published weekly. Bonnets, shoes, gloves, and gowns, were made *à la giraffe* ; quadrilles, too, were danced, and *café-au-lait* made *à la giraffe*. Excitable Parisians ! Yet the object certainly justified some enthusiasm.

'DENTAL HYGEIA.' — Such is the title of a poem by Mr. SOLYMAN BROWN, Dentist, and author of 'Dentologia.' It contains sundry useful hints in relation to health in general, and the preservation of the teeth in particular, which, our author observes, with truth as well as great poetic fervor,

— 'require  
Much more attention than mankind suppose!'

The verse is flowing enough, and mechanically correct, but not otherwise remarkable; unless it be, in portions, for certain transparent qualities, regarded in the light of confined prose. Take the following lines, for example, which set forth the advantages of 'cool ablution,' and a proper sufficiency of clothing. 'Colds,' says our bard,

'And raging fevers, and acute disease,  
In various forms, spring from the long neglect  
Of cool ablution. *Let it then be done  
Daily, and semi-daily, if required.*  
The infant first, and then the child, becomes  
Fond of the habit, which, if firmly fixed,  
*Contributes greatly to longevity.*  
Of clothing, 't is sufficient to advise  
*Never to dress too much — that is, too warmly.*  
A cumbrous load of garments but impedes  
The quick and graceful action of the limbs,  
And renders awkward what were else graceful!'

The 'poetry' in these and many kindred lines which might be cited, consists, as will be seen, entirely in the short lines, and in the capital letters which commence them. They will remind the reader of similar measured lines in the 'Warreniana' imitation of Wordsworth, descriptive of the external aspect of 'Peter Bell:'

— 'He was clad  
In thick buff waistcoat, cotton pantaloons  
I' th' autumn of their life, and wore beside  
A drab great coat, on whose pearl buttons beamed  
The beauty of the morning. *As we strolled,  
I could not chouse but ask his age, assured  
That he was seventy-five, at least; and though  
He did not own it, I 'm convinced he was!*

But there are many redeeming passages in this little volume, especially in the descriptions of bounteous nature; and the beauty of utility which pervades the poem, should serve to redeem, in some measure, its poetical deficiencies.

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THE EXPLORING EXPEDITION. — This national enterprise, in which there has been so much vexatious delay, will soon, it is believed, be in effective operation. We refer to it for the purpose of awarding a brief tribute to the exertions of J. N. REYNOLDS, Esq., who is the author, the projector, and the untiring, uncompromising advocate of the expedition, against every obstacle, and all open as well as secret opposition. Whether this gentleman shall accompany the expedition or not, he will have the consolation of knowing, what his countrymen know and feel, that to him, more than to any and all others, shall we be indebted for any honor which may accrue to the nation from the successful result of the enterprise.

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CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMAS. — The panoramas of Jerusalem and Niagara Falls, now exhibiting at the spacious circular edifice, recently erected on the corner of Prince and Mercer streets, deserve the extensive encouragement they have received. The first, especially, is the largest and most perfect painting of the kind ever exhibited in this country. The drawings were taken on the spot by Mr. Catherwood, and the painting

is of the first order of excellence. The whole covers an area of ten thousand square feet, and represents the city of Jerusalem, with its thousand objects of sacred interest, and the adjoining country on every hand, all round to the horizon. The coloring is rich but natural. The panorama of Niagara is perhaps as good a representation of the mighty cataract as a painting can convey. But the sound, the motion, the awful volume of water — these, of necessity, are wanting.

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**WEINDEL'S GALLERY.** — Many of the pictures in the gallery of this gentleman, at No. 200 Broadway, are of very superior merit. The head of **CHRIST**, in the 'Tribute Money,' after Titian, satisfies the imagination of the personal presence of our **SAVIOUR**. How calm, spiritual, and God-like! 'The Daughter of Herodias,' after Carlo Dolci, is a gem of art. Although bold, the coloring has all the softness and delicacy of the finest miniature. The face is of perfect beauty. 'Potiphar's Wife,' after Cignani, a celebrated painter of the Lombardic school, is a rich, voluptuous effort, and belongs, like 'Adam and Eve,' to the class of 'great moral pictures!' There are some thirty other paintings, of various merit, which we lack space to particularize.

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#### L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

**NEW-YORK REVIEW.** — Judging from such articles as we have found leisure to peruse, the number of the 'New-York Review' for the July quarter is even an improvement upon its predecessors, spirited as they have been. The review of Gardiner's 'Music of Nature,' and the article on Steam Navigation, are replete with various interesting matters, connected with their general themes, and the notice taken of Miss **MARTINEAU** is capital. Some of the opinions of the reviewer are identical with those expressed in these pages, in a review of her 'Retrospect of Western Travel.' The system of reputation-making, by small literary *cliques*, is well and fearlessly exposed; although some American writers are mentioned, who would scorn, as we think, to acquire fame, or confer it, by any other than the legitimate means. High praise is awarded to the 'Life of Brant,' in an able and elaborate review of that excellent work, and some one who loves learning for learning's sake, and the good it achieves, has furnished an admirable paper upon education, embracing, collaterally, a spirited defence — unhappily needed in this *cui bono* age — of the study of the ancient languages. Several other reviews, with numerous briefer but well-digested literary notices, make up the number, which we have rather mentioned than 'noticed.' But time and space are imperative.

**NEW BOOKS, &c.** — We notice the publication, and acknowledge the receipt, of the following works. A hasty and inadequate perusal, at a late period, entitles us only to this brief record of their names and character: 'Memoirs of Sir William Knighton, Bart., keeper of the privy purse, during the reign of His Majesty, George the Fourth, including his correspondence with many distinguished personages. By Lady Knighton.' Philadelphia: **CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD**; 'The Athenian Captive, a Tragedy, in five Acts. By Talfourd, author of 'Ion.' New-York: **J. AND H. G. LANGLEY**; 'The Squire, a Novel, by the author of 'The Heiress,' 'Agnes Searle,' etc. Philadelphia: **E. L. CAREY AND A. HART**; 'The credit system in France, Great Britain, and the United States. By H. C. CAREY, author of 'Principles of Political Economy,' etc. Philadelphia: **CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD**; Turner's Sacred History of the World, third volume, and eighty-fourth of **HARRIS'S** Family Library. A notice of an Address delivered before the 'St. Patrick's Benevolent Society' of South Carolina, by **B. R. CARROLL, Esq.**, prepared for the present number, will appear in our next.

'ST. JONATHAN, THE LAY OF A SCALD.' — Canto II. of this poem has appeared. It exhibits the same fluency of versification, the same bizarre conceits of rhythm, the same forcing of words and names into most grotesque positions, which were remarkable in the first canto. Yet is there decided talent in the poem, and great cleverness in the general management of so great a variety of interpolated themes, in the way of interlude or episode. Let our young author persevere. The true *spirit* is in him; and he needs but time, to make him all he may desire for himself, or his friends expect of him. Let him emulate, to some extent, the Italian poet, who had a desk with forty divisions, through which his verses were made to pass in succession, before they were given to the world. If he would wake the strings of his lyre to higher utterance, let him avoid hasty publication. It may be irksome to hammer, and file, and polish, but inasmuch as ripe fruit is better than green, he will find abundant reward in the final result of his labors.

COL. STONE'S LIFE OF BRANT. — We were prepared to expect an elaborate and excellent work in the life of BRANT, by Col. STONE; but in truth, the two superb volumes before us have altogether exceeded our anticipations, not only in their copiousness and general literary execution, but in their numerous elegant embellishments, and the unusual beauty of their typography. We shall take an early occasion to present such a review of this work as its many merits demand. It is the fruit of great labor and untiring research, and beside the varied life of its subject proper, embodies a greater number of interesting facts in the history of the war of the revolution, than any half dozen similar works extant. We unhesitatingly commend it to our readers, as replete with rare information, entertaining narrative, and romantic incidents. Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN, Gold-street, is the publisher, and he deserves high praise for the manner in which the volumes are given to the public.

'BURTON, OR THE SIEGES.' — This is an American romance, in two volumes, by the author of 'Lafitte,' and that very entertaining and popular work, 'The South-West, by a Yankee.' Doubtless it would have received adequate notice at our hands, had it been a more indifferent production, for then it had not been purloined from our table by some tasteful novel-reading friend, who has robbed us of its perusal. There is a goodly number, however, who are more fortunate; for the first edition was gone, as we learn, in a week, and a second large one hurried to press, before the author had an opportunity to correct a few errors. In discussing the merits of the work, whatever they may be, the public seem to be employing the *argumentum ad crumenam*, a species of reasoning so gratifying to publishers in general, and authors in particular.

CONSTANCE LATIMER. — A very beautiful and affecting story is 'Constance Latimer, or the Blind Girl,' from the pen of a valued correspondent, Mrs. EMMA C. EMBURY, recently published by the HARPERS. We have but space to say thus much, at the late hour of the receipt of the volume, and to add, that it is published for the benefit of the 'New-York Institution for the Blind,' and that there are beside, in the little book, two other tales, seasoned, like the first, with kindly mixtures of matter calculated to feed and fertilize the mind. The cause of a noble charity, and purposes of private intellectual gratification, will be equally served, in the purchase of 'Constance Latimer, and other Tales.' It is proper to add, that this brief notice was in type for our last number.

'LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF IRISH LIFE,' is the title of two thin volumes, from the press of Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD. They contain sixteen tales of the poor, warm-hearted, blundering peasantry of Ireland, which are remarkable for their natural and graphic pictures. They proceed from the well known pen of Mrs. S. C. HALL, and several of them have already appeared in an English periodical, conducted by the writer's husband.



'**ATHENIA OF DAMARUS**' is the title of a new tragedy, in five acts, from the pen of **RUFUS DAWES, Esq.**, a gentleman whose repute as a scholar, poet, and felicitous prose writer, is richly deserved. The tragedy is pronounced, on good literary authority, to be constructed after the most rigid rules of the drama, without losing sight of due stage effect. 'The play is one of thrilling interest, the situations striking and dramatic, the characters well marked and contrasted, and the language condensed and beautiful.' We may here, for good reasons, express the hope, that **Mr. DAWES** will forbid all inflated theatrical humbug, in the production of his tragedy upon the stage. It will require, we are confident, no such charlatanry as is sometimes employed to foist indifferent literary efforts and small actors into spurious and temporary notoriety.

'**DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS PUNISHMENT.**' — **Mr. P. PRICE**, Fulton-street, has published a second edition of 'A Discussion on the conjoint questions, Is the doctrine of Endless Punishment taught in the Bible? — or does the Bible teach the doctrine of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind?' — in a series of Letters between **EZRA STYLES ELY, D. D.**, and **ABEL C. THOMAS**, Pastor of the first Universalist Church, Philadelphia.' We have before referred to this volume, and to the gentlemanly and Christian spirit in which the controversy was begun and continued, by the opposing advocates of their religious creeds. It should be added, that there are seven concluding epistles in the present edition, which have never before appeared in print.

**LUXURY IN STORE.** — The Brothers **HARPER** have in press two volumes, by the author of 'Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land,' entitled 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.' We have been kindly permitted to examine a portion of the sheets, as they are passing through the press; and have little hesitation in predicting, that the work will be found fully equal to the one which has made the author so widely and favorably known, both in Europe and America, and which, in the short space of one year, has reached six large editions! This is strong 'circumstantial evidence' of our author's popularity.

'**PROBUS: OR ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.**' — A work thus entitled, by the author of the 'Letters from Palmyra,' and from Rome, so favorably known to the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, and especially to the readers of this Magazine, has just been published by **Mr. C. S. FRANCIS**, Broadway. Absence from the city must constitute our apology for postponing an adequate review of this admirable production, until our next number. The same publisher has issued a new and beautiful edition of the Palmyra Letters, under the title of 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra.'

**SKETCHES OF PARIS.** — We have omitted to mention, until it is doubtless something too late to do so for any good purpose, a work of some three hundred pages, from the press of Messrs. **CAREY AND HART**, entitled 'Sketches of Paris, in Familiar Letters to his Friend, by an American Gentleman.' These sketches are comprehensive, sometimes philosophical, and always exceedingly graphic; and a vein of sly humor, that is quite irresistible, runs through the volume. 'We regret to add,' as the journalists have it, that it is sometimes tinctured with grossness.

'**DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.**' — **Mr. GEORGE DEARBORN** has issued **DE TOCQUEVILLE'S** 'Democracy in America,' in a large and handsome volume, of nearly five hundred pages. This work is one of the most complete and philosophical which has ever been written in relation to this country; and we propose, at some future and not distant day, to lay its merits and claims more largely before our readers. In the mean time, we commend the volume earnestly to the public, as every way worthy of extension and perusal. A few such books, well pondered abroad, should cause certain traducers of this country to go into a state of literary 'retiracy,' to blush out the remainder of their days.

**WRITINGS OF 'BOZ.'** — MESSRS. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD are publishing, in monthly numbers, with two plates in each, 'Nicholas Nickleby,' by the celebrated 'Pickwick' biographer, the inimitable DICKENS. The whole will be completed in twenty numbers. The same publishers are issuing, also with plates, and in ten monthly numbers, 'Sketches,' by Boz, together with 'Oliver Twist.' All these works are well printed, upon good paper, and the plates are excellent.

**'RELIGION AT HOME.'** — This 'story, founded on facts,' and written by Mrs. WILLIAMS, of Rhode-Island, has reached a third edition, which has been carefully revised. The work has acquired much repute for the excellence of its lessons, not less than the felicitous manner in which they are made to reach the heart of the reader. We commend the volume, with all cheerfulness, to the public acceptance, as one capable of being made eminently fruitful of good.

**MRS. SHEAWOOD'S WORKS.** — The volume before us contains Henry Milner, Part IV., and is the fifteenth and last of the first and only uniform edition of Mrs. SHEAWOOD'S works ever published in the United States. Those readers who may desire to possess themselves of one or more volumes, containing some favorite story or stories, may obtain them separately, as well as in complete sets, of the booksellers generally. Each volume is embellished with handsome plates.

**'THE GOLDEN HORSE SHOE.'** — A friend (and we should add disinterested) who has been permitted to peruse the MS. of a novel thus entitled, by the author of 'The Cavaliers of Virginia,' speaks to us in warm terms of its great interest, and superior literary merit. As trade has revived, we may soon expect to hear that it has been given to the public.

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**TO OUR READERS.** — In the outset of a new volume, it may not be amiss to refer to a few of the literary attractions which may be expected in our coming half-yearly budget. Of the promise afforded by the articles commenced or continued in the present number, the reader can form his own judgment. In addition to these, and others of scarcely less merit, which we lack space to specify, may be mentioned, '*Brendethiana*,' after the manner of '*Warreniana*' and the '*Rejected Addresses*,' giving imitations, in prose and verse, of many prominent American writers, by the author of '*Ollapadiana*,' which series will also be regularly continued; articles from the pen of the Rev. Mr. BASCOM, of Kentucky, including a description of Niagara Falls, written in pencil on Table-Rock; from Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., and from the author of '*Outer Mer*;' unpublished poems and passages from the correspondence and private journal of the late young and gifted Mrs. SOPHIA M. PHILLIPS, of Rhode-Island, and later of West Point; poems by WORDSWORTH; sea sketches from our well known and popular correspondent, 'JACK GARNET,' author of '*The Mutiny*,' and '*The Cruize of a Guineaman*;' with sketches from the pen of the author of '*Incidents of Travel in Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land*,' as well as from Mr. CATHERWOOD, the eminent oriental traveller and lecturer, JAMES N. BARKER, Esq., Philadelphia, etc. In short, we believe we have the disposition and the means amply to repay the partiality of the public, which has given to this Magazine a circulation altogether unequalled, and which has been increased, moreover, beyond all former precedent, during the last three months. We need not add, that we are grateful, and shall labor unremittingly to evince it.

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☐ DELINQUENT 'PATRONS' (save the mark!) are desired to peruse the third page of the cover of this Magazine.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ITS MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE ON AMERICA, AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.

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BY J. R. TYSON, ESQ.

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THE colonists of North America brought with them from England the seeds of the revolution. They had felt the blessings which were conferred on Europe by the establishment of Free Towns. They had drunk in the doctrines of Milton and Bacon, and were prepared for the lessons of Sidney, Fairfax, and Hampden. They had imbibed the whole spirit of the reformation. Independent, for the most part, in their fortunes, they were alike removed from nobility and mean birth. They not only possessed much of the learning of the period, but in proportion to their number, a greater amount of intelligence than is to be found in any European nation of the present day.

It is not necessary to inquire how far the spirit of the men who were laying the foundations of empire in the new world contributed to the first revolution in England—to the royal tragedy of 1648 Cromwell, and Hampden, and Haselrig, themselves forcibly prevented by Charles, whom they brought to the block, from emigrating to America, were animated by the same puritanical fever which raged with greater heat in the American colonies. It is easy to perceive, in the events of the new world, the aid which was thence derived to the revolution of 1688. The elements were at work which were silently but effectually to demolish the time-honored structure of Rome; and, in its room, to lay the foundations of that edifice which was finally reared by the act of settlement.

But the doctrines which brought Charles to the scaffold, and placed William and Mary upon the English throne, did not originate in the new world. They were the effect of circumstances favorable to the development of a principle whose birth was cœval with the dawn of intellectual light in Europe. It sprang from the Pandects of Justinian; from the commerce introduced by the Crusades; and was nursed by the press, that mighty agent of modern civilization. Nothing was wanting but the free doctrines of the pilgrim fathers, and the more beautiful, because more consistent, institutions of William Penn, to give energy to a principle which was already perceptible in its influence upon mankind.

The settlers, in seeking an asylum from persecution, had no wish to sever the bonds which connected them with their native land. No Briton in the 'sea-girt isle,' surrounded by the pomp and circumstance of privileged orders of society, could more stoutly defend the political institutions of England than the pilgrims of Plymouth, the founders of Maryland, and the companions of William Penn. They proudly felt themselves a part of

'That happy breed of men, that little world,  
That precious gem set in the silver sea.'

They had been nurtured in the peculiar forms of a society which was endeared to them by the ties of ancestry, by the genius which gives effulgence to the literature of modern Europe, and by those proud achievements which have encircled, as with a halo, the page of English history.

But their situation was favorable to the growth of those germs of liberty, which were kindly planted in their father-land, while it repressed those *weeds* of which they had felt the noxious influence. Left alone in the boundless solitude of a *new* country, their minds sympathized with the untrammelled freedom of nature, and expanded with the contemplation of the things around them. It was here that toleration and the sacred rights of conscience were first proclaimed by Coddington, Williams, Lord Baltimore, and Penn. It was here those seeds were sown of political equality, which the destruction of the English rule of primogeniture could not fail to scatter.

With such elements in America, it required but a tranquil enjoyment of their new abode, or the least encroachment upon their rights, from England, to separate them for ever from their native home. The smooth current of their calm existence was at length rippled and disturbed in its un murmuring and peaceful flow. The resistance came from a trifling tax, which was imposed by parliament, without the colonial assent. The subsidy itself was too contemptible for complaint, but the act imposing it implied an authority to which they could not yield a voluntary obedience. It was the assertion of a principle which was inconsistent with popular freedom — a mere abstraction, which, in its effects, was unseen upon the wealth, and unfelt upon the happiness, of the people. The spirit of liberty had been fostered in a genial atmosphere: sustained and nourished, it was destined not only to found a new and independent empire, but to form an era for sending back to Europe some of those treasures of wisdom, which shot up and blossomed amidst the solitudes of the new world.

The revolution was essentially a contest of doctrine. It resulted in the triumph of a principle, which, though imperceptible to visions rendered weak by the sunny pageantry of courts, and the showy glitter of rank and title, was still existent, and had long been struggling for ascendancy. That principle was *the sovereignty of the people at large*. The sun of the American firmament, it shines in the centre of the American system, dispensing life and warmth to all within its influence, and gilding with its rays a distant horizon.

The first effect produced upon a people who had emerged from the condition of royal colonists to independent republicans, would

be perceptible in their external manners. The friends of power, accustomed to a royal prism, which could not detect in a republic the tints of the rainbow, nor the gaudy colors reflected through such a medium, have voted us unsightly. Their glass has had the virtue of a powerful lens, in magnifying the roughness and distorting the agreeable forms which lie upon the social surface. But, after all, need the truth be suppressed? Can it be denied that some of the sons of liberty are distinguished by an air of independence, not to say a certain swagger, which does not display its effects in the most captivating mode. The sense of freedom indeed betrays itself in uncouth and grotesque forms; often amusing, and sometimes ridiculous. The anecdotes related by the Duke of Saxe Weimar, partake of this mingled yarn. These burning lights of independence

—‘love their land because it is *their own*,  
And scorn to give aught *other* reason why;  
Would shake hands with a king upon his throne,  
And think it kindness to his majesty.’

But say what we will, reason as we may, this important demeanor, this rude exhibition of the sense of liberty, seems to be a natural process in the operation of popular ideas; and springs from elements which, in a republic, it would hardly be safe to suppress or control. An eminent American, now resident at Paris, perceives in the lower classes of the inhabitants less of that pliant ductility which formerly marked every order of Frenchmen. Something, said Burke, must be pardoned to the spirit of liberty.

The greatness of the change which has been effected in the popular manners, may be understood, by comparing the shame-faced and retiring Englishmen of Canada, with the upright mien and lofty port of the free-born citizens of the United States:

‘Men whose stately tread  
Brings from the dust the sound of liberty.’

Without manufactures, without commerce, and overwhelmed by nearly the whole force of that pernicious and inhuman traffic of the mother country, which, while it desolated Africa, has perpetuated injustice here, our manners and our fortunes were alike provincial. Canada enjoys many advantages, and is exempted from various burthens, to which we were exposed by the prevalence of a less liberal and enlightened policy. The people were ambitious of grandeur, without the means of supporting it. They longed for the artificial distinctions of the old world. They sympathized in its feelings, adopted its sentiments, and imitated its example. All these are now only the dim and shadowy pageants of the past; the reminiscences of a day which belongs to history.

In a country of such vast geographical extent, the most striking differences of character and custom must prevail. The two extremes of society, at the east and the west, are distinguished by opposing contrarieties. In the west, an English traveller thus writes to his correspondent of an evening party: ‘We have just returned,’ says he, ‘from an American ball, *‘fatigued with impertinence, and wet with spittle.’* Highly wrought and fanciful as the description may appear, we recognise in it such a likeness to the original as belongs

to extravagant caricature. The lineaments of the picture may be true, but the coloring is gross. I shall not stay to describe the social peculiarities of our *oriental* countrymen. The east must indeed be a hard subject, which could catch no roseate hue from that pencil whose creations decked in fanciful splendor even the sorry realities of the islands of Loo Choo. Such pictures of the national habits remind one of the portraiture given of Muscat, by a British officer, as depicted by Sir John Malcom, in his sketches of Persia. The ship having touched at Muscat, the commander called for the account which each officer was required, by a rule of the admiralty, to give of the people, when a reluctant tar presented the following graphic delineation: '*The inhabitants of Muscat. — As for manners, they have none; and their customs are very beastly.*'

Without discussing the social diversities which prevail in different parts of the confederacy, I will seize upon features which are common alike to all. We may discern in the somewhat rugged outlines of the social landscape, one gentler spot upon which the eye may rest with pleasure. It is a trait in the American character, which belongs rather to a chivalric and poetic, than to a plodding and commercial, age. Let the boorish German and the selfish Briton complain of the inconveniences and privations which it imposes. Let the great champion of female rights herself inveigh against its influence upon the sex, while she felt, at every step of her American pilgrimage, its humanizing effects. It is too nearly connected with manly virtue and native generosity, ever to be lost or neglected. I allude to the respect which, in America, is ever and at all times paid to *woman*. The American will cherish this spirit of courtesy, as a distinctive quality, as a noble characteristic. Without aspiring to the extravagant romance of Sir Philip Sydney's Arcadia, he may be ever ready to contend, with generous ardor, for the rights and honor of his countrywomen.

With many estimable points in the national manners, it cannot be denied that our vainglory and impatience under censure are excessive. The gibes of a vulgar Englishman inflict as much pain as if they were the offspring of correct judgment, and informed criticism. It is said that certain medals and dull jests, invented by the United Provinces against Louis XIV., led to the celebrated expedition of that monarch, in 1672; and had nearly been the cause of their ruin. The United States may instance more dull jests from British tourists than Louis had to complain of. But thanks to their sharp-sighted and active ill nature, we have been made to perceive peculiarities and imperfections in our social state, of which we had not before discovered the existence.

America has nothing so much to avoid, as the adoption of modes unsuited to her habits, and uncongenial with her situation; modes which are recommended by no taste, but that arbitrary one which depends upon the ever-changing and capricious mutability of foreign fashion. That system of society is always the most agreeable, which springs out of *circumstances*, and is the natural and unforced growth of the soil in which it flourishes. To all cavillers at the peculiarities of our social state, let us at least be able to make one reply, *that it is our own*. Let it have the merit of reflecting the true condition of the national mind; let it be devoid of false or fanciful pre-



tensions. While this system is polished to the highest refinement of which social intercourse is capable, LET IT BE AMERICAN. As a nation, we have a *right* to this system. It forms a part of that conquest which was achieved at the revolution; it belongs to our individuality; it springs from our independence.

If we go beyond the surface of the American character, an unrestrained impetuosity of action is discoverable. We perceive this feature in the destructive fury of an excited multitude, in the frequent commission of passionate homicide, and the still more frequent occurrence of the duel, that shocking relic of an unenlightened age. Causes greatly inadequate, and often frivolous, have led to such disasters. But what shall we say to a fatal rencontre with Bowie knives, in the very hall of a state legislature, and the deadly use of the rifle, by members of Congress? Such enormities do deeper injury to republican institutions, and more vitally affect the national character, than the wittiest sarcasm against the homeliness of our domestic society.

It is much to be regretted, that a practice so repugnant to every principle of sound ethics and good citizenship, is not branded with indelible odium. But it cannot be concealed, that while a mortal rencounter is deplored, and the survivor is execrated, the man who declines a challenge is persecuted as unmanly, and charged with cowardice. But we need not despair. The *moral* as well as the literary schoolmaster is abroad: Mobs and duels cannot withstand the potency of his influence. The force of opinion, that tremendous engine, which, in this country, overpowers every opposing element, is rousing from its torpor, to a just appreciation of their evils. It will speak with a voice which cannot be silenced, when the excitements which have agitated the popular wave shall have subsided, and party spirit shall repose from its load of violence and crimination.

One of the effects of universal liberty is, to make every man a politician, since each citizen forms a part of the state. As politics is the great highway of honor, all are ambitious of entering it. In this crowd, the high and the low, if such a classification be admitted, are jostling each other. Here no illustrious alliance can promote the success of a candidate. Here no one

‘Stands for fame on his forefathers’ feet,  
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet.’

No patent of nobility is recognised, except that which has been conferred by bountiful nature, with the great seal appendant of moral and intellectual superiority.

A contest in which a nation at large form the judges, must be as public as the tribunal which pronounces the decree. Hence oratory, of a certain order, is cultivated throughout the republic. So universal is this *cacæthes loquendi*, that we have been called ‘a nation of talkers.’ The stripling just emerging from college, the mechanic fresh from his labor, the man of science forgetting his laboratory, and the artist abandoning his easel and his studio, have been known to pay to this object a temporary devotion.

But what is the kind of cultivation which an art so much practised receives? Does the oratorical aspirant, like Demosthenes, form his manner and fashion his style by the diligent study and frequent



transcription of a great model? Does he, like Cicero, deem it necessary to be accomplished in all the polite and elegant learning of the age? No! The preparation which *he* requires, is the art of juggling the multitude; the beach before which he practises his frothy declamation, is a roaring and tumultuous town meeting. The empty diffusiveness, no less than the general inelegance, of our declaimers, is a theme of standing reproach. :

‘To *thump*, NOT REASON, their whole force they bend,  
And all their sense is at their *fingers’ end*.’

Louis XII. was once heard to complain, that the cause of his growing gray, was the long-winded speeches to which he had been doomed to listen. If long speeches may produce such an effect, the American nation should be the most grisly people under the sun. Our senators and legislators, our convention-men and judges, our jurors, and the sovereign people themselves, should all be as hoary as badgers. Unmeaning verbiage and idle circumlocution are the crying evils of the land. But let it not be forgotten, that amid this profusion of windy haranguers, we may name an Ames, a Patrick Henry, a Pinckney, a Wirt, beside many illustrious contemporaries, as worthy of proud niches in the great temple of oratory; men who, by the commanding power and brilliancy of their eloquence, would confer honor upon any nation of ancient or modern times.

It was not likely that a society composed of such men as emigrated to this country, would long permit science to be in its cradle. Every thing around them, indeed, invited to practical labor. The deep forests and the glassy streams spoke a language which could not be misunderstood. But no sooner had the austerities of nature assumed the more pleasing garb of cultivation, and were made capable of ministering to convenience, than money gave up to science a part of that dominion which she had previously enjoyed. Over this little principality, the powers of theology and verse disputed for a time the palm of empire. The rule which theology asserted, was marked by copious effusions of ink, if not of blood. A close and cautious spirit of investigation succeeded. We are indebted to this spirit for such a benefactor as Godfrey. To this, and the superadded impulsion of a subsequent age, we are to ascribe a Rittenhouse and a Franklin; men whom no situation but that in which they were placed, and no institutions but those of America, could have fostered and formed. The genius of these men bore upon it the impress of their birth-place. The authors of the planetarian and electricity, not to mention the maxims of Poor Richard, were the spontaneous growth of the American soil, cherished and nurtured by the genial spirit of our home-bred institutions. But apart from physical science, nature had placed before the learned of America a subject of inquiry peculiarly its own. The minds of antiquarians were called into action respecting the antiquities and former condition of the American continent. They were to explore the descent, languages, and original state, of that remarkable race whom our ancestors found in possession of this country. Nature herself had committed this subject to our assiduity and care. As oppression and rapacity were

fast hurrying this devoted race into the grave, it became us, as an intellectual nation, at least to gather the scattered and mutilated fragments of their history, so as to inscribe upon their tomb an intelligent epitaph. Without disparagement to the learned labors of a Bartram, the writers of the *Mithridates*, a Heckwelder, a Pickering, a Cass, a Schoolcraft, and a Gallatin, it may be said that it was reserved for a venerable citizen of Philadelphia to penetrate the labyrinths of this intricate subject; and by it, to add one of the brightest leaves to the American bays.

In the department of polite and elegant literature, native genius has imparted celebrity to spots, even in the new world of America. The original genius of Cooper, the inimitable pen of Irving, the beautiful page of Bryant, have made the scenes of their descriptions classic ground. Bancroft and Sparks are doing for our history and historical names, what those are achieving in the walks of external society and external nature. We are not old enough to point the literary pilgrim to the mouldering tombs of a Westminster Abbey. The axe with which our forests have been felled, is still in the hands of the wood-chopper. His sturdy strokes may almost be heard amid the noise of our cities, which they have so lately contributed to build. They are only silenced by the greater din of busy life, which exigency or enterprise has called into being, in spots where nature reigned in majestic wildness and primeval solitude. But young as is the country, in its physical state, the materials are at hand to form a system of literature, which shall at once be new and improved.

A national literature does not imply an abandonment of those masters of the human heart, who have traced, with pencils of genius and truth, the great features of human nature. The literature of Rome, embellished and refined, while it *imitated*, that of Greece. The polite learning of modern Europe is largely indebted to both, for its elegance and nature. Pope and Thomson are suns formed by the converging rays of less distinguished luminaries. Genius cannot be impaired of its gifts, by pondering the fair forms which genius itself has created. The fire which was lighted by Prometheus, may be kept alive by the torches of Homer and Virgil, of Milton and Shakspeare. America owes it to herself and to mankind, that her system of letters should be *her own*. As a mirror, it should reflect American manners; it should embody American ideas; it should inculcate those great principles of social morality, upon which man must depend for his advancement and perfection.

But however learning and genius have added to the national fame, partiality itself must admit, that little active aid has been contributed from the public bounty. Astronomical science yet asks for an observatory, and the national library languishes for want of encouragement. When we compare the pigmy collections of Philadelphia and Cambridge, the largest libraries in this country, with the magnificent cabinets of Paris, Vienna, London, and many others, it need not be concealed, that the national pride receives a wound. In the various departments of history, except domestic, modern literature and science, our collections do not embrace all which the wants of the learned student demand. The life of Columbus, by Irving, a work destined to imperishable fame, could not, from the absence of

materials, have been written in America. Mr. Wheaton could not have brought to completion his learned and elegant history of the Northmen, except in Europe. The admirable work on Ferdinand and Isabella, by Mr. Prescott, though written on this side of the Atlantic, was chiefly dependant for its materials on the other.

The library of Philadelphia is upward of a century old. Its late highly intelligent librarian\* computes the present number of volumes at 46,000 ; a number exceeding, it is true, any other library on this side of the Atlantic, but not commensurate with the growing wants of the literature and science of the city. The Royal Library of Paris, less than half a century ago, numbered only 80,000 printed volumes and mss. It now presents, in its totality, upward of 700,000 volumes. The British Museum, founded long since the establishment of the Philadelphia Library, now amounts to 240,000 volumes. The value of a library, it is true, does not depend upon its numerical superiority alone ; but there is no doubt, from the bibliographical knowledge which guards the Royal Library of Paris, and the British Museum, that the excellence of their *contents* is in proportion to their number.

It becomes a wise and enlightened people, intent upon a high destiny, to adopt the means necessary to subserve it. It was one evidence of decay, that in a luxurious age of the Roman empire, the reading of Roman senators was confined to Marius Maximus and Juvenal. In a country in which native energy has not been debilitated by luxury ; where mind, untrammelled, roves with perpetual activity, explores new regions of thought, and penetrates new sources of truth and intelligence ; where every man is a reader, and all have a keen appetite for knowledge ; the means should be multiplied commensurately with its importance and necessity. Without dwelling longer upon a theme which might be amplified by so many reflections, it is enough to say, that no act would confer *higher literary glory upon the United States*, than adding to the treasures of its public library. The government of France requires a copy to be deposited in the Royal Library of every work which is issued from the press, throughout the kingdom. A similar regulation obtains in Austria and Russia, for the benefit of the royal libraries of Vienna and St. Petersburg. From the operation of so wise and salutary a provision, these libraries are monuments of honor and renown to those despotic nations. The British Museum, which has proved, in England, the great nursery of merit, the light of genius, the ladder to eminence, has been fostered by the same liberality, aided by the direct munificence of the sovereign. Congress has already purchased the papers of Washington and Madison. It could present adequate inducements to private persons for the opening of their private cabinets, in which are deposited those documents which are so material to illustrate our national history, and transmit our national fame. It could enact a law similar to those which aug-

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\* GEORGE CAMPBELL, Esq., whose integrity of character and scrupulous accuracy in regard to facts, have gained for him as deserved a name, as his high repute in bibliography. This gentleman was librarian of the Philadelphia Library for twenty-three years, during the whole of which time he attended the library regularly six days in the week, and was never once absent from his post.

ment the libraries of France and England, Austria and Russia. It could enrich the present collection by a purchase now offered to its acceptance, of the greatest treasure of one of the greatest biblioplists of this bibliothecal age.

But the principle adopted at the revolution has not merely produced a *superficial* change in the manners of the people. It has not only imparted a new complexion to literature, and given a new impulse to science. Its effects are deeper and more pervading. An idea so highly deemed, one which has been preserved from age to age, though occasionally obscured by unpropitious accidents, should be distinguished by benefits corresponding to its high estimation. In another and concluding number, we shall take a rapid glance at the blessings it has conferred, and trace its extended and manifold agency in our own and in distant lands.

#### D A R K N E S S .

DARKNESS, I love thee! — when the last faint beam  
Of day hath faded from the summer sky,  
How sweet to wander by some gentle stream,  
While all around Night's sable shadows lie,  
And catch the plashing of a distant oar;  
To hear faint voices borne upon the wind,  
And gaze far on, nor view the verdant shore,  
That boat, those voices, scarce have left behind!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the sudden swell  
Of music bursts on the enraptured ear,  
And chains the spirit with a mystic spell,  
Like sounds unearthly from some hallowed sphere;  
We turn to look upon a fair young brow,  
Shaded with sunny tresses; on a cheek  
Flush'd with deep feeling; and what meets us now?  
Sadness, and darkness, for the form we seek!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the lightning plays  
Through cloud-piled masses with a lurid glare,  
Flash following flash, in one bright liquid blaze,  
While peals of thunder shake the troubled air:  
And when, like infant on its mother's breast,  
Who sobs to sleep, its gust of passion o'er,  
The storm is gone, and winds and waves at rest,  
I love thee then as dearly as before!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the full heart thrills  
With untold rapture — power of utterance gone;  
Tear after tear, the downcast eyelid fills,  
Flush after flush comes mantling, and alone  
With one loved being, with whose destiny  
Ours is close link'd — no sight, no sound  
Breaks on the stillness; yet we feel an eye  
Beams on us, in whose life our own is bound!

Darkness, I love thee! — when the midnight hour  
Tells that thy reign too soon will pass away;  
When hearts are bared before that unseen Power,  
Too oft forgotten 'mid the light of day;  
And as the rushing memories come back,  
Of days, and hopes, and friends, I long  
To soar away to yon bright star-lit track,  
Whose glories, Darkness, round thy pathway throng!

J. C.

## A SCENE IN RUSSIA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN ARABIA PETRÆA AND THE HOLY LAND.'

## GREAT FÊTE AT PETERHOFF.

THE whole population of Petersburg was in motion, on the day appointed for the great fête at Peterhoff. It was expected, that the entertainment would be more than usually splendid, on account of the presence of the Queen of Holland, then on a visit to her sister the empress; and at an early hour the splendid equipages of the nobility, carriages, droskeys, telegas, and carts, were hurrying along the banks of the Neva, while steam-boats, sail-boats, row-boats, and craft of every description, were gliding on the bosom of the river.

As the least trouble, we chose a steam-boat, and at twelve o'clock embarked at the English Quay. The boat was crowded with passengers, and among them was an old English gentleman, a merchant of thirty years' standing in St. Petersburg. I soon became acquainted with him, how I do not know, and his lady told me, that the first time I passed them, she remarked to her husband that I was an American. A lady made the same remark to me at Smyrna. Without knowing exactly how to understand it, I mention it as a fact, showing the nice discrimination acquired by persons in the habit of seeing travellers from different countries. Before landing, the old gentleman told me that his boys had gone down in a pleasure-boat, abundantly provided with materials, and asked me to go on board and lunch with them, which, upon the invitation being extended to my friend, I accepted.

Peterhoff is about twenty-five versts from St. Petersburg, and the whole bank of the Neva on that side is adorned with palaces and beautiful summer residences of the Russian seigneurs. It stands at the mouth of the Neva, on the borders of the Gulf of Finland. Opposite is the city of Cronstadt, the seaport of St. Petersburg, and the anchorage of the Russian fleet. It was then crowded with merchant ships of every nation, with flags of every color streaming from their spars, in honor of the day. On landing, we accompanied our new friends, and found 'the boys,' three fine young fellows just growing up to manhood, in a handsome little pleasure-boat, with a sail arranged as an awning, waiting for their parents. We were introduced and received with open arms, and sat down to a cold collation, in good old English style, at which, for the first time since I left home, I fastened upon an old-fashioned sirloin of roast beef. It was a delightful meeting for me. The old people talked to me about my travels, and the old lady particularly, with almost a motherly interest in a straggling young man, inquired about my parents, brothers and sisters, etc.; and I made my way with the frank-hearted 'boys,' by talking 'boat.' Altogether, it was a regular home family scene; and, after the lunch, we left the old people under the awning, promising to return at nine o'clock for tea, and with 'the boys' set off to view the fête.

From the time when we entered the grounds, until we left, at one

o'clock the next morning, the whole was a fairy scene. The grounds extended some distance along the shore, and the palace stands on an embankment, perhaps a hundred and fifty feet high, commanding a full view of the Neva, Cronstadt, with its shipping, and the Gulf of Finland. We followed along the banks of a canal, five hundred yards long, bordered by noble trees. On each side of the canal were large wooden frames, about sixty feet high, filled with glass lamps for the illumination; and at the foot of each was another high frame-work, with lamps, forming, among other things, the arms of Russia, the double-headed eagle, and under it a gigantic star, thirty or forty feet in diameter. At the head of the canal was a large basin of water, and in the centre of the basin stood a colossal group in brass, of a man tearing open the jaws of a rampant lion; and out of the mouth of the lion rushed a jet d'eau, perhaps one hundred and fifty feet high. On each side of this basin, at a distance of about three hundred feet, was a smaller basin, with a jet d'eau in each, about half its height, and all around were jets d'eaux, of various kinds, throwing water vertically and horizontally; among them I remember a figure larger than life, leaning forward in the attitude of a man throwing the discus, with a powerful stream of water rushing from his clinched fist. These basins were at the foot of the embankment on which stands the palace. In the centre was a broad flight of steps leading to the palace, and on each side was a continuous range of marble slabs, to the top of the hill, over which poured down a sheet of water, the slabs being placed so high and far apart as to allow lamps to be arranged behind the water. All over, along the public walks, and in retired alcoves, were frames hung with lamps; and every where, under the trees and on the open lawn, were tents of every size and fashion, beautifully decorated; many of them, oriental in style and elegance, were fitted up as places of refreshment. Thousands of people, dressed in their best attire, were promenading the grounds, but there were no vehicles, until, in turning a point, we espied, at some distance up an avenue, and coming quietly toward us, a plain open carriage, with two horses and two English jockey outriders, in which were a gentleman and lady, whom, without the universal taking off of hats around us, I recognised at once as the emperor and empress. I am not apt to be carried away by any profound admiration for royalty, but, without consideration of their rank, I never saw a finer specimen of true gentility; in fact, he looked every inch a king, and she was my beau ideal of a queen, in appearance and manners. They bowed as they passed, and, as I thought, being outside of the line of Russians, and easily recognised as a stranger, their courtesy was directed particularly to me; but I found that my companion took it very much to himself, and no doubt every long-bearded Russian near us did the same. In justice to myself, however, I may almost say that I had a conversation with the emperor; for although his imperial highness did not speak to me, he spoke in a language which none but I (and the queen and his jockey outriders) understood; for, waving his hand to them, I heard him say in English, 'To the right.' After this interview with his majesty, we walked up to the palace. The splendid regiments of cavalier guards were drawn up around it, every private carrying



himself like a prince ; and I did not admire all his palaces, nor hardly his queen, so much as this splendid body of armed followers. Behind the palace is a large plain, cut up into gravel-walks, having, in one place, a basin of water, with water-works of various kinds, among which were some of peculiar beauty, falling in the form of a semi-globe.

A little before dark, we retired to a refectory under a tent, until the garden was completely lighted up, that we might have the full effect of the illumination at one coup d'œil ; and, when we went out, the dazzling brilliancy of the scene within the semi-circular illumination around the water-works, was beyond description. This semi-circular frame-work enclosed, in a large sweep, the three basins, and terminated at the embankment in which the palace stands, presenting all around an immense fiery scroll in the air, sixty or eighty feet high, and filled with all manner of devices ; and for its back-ground a broad sheet of water, falling over a range of steps, with lighted lamps behind it, forming an illuminated cascade, while the basins were blazing with the light thrown upon them from myriads of lamps, and the colossal figures, of a reddened and unearthly hue, were spouting columns of water into the air. More than two hundred thousand people were supposed to be assembled in the garden, in every variety of gay, brilliant, and extraordinary costume. St. Petersburg was half depopulated, and thousands of peasants were assembled from the neighboring provinces. I was accidentally separated from all my companions ; and, alone among thousands, sat down on the grass, and for an hour watched the throng passing through the illuminated circle, and ascending the broad steps leading toward the palace. Among all this immense crowd there was no rabble ; not a dress that could offend the eye ; but intermingled with the ordinary costumes of Europeans were the Russian shop-keeper, with his long surtout, his bell-crowned hat, and solemn beard ; Cossacks, and Circassian soldiers, and Calmuc Tartars, and cavalier guards ; hussars, with the sleeves of their rich jackets dangling loose over their shoulders, tossing plumes, and helmets glittering with steel, intermingled throughout with the gay dresses of ladies, while near me, and, like me, carelessly stretched on the grass, under the light of thousands of lamps, was a group of peasants from Finland, fiddling and dancing ; the women, with light hair, bands around their heads, and long jackets enwrapping their square forms, and the men with long great-coats, broad-brimmed hats, and a bunch of shells in front.

Leaving this brilliant scene, I joined the throng on the steps, and by the side of a splendid hussar, stooping his manly figure to whisper in the ears of a lovely girl, I ascended to the palace, and presented my ticket of admission to the Bal Masqué, so called from their being on masks there. I had not been presented at court, and consequently, had only admission to the outer apartments with the people. I had, however, the range of a succession of splendid rooms, richly decorated with vases and tazzas of precious stones, candelabras, couches, ottomans, superb mirrors, and inlaid floors, and the centre room, extending several hundred feet in length, had its lofty walls covered to the very ceilings with portraits of all the female beauties in Russia, about eighty years ago. I was about being tired of gazing



at these pictures of long-sleeping beauties, when the great doors at one end were thrown open, and the emperor and empress, attended by the whole court, passed through, on their way to the banqueting-hall. Although I had been in company with the emperor before, in the garden, and though I had taken off my hat to the empress, both passed without recognising me. The court at St. Petersburg is admitted to be the most brilliant in Europe; the dresses of the members of the diplomatic corps, and the uniforms of the general and staff officers, being really magnificent, while those of the ladies sparkled with jewels. Beside the emperor and empress, the only acquaintance I recognised in that constellation of brilliantly-dressed people, were Mr. Wilkins and Mr. Clay, who, for republicans, made a very fair blaze. I saw them enter the banqueting-hall, painted in oriental style to represent a tent, and might have had the pleasure of seeing the emperor and empress and all that brilliant collection eat; but, turning away from a noise that destroyed much of the illusion, viz., the clatter of knives and forks, and a little piqued at the cavalier treatment I had received from the court circles, I went out on the balcony and soliloquized, 'Fine feathers make fine birds;' but look back a little, ye dashing cavaliers and supercilious ladies! In the latter part of the seventeenth century, a French traveller in Russia wrote that 'most men treat their wives as a necessary evil, regarding them with a proud and stern eye, and even beating them after.\*' Dr. Collins, physician to the Czar in 1670, as an evidence of the progress of civilization in Russia, says, that the custom of tying up wives by the hair of the head, and flogging them, begins to be left off; accounting for it, however, by the prudence of parents, who made a stipulative provision in the marriage contract, that their daughters were not to be whipped, struck, 'kicked, etc. But even in this improved state of society, one man 'put upon his wife a shirt dipped in ardent spirits, and burnt her to death,' and was not punished, there being, according to the doctor, 'no punishment in Russia for killing a wife or a slave.' When no provision was made in the marriage contract, he says, they were accustomed to discipline their wives very severely. At the marriage the bridegroom had a whip in one boot, and a jewel in the other, and the poor girl tried her fortune by choosing. 'If she happens upon the jewel,' says another traveller, 'she is lucky; but if on the whip, she gets it.' The bridegroom rarely saw his companion's face till after the marriage, when, it is said, 'if she be ugly, she pays for it soundly, may be the first time he sees her.' Ugliness being punished with the whip, the women painted to great excess; and a traveller in 1636 saw the grand duchess and her ladies on horseback, astride, 'most wickedly bepainted.' The day after a lady had been at an entertainment, the hostess was accustomed to ask how she got home; and the polite answer was, 'your ladyship's hospitality made me so tipsy, that I don't know how I got home.' And for the climax of their barbarity — it can scarcely be believed, but it is recorded as a fact — the women did not begin to wear stays till the beginning of the present century!

\* THE agreeable author of 'Sketches in Paris' informs us, that a Russian wife, when the husband neglects to beat her for a month or two, becomes alarmed at his indifference!

EDS. KNICKERBOCKER.

Soothed by these rather ill-natured reflections, I turned to the illuminated scene, and the thronging thousands below, descended once more to the garden, passed down the steps, worked my way through the crowd, and fell into a long avenue, like all the rest of the garden, brilliantly lighted, but entirely deserted. At the end of the avenue, I came to an artificial lake, opposite which was a small square two-story cottage, being the old residence of Peter the Great, the founder of all the magnificence of Peterhoff. It was exactly in the style of our ordinary country houses, and the furniture was of a simplicity that contrasted strangely with the surrounding splendor. The door opened into a little hall, in which were two old-fashioned Dutch mahogany tables, with oval leaves, legs tapering and enlarging at the feet into something like a horse-shoe; just such a table as every one may remember in his grandfather's house, and recalling to mind the simpler style of our own country, some thirty or forty years ago. In a room on one side was the old Czar's bed, a low, broad wooden bedstead, with a sort of canopy over it, the covering of the canopy and the coverlet being of striped calico; the whole house, inside and out, was hung with lamps, illumining it with a glare that was almost distressing, contrasted with the simplicity of Peter's residence; and, as if to give greater contrast to this simplicity, while I was standing in the door of the hall, I saw roll by me, in splendid equipages, the emperor and empress, with the whole of the brilliant court which I had left in the banqueting hall, now making a tour of the gardens. The carriages were all of one pattern, long, hung low, without any tops, and somewhat like our omnibuses, except that, instead of seats being on one side, there was a partition in the middle, not higher than the back of a sofa, with large seats like sofas on each side, on which the company sat in a row, with their backs to each other; in front was a high and large box for the coachman, and a footman behind. It was so light that I could distinguish the faces of every gentleman and lady as they passed; and there was something so unique in the exhibition, that, with the splendor of the court dresses, it seemed the climax of the brilliant scenes at Peterhoff. I followed them with my eyes till they were out of sight, gave one more look to the modest pillow on which old Peter reposed his careworn head, and at about one o'clock in the morning left the garden. A frigate brilliantly illuminated was firing a salute, the flash of her guns lighting up the dark surface of the water, as I embarked on board the steam-boat. At two o'clock, the morning twilight was like that of day; at three o'clock, I was at my hotel, and probably at ten minutes past, asleep.

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#### A SKETCH.

SHE smiled in death, and still her cold, pale face  
Retains that smile; as when a waveless lake,  
In which the wintry stars all bright appear,  
Is sheeted by a nightly frost with ice,  
Still it reflects the face of heaven unchanged,  
Unruffled by the breeze or sweeping blast.

## SUMMER MORNING.

Go forth, thou care-worn man,  
And roam the woods once more,  
The forest pathway tread,  
And by the lake's calm shore;  
Forget thy boarded gold,  
Thou reckless man of sin,  
And let this summer morning  
A short-lived homage win.

Go forth, thou sinless child,  
With that archly-beaming eye,  
Shout forth thy buoyant gladness,  
And nature will reply;  
Thy favorite brook is trilling  
A mirthful glee to-day,  
And countless voices calling,  
'Forth to the woods, away!'

Go forth, thou maiden fair,  
Where glides the peaceful stream,  
Where woodland flow'rs are springing,  
A waking vision dream;  
O joy that never wearies!  
On thy lover thou art dwelling;  
Thy deeply-shrouded secret  
That blush is boldly telling.

Go forth, aspiring youth,  
To ponder daring schemes;  
Thou wilt come yet once again,  
To mourn those fatal dreams;  
And marvel thou couldst leave  
Yon sweet secluded glen,  
To win the phantom glory,  
Among thy fellow men.

Go forth, thou languid form,  
Thou who art doomed to die,  
Whose fate is written on that flush,  
And in that glassy eye;  
Go forth, and once again  
Revel in this pure air;  
Unconscious of the future,  
Pour forth a hopeful prayer.

And thou, whose poet's soul  
Worships each dale and wood,  
Thy airy visions weave  
In yon sweet solitude;  
Though counsel'd by the wise  
And cold to shun such lure,  
O, keep that inner fount  
Of thought and feeling pure!

A. E.

## PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.

## A TREATISE FOR THE TIMES.

## PART TWO.

THE capital source of by far the greatest part of the poverty and unhappiness of all civilized countries, arises from the waste made by the rich of their revenues on that which is not wealth, and which affords no gratification that a reasonable being ought not to be ashamed of; and the poor labor to produce that which is not wealth, which adds nothing to the common stock of good and useful things, from which the wants of rich and poor alike are supplied, but which serves only to degrade and ruin the fashionable class, and all other classes, in the degree in which they follow their example. To form some estimate of the loss society suffers from this misemployment of revenue and labor, it is necessary to recur to an elementary principle of political economy.

Why are cotton fabrics so much cheaper than they were forty years ago? The answer is ready with every body. Through the means of improved machinery, more productive power has been brought to bear upon the manufacture. The product has been multiplied almost beyond calculation. Its price has fallen in some proportion to the additional power which has been brought to the aid of the manufacturer. The fabric is more plenty. Its use is enjoyed by millions who could not before afford the expense. Every other useful product is subject to the same law. Now, whatever amount

of labor and capital is expended in the production and purchase of useless things, is so much withdrawn from the beneficial industry of a nation. Its effect is equivalent to what would follow the breaking up of a corresponding number of cotton-spinning machines, or rather their perversion to the use of some manufacture quite destitute of intrinsic value, and too expensive for most people to buy. The substantial wealth and comfort of the people suffers a dead loss, to the full amount of the good things that might be produced by the labor and capital thrown away. The useless labor expended on some article of short-lived, fashionable finery, would have sufficed to produce a number of articles of durable use, both to the rich and the poor.

This double fault of the consumers and producers of wealth, deserves to be examined a little more particularly. Much of the vulgar finery, and other useless things, paid for by all classes, and especially by the fashionable rich, require in their production a degree of skill beyond that of the great body of artizans. Ten times more is paid by a class of wealthy people; (we use the terms 'rich' and 'wealthy,' in their popular sense, not that we think they are rightly used; we maintain that at least ninety-nine hundredths of mankind are *poor*, destitute of a thousand useful and elegant things, which they *ought* to have, because they *might* have;) but some among those who pass for rich, we say, pay ten times more for articles of rare and curious workmanship, and some empty and frivolous enjoyments, than for the really useful, and often more *beautiful* products, to which the skill of the majority of workmen is equal. The consequence is, that this class of people do very little by their expenditure to support useful industry. They pay thousands to a celebrated dancer, or the artificer of some rare finery in dress and furniture; but have often less than their less wealthy neighbors to pay to the creators of those useful and permanently valuable things, on which the welfare and improvement of society depend.

Those who defend the production and use of every variety of frivolous luxuries, on the assumption that it is necessary to afford employment to the poor, would have a good foundation for their argument, if all the *actual wants* of people were supplied, and every commendable desire furnished with ample means for its gratification. If we had every desirable comfort in our houses, good and fine gardens, green houses; libraries well selected, and well read, cabinets of minerals, and other specimens in natural history; good school-houses, and school-masters, paid as gentlemen in an important learned profession ought to be; servants suitably employed, well paid, and contented; if we were supplied with all these, and innumerable other things which minister to the comfort, the real happiness and dignity of man, and if there were any poor people still unemployed, it would then be time, if we could find nothing better for them to do, to employ them in making that species of fashionable finery for which some people, who *might* be independent, pay out the largest half of their incomes; or, as Mr. Sedgwick would say, set them to blowing soap-bubbles. The question is, not whether we shall expend our money for frivolous luxuries, or let the producers of those luxuries starve, but whether we shall gratify a distempered vanity at the

cost of depriving ourselves of actual comforts, and a number of permanently useful and elegant fabrics ; or, by the purchase of useful things, encourage that kind of industry which is worthy of men, and discourage that which tends to make them slaves.

If, indeed, the question were between hoarding wealth, as misers, (a description of maniacs, we may hope, extinct in this country, at least,) and expending it under the dispensation of fashion, it would need but little intelligence to vote for the latter abuse. Better the heaps of the miser were distributed by any means, short of plunder, than to remain buried.

It is true, the revenues of the rich cannot contribute to the support of the laboring poor, unless they are consumed in some way, productively or unproductively. If unproductive consumption is preferred, there is still a choice to be made between transient gratifications and frivolous toys, and those things which render comfortable, adorn, and dignify human life. In either case, a product of human labor is paid for ; the latter are the products of that kind of labor which is beneficial to all classes of mankind ; the former, of that kind of labor which tends to the poverty of the greater part, and the debasement of all. But if productive consumption is preferred, these results follow : The revenue becomes capital, and yields an interest or profit to its owner ; a more respectable satisfaction than is procured by some kinds of unproductive consumption. This capital creates a demand for labor, and tends to raise wages ; it extends and facilitates industry, and cheapens its products. On such grounds as these, Adam Smith pronounces every careful and frugal person to be a benefactor to society. The position of Malthus, Chalmers, etc., that production, and consequently the demand for capital, must find, if it has not already found, a limit in the inability of purchasers, is opposed to plain fact. The owners of this capital, and they whose industry it puts in motion, are themselves the purchasers, the consumers, for they comprise the whole of mankind ; the lenders of money, and other property ; the managers, the workmen, the learned professions, and public functionaries, who all, if they are honest, work to a good purpose, with their hands, or heads, or capital. They are all producers, and they all purchase one another's products. Every description of buying and selling is only a way of exchanging the product of one kind of labor for the product of some other kind. The doctrine, if it means any thing, then, amounts to this : that, if the different classes of producers produce too many of their several kinds of valuable things, they will be no longer able to purchase, for want of wherewithal to pay ! We should suppose, however, that the owner of one hundred hats, and the owner of a hundred pair of boots, were in as good a condition for driving a bargain, as the owners respectively of one hat and one pair of boots. And though the amount of hats and boots that can be profitably produced, must be always limited by the number of heads and feet, there is a multitude of other valuable and beautiful products, the demand for which is subject to no such limitation.

As we have no reason to suppose that industry will ever be less skilfully applied and less productive than at present, so we have no reason to believe that capital, which is its instrument, will ever

yield a less revenue. In England, notwithstanding the more than tenfold increase of capital, the rate of interest has experienced little if any depreciation since the reign of Queen Anne. In all new countries, money must always bear a high rate of interest, because real estate, the thing which it chiefly represents, experiences, in the progress of settlement and cultivation, a rapid appreciation of value. Interest is the capitalist's share of the profits of business, as wages are the workman's share. Both, as expressed in money, may experience no fluctuation for a series of years; while from the increased efficiency of both agencies, (labor and capital,) all useful products may be greatly cheapened, and the actual rewards of the capitalist and laborer increased in proportion. Such, very nearly, has been the fact for the last fifty years, in the countries where the greatest improvements in the processes of industry have been made. The experience of the past, certainly, no more than the reason of the thing, affords any ground to believe that the indefinite accumulation of capital will be attended necessarily by a diminution of profits or interest. On the contrary, as every variety of productive agency becomes more efficient, when directed by superior knowledge, both experience and reason warrant the conclusion, that capital and industry will be, for an indefinite period, at least, attended by a still improving reward.

And if the world should ever become so densely peopled, that the produce of its soil could feed no additional number of laborers, even this remote event, perhaps, would not prevent an ever-augmenting capital from being vested in an ever-improving machinery to facilitate production. But if all the possible appliances of mechanical power and chemical combination should be carried to the highest possible perfection, and provided in such abundance as to employ all the workmen whom the produce of the earth is capable of sustaining, so that all occasion for the increase of productive investments would be at an end, still there would be no excuse for men expending their revenues or wages on short-lived fashionable luxuries, while the legitimate wants and ennobling desires which demand for their satisfaction an unlimited amount of useful and permanently valuable, and truly beautiful things, still belong to their nature. The important truth will still hold good, that the luxuries which serve only for the vanity of display, or the gratification of low sensuality, must be procured at the sacrifice of real comforts and conveniences; must ever be an exchange of nobler gratifications for meaner ones. By the unchangeable law of man's nature, profusion in that which is not good for him must ever have for its counterpart poverty and destitution, in that which is true wealth.

It may be trite to remark that, as the fitness and beauty of many things depend entirely upon the circumstances of the person using them, so, as comforts and conveniences are multiplied among men, more luxuries in dress, furniture, and equipage, become symmetrical with the economy of life, and add to its beauty. Parts ornamental in a neat and comfortable edifice, would be only grotesque deformities in a cabin or a shed.

What we have said of the principles which should regulate the consumption of those who *are called* rich, 'well-off in the world,' applies of course, with tenfold stress, to those of narrower incomes. That expenditure which is vexation and partial poverty to the for-



mer class, must be ruin, perpetual destitution of necessary things, dependence, and degradation, to the latter.

Lest any should say that we have left too obscure the distinction between what we have called useful things, and things approved by good taste, on the one hand, and frivolous luxuries, useless finery, and ill-judged attempts at elegance, on the other, we observe : that it is neither practicable nor needful to mark the distinction with the accuracy of scientific definition. It is a matter for the discretion and taste of intelligent, reasonable people. Even the devotees of fashion are sensible enough of wants of a more pressing urgency, and wants of a higher dignity, than the factitious, trifling, and sordid ones on which a strange infatuation drives them to expend all their substance.

Before closing, we owe one word to our sense of the beneficial tendency of a more general diffusion of sound elementary treatises of political economy, in imparting a juster sense of the estimation due to all useful employments, however humble they are accounted now ; in showing the true and *only honest way* to wealth ; in leading to a better appreciation of the measures of public administration, touching the revenue, industry, and trade of the country. Among the elementary works on the subject, now in circulation, we are disposed to single out, for especial praise, that of President WAYLAND. We have seen, with high satisfaction, the prospectus of the American Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, that political economy is to occupy a respectable place in their contemplated series of publications. May their noble enterprise, in this and all other things, meet the warm and effective approbation due from an intelligent, patriotic people.

#### JEALOUSY.

'VULNUS ALIT VENIS ET CECO CARPITUR IGNI.'

##### I.

O thou for ever doom'd to prove  
The comrade and the curse of love,  
The bravest thou canst force to yield,  
And pierce them through their very shield.  
Self-pride, of other ills the cure,  
More fatal makes thy shaft, and sure.  
The task thou settest is to guess  
And watch our enemy's success.

##### II.

And what thy wages ? But to know  
The triumph of our deadliest foe ;  
That fatal secret, that, conceal'd,  
Destroy'd our peace, and more, reveal'd :  
Then, goaded on from bad to worse,  
We seek revenge, but find remorse ;  
Remorse—the serpent for the dove—  
The changeling Jealousy for Love !



## PARTING ASPIRATIONS.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIA MANNING PHILLIPS.

THE voice of thy mother be with thee ever,  
 Pitying and faithful, when shadows arise;  
 The smiles of thy father desert thee never,  
 Near be the light of thy sister's eyes:  
 Breathings and blessings of HOME linger o'er thee,  
 Till away from its threshold thy footstep hath passed,  
 Hopes then unfading in beauty before thee,  
 Undimmed and unbroken, enclose thee at last.

Eve to thy chamber descend without sadness,  
 Offering thee only a season of rest;  
 Morning recall thee from visions of gladness,  
 To meet the fresh sunshine, and pray, and be blest.  
 And if mid the halls of the young and gay-hearted,  
 Thou art listening to music or voices of mirth,  
 Be the tears from thy spirit ne'er suddenly started,  
 For that which shall meet thee no more upon earth!

## HANS SWARTZ:

A MARVELLOUS TALE OF MAMAKATING HOLLOW.

WEST of the Shawangunk mountain, lies a sweet valley, in the days of our story called 'Mamakating Hollow.' It diverges from the valley of the Hudson River, at *Æsopus*, and makes its way, like the bed of some ancient stream, in a southerly direction, until it meets the northern line of New-Jersey. It requires but little fancy to conceive, that the Hudson river once ploughed its course through this wonderful ravine, and mingled its waters with those of Delaware Bay. Indeed, were the barrier which fills the northern mouth of the Mamakating Hollow, even now, removed, it might contend with the Highland channel for the honor of conducting to the ocean the rich billows of our northern *Pactolus*. And magnificent as is the Highland scenery, the traveller would lose but little in exchanging it for the stern cliffs of the Shawangunk, which, like a sturdy brother, walks beside this beautiful valley, from her northern to her southern limit.

The judicious descendants of *DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER* were the first to discover and improve this rich alluvial valley, the natural entrance to which is from *Æsopus*. Their farms, some twenty years ago, before turnpike-roads and a canal\* intersected those regions, were stretched across the Hollow from the Shawangunk to the corresponding mountain on the west. They were thus furnished, at either extremity, with woodland and pastures; while the spacious bed between the ridges, varying from two to five miles in width, was a carpeted meadow.

The traveller who sets out in the morning from the beautiful vil-

\* The 'Delaware and Hudson.'

lage of Bloomingburgh, to pursue his journey westward, soon finds himself, by an easy ascent, on the summit of the Shawangunk. Before him will generally be spread an ocean of mist, enveloping and concealing from his view the deep valley and lovely village which lie almost beneath his feet. If he reposes here for a short time, until the vapors are attenuated and broken by the rays of the morning sun, he is astonished to see the abyss before him, deepening and opening on his vision. At length, far down in the newly-revealed region, the sharp white spire of a village church is seen, piercing the incumbent cloud; and as the day advances, a village, with its ranges of bright-colored houses and animated streets, is revealed to the admiring eye. So strange is the process of its development, and so much are the houses diminished by the depth of the ravine, that the traveller can scarcely believe he is not beholding the phantoms of fairy land, or still ranging in those wonderful regions which are unlocked to the mind's eye by the wand of the god of dreams.

But as he descends the western declivity of the mountain, the din of real life rises to greet his ear, and he soon penetrates into the midst of the ancient settlements, of which we have before spoken. The Dutch farmers placed their flat houses near the middle of their farms, with little regard to symmetry or taste in their arrangements. Probably at the time many of these houses were erected, no roads piercing farther into the interior had been laid out. At the date of our story, some enterprising Yankees had cut a straight turnpike-road across the valley, much to the annoyance of its old-fashioned inhabitants; and the wandering tracks by which their farm-houses were connected with this profane channel, resembled, in their angularities and versions, the diagrams of geometry.

Well established in the fattest part of this exuberant valley, lived HANS SWARTZ, one of the patriarchs of the village. His ancestors had been patriarchs time out of mind, and the chimney of his paternal mansion contained certain amorphous masses, which tradition designated as the identical bricks brought by his ancestors from Holland. The house of Hans, covering an immense area, with its roof descending on each side nearly to the ground, resembling one of those homely implements in New-England, 'yclept a hen-coop; his barracks, made of four perpendicular timbers, surmounted by a square, thatched roof, in which he persisted to store his grain and hay, notwithstanding the modern invention of barns; the diverging corn-cribs before his door; the pig-pens in their neighborhood; the grindstone, aviary, and out-door oven, scattered around in mockery of symmetry; all bespoke a man of weight and means, according to the estimation of that day.

Hans, however, had become somewhat degenerate. His wife was of mixed blood; and as a punishment for marrying out of caste, she proved to be a terrible thorn in his side. She exercised a pretty decided supremacy in all matters occurring in her personal presence, for Hans was naturally good-tempered and yielding, and the habit of obedience had become a second nature.

The most severe test of his docility, was on the occasion of interruptions, from his better part, of certain patriarchal levées, which Hans had, from time immemorial, been accustomed to hold at the

door of his mansion. It was his delight, as it had been that of his fathers, to collect around him, on a summer's eve, those who, like himself, loved the cup and a pipe better than hard work. At such times, Hans was in his true glory. Seated in a large chair, upon the step of his door, with the above-mentioned instruments of quiet enjoyment in either hand, he discussed at length the hardships of olden times, the decay of fine horses, the woful laxity of Dutch integrity, and the inroads of the bustling Yankees, to the great edification and enjoyment of his subordinate friends, who, stretched on the seats of turf or slates, on either side, quietly enjoyed the patriarch's discourse and hospitality.

The terrible inroads of Hans' wife had, however, more than once disturbed this quiet, vegetating circle of worthies; insomuch that the most urgent entreaties of Hans, backed by the potent arguments of the bowl, could seldom prevail on his faint-hearted friends to retain their places after the clock had tolled nine.

One summer's eve, surrounded by his obsequious neighbors, Hans had descanted with uncommon felicity of utterance on the woful conflicts of their ancestors with the inconveniences of a new settlement, and his enthusiasm, assisted by an extra bowl, had so engrossed all attention, that the usual hour of departure passed unnoticed. The starting eyes and slobbering mouths of all around him, attested the unusual interest aroused by his narration. Mistress SALLY SWARTZ, or 'Aunt Sorchie,' as the neighbors familiarly called her, had long since put the last child to bed, mended the last stocking, and covered the few dying coals of a summer fire, and was yawning impatiently in a window-seat, for the session of social friends at her door to break up, and restore her good man to his quiet bed. But she waited in vain. To such a pitch were the feelings of all excited by the marvellous rehearsals of Hans, that, heedless of the hour, and of the thickening indignation of 'Aunt Sorchie,' they but drew nearer to the speaker, as if chained by fascination. Hans had even risen from his leather-bottomed chair, having deposited his pipe on the ground, in the fervor of his discourse, and was in the midst of a thrilling narrative of Indians and evil spirits, when Aunt Sorchie, tortured beyond endurance by this unseasonable delay, with angry visage, made her appearance on the threshold, directly behind the elevated form of the speaker. At this alarming apparition, every Dutchman started from his seat, as if the ghost of old Wilhelmus Testy himself had grinned in their faces. Ere Hans had time to shut his capacious mouth, much less to turn a look behind him, the strong hands of Sorchie were closely placed on either side his head, somewhat more closely than was exactly comfortable for his ears, which organs, notwithstanding their duress, were made to hear the grating sounds: 'Hans! will ye never stop short your drunken speeches, and come to bed!' The sapient audience waited not for any further salutation. Each mynheer was under way, as soon as the ponderous nature of his moveables permitted, and ere Hans was fairly veered around, and marched over the threshold, not a mortal was left who had not put at least a fence, a barrack, or corn-crib, between himself and the fearful apparition.

The shock was quite too much for the obtuse capacity of poor

Hans ; and whether the grog which had given him such an honied utterance had also, Sampson-like, shaken the pillars of his understanding, or whether the sudden compression of Sorchie's hands produced a paralysis of his senses, certain it is, that he knew little of what was passing, until he had been safely lodged in bed, and had snored, for some two or three hours, like the boiler of a steam-boat.

It was near the dread hour of midnight, when horror sometimes steals over the firmest breast, that Hans seemed to be disturbed from his broken slumbers by a slight rattling at the door of the apartment. The door slowly opened, and by the dim, flitting light of the embers on the hearth, he seemed clearly to distinguish the outline of a human being on the threshold. It entered, and was followed by another and another, each more horrid than his fellow. It was in vain that Hans attempted to scream, or to spring from his recumbent posture. Terror, like a night-mare, bound him down, with its indescribable yet agonizing helplessness. The ruffians cautiously approached the bed side. A dagger gleamed in the right hand of the foremost, and the dark outline of a pistol was seen in his left hand. In this moment of dreadful suspense, what would Hans have given to hear even the grating voice of Sorchie ! But she was slumbering with hearty breathings by his side, unconscious of the approaching danger. *Ætna's* self was a light burden on *Enceladus*, compared with the weight at that moment on the breast of Hans. At length, the haggard assassin, motioning his fellows to halt, approached the bed-side, bent slowly over the trembling victim of his wrath, and in a low, distinct tone, said : '*Wretch, I come for thee ! Rise, and follow me !*' As if warned by the last trump, Hans sprung, stark naked, upon the floor. The figure pointed to his under garments, and these were almost as soon in their proper places. There were no suspenders in those days, and the dimensions of this article at that period made its ready adjustment much less difficult than the lacing, and buttoning, and strapping, of degenerate modern pantaloons. The figure then led the way to the door. Hans followed like an automaton, and the two attendants brought up the rear. The night was one of those in which the spirits of a darker world appear to be revelling in the upper regions ; burying the moon's face at intervals in dark clouds, and forcing the fleet winds in cross currents through the mountains and valleys.

It were tedious to describe the dark ravines and pathless summits traversed in the remainder of the night, by that triad and their obsequious prisoner. Not a word escaped them, as they proceeded on their solemn and silent march. Rivers were crossed on decayed trunks of trees, precipices were passed, and chasms leaped, of such desperate width as to astonish Hans at the sudden agility of his cumbrous limbs. All the horrors of darkness enveloped the forest. Beasts of prey, startled from their lairs by this unearthly procession, howled along its flank, in fearful anger. A cold clammy sweat ran down the weary limbs of the wretched Dutchman. He toiled, and puffed, and struggled, to keep up the rapid gait, and each effort of his exhausted frame seemed to be the last which it was possible to make.

At length, streaks of light shot up in the eastern sky, and a ray of hope penetrated the breast of poor Hans, that he might once more

see the blessed sun with living eyes. But this hope endured but for a moment. Turning suddenly from their course, the black mouth of an infernal cavern yawned fearfully upon them; a sulphurous blast issued from its jaws; and, immensely far within, flickering flames made visible hideous recesses and hanging precipices! Hans shrunk back in terror. 'Enter!' said his guide, in a voice of thunder. It was done, and the falling crash of a large rock, balanced above, shut out the miserable mortal from the light and the world for ever. Fatigue and terror had done their worst; exhausted nature could no longer endure. Hans sunk upon the ground, near the entrance, helpless and immovable. Still his eyes were open, and the dark glimmerings of the vaulted caverns around him added a tenfold horror to his situation. The demons of the place seemed peeping out upon him from their dark recesses; they began to approach on every side; he saw their glaring eyes, he heard their flapping wings, he felt their hot breath upon his cheek, and their talons in his living flesh! He uttered a piercing shriek. It awakened—not the awful echoes of the cave, but the shrill voice of 'aunt Sorchie!' The fiery eyes were hers; the talons were her lank fingers in his hair. 'Wake up from your drunken night-mare! You've frightened all the dogs by your screaming!' Hans found himself in bed. Like Bunyan's pilgrim, 'he awoke, and behold it was a dream!'

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### I HAVE NO WIFE.

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BY AN OLD AND INCORRIGIBLE MEMBER OF THE BACHELOR'S CLUB.

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I.

I HAVE no wife! — young girls are fair,  
But how it is I cannot tell,  
No sooner are they wed, than their  
Enchantments bid them all farewell.  
The girls, God bless them! make us yearn  
To risk all odds, and take a wife,  
To cling to one, and not to turn  
Ten thousand in the dance of life.

II.

I have no wife! — who'd have his nose  
For ever tied to one lone flower,  
E'en though that flower should be a rose,  
Pluck'd with light hand from fairy bower?  
Oh, better far the bright bouquet  
Of flowers of every clime and hue,  
By turns to charm the mind away,  
And fragrance in the heart renew.

III.

I have no wife! — I now can change  
From grave to gay, from light to sad,  
And in my freedom wide can range,  
Fret for a while, and then be glad.  
I now can heed a siren's tongue,  
And know that eyes glance not in vain;  
Make love apace, and, being 'flung,'  
Get up and try my luck again!

IV.

I have no wife! — and I can dream  
Of girls who're *worth* their weight in gold,  
Can bask my heart in Love's broad beam,  
And dance to think it yet unsold:  
Or I can gaze upon a brow  
Which mind and beauty both enhance;  
Go to the shrine and make my bow,  
And thank the Fates I have a chance!

V.

I have no wife! — and, like a wave,  
Can float away to any land,  
Curl up and kiss, or gently lave,  
The sweetest flowers that are at hand.  
A pilgrim, I can bend before  
The shrine which heart and mind approve,  
Or, Persian like, I can adore  
Each star that gems the heav'n of love.

VI.

I have no wife! — in heav'n, they say,  
Such things as weddings are not known;  
Unyoked the blissful spirits stray  
O'er fields where care no shade has thrown.  
Then why not have a heaven below,  
And let fair Hymen hence be sent?  
It would be fine; but as things go,  
Unwedded folks won't be content!

## SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

## AGE SIXTH.

— 'The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in its sound.'

It may or may not be a melancholy task to follow the history of man into the declining years. To be old, is generally to be respectable. Gray hairs and feeble limbs teach us our mortality more impressively and certainly, than the passing hearse and funeral bell. That coffin may enclose the young, the middle-aged, or the old ; but the changing form, the failing sight, and tottering step, tell us that there must be a final point to human life — a wasting and wearing out of the corporeal frame — which, though we escape disease and accident, will come upon us at last, be we never so strong, and rich, and good, and happy, now. And gray hairs are respectable for this lesson they teach ; and in assemblies of men, they repress undue levity ; in churches, they preach to us along with the minister ; and in all places, they soften our feelings toward one another, because of a sentiment of a common fate that nothing can avert save early death. As we look upon an old man, our pride of life is chastened ; and we regard with a proper mistrust the glitter and show so apt to turn our thoughts from any regard to the future. What lessons are there in that household, where is smiling infancy and infirm old age !

Age always has its peculiarities. Its character is fixed, its tastes decided. The world is changing, a step forward or back, and the old man with the cue, the white-topped boots, cocked hat, and powdered hair, looks strange because every body else is fickle and unstable. It is this very fixedness and decision that makes us so willing to rely upon the counsels and opinions of the old. The respect due to age, so often enjoined upon us in Scripture, is not unsafe, and without good reason. By respecting the advice of an old man, we not only gratify the individual, by making him feel that he is not living in vain, but we insure to ourselves a great chance of success in the matter in hand ; for age advises from experience, and not from untested theory. Its counsels do not come to us with any taint of self. Its ambitions are over, its battles ended, and its wisdom mellowed and freed from the harsh pride of party opinion. 'Old men resemble old books, that contain excellent matter, though badly bound, dusty, and worm-eaten. Do not neglect the society of old men.'\*

To an intelligent and kind-hearted old man, all the young are his children. He feels almost a father's joy in the success of any one. In the love of life, so strong in all, he may sometimes wish himself young again ; but, then, more for the sake of improving by his experience,

\* Garganelli's Letters.



than from any desire for the emulation and contest over again. He has no envy, no jealousy, to blind his eyes to merit; his course is nearly finished, and now he looks back upon the succeeding generation with an honest sympathy in their fate. In them he lives over again his own life; and as youthful ardor leaps a gulf, or surmounts a dangerous obstacle, in no heart is there excited a readier or more generous interest than in that which quickens in the bosom of that old man with the cane. With the zest of some veteran actor on the scenic stage, he observes the new candidates for public favor in his old parts. To-day, some Romeo, breathing sighs, attracts his notice, and almost a youthful smile lights his features; some cruel Richard or some weak Macbeth calls to mind his own temptations, passions, sins; and the interest deepens, but the smile is gone. If any of our readers have seen Kilner watch the progress of a love scene on the stage, himself acting father or uncle, they will not mistake our meaning.

What though the sage counsels of age lack the pomposity of wisdom? What though the 'big manly voice' of command, of contention and pride, are become the 'childish treble'? What though the tenement of the mind begins to look shattered, the soundness of the limbs to shrink, the eye-sight to grow dim? All these are atoned for, by kindness of heart, disinterestedness of motive, and paternal regard. The good old man feels that the 'play' is nearly over to him. He has enacted his 'part' well, and is now waiting for the curtain to fall, when he shall hear the plaudit of, 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' Time, which invests every thing with reverence, and hallows the past with the sacredness of immutability, has covered over the events of his life with the moss of remembrance, which softens the rugged, and makes green the passage of an otherwise too bleak old age. The early struggles of his youth, the masculine energies of his manhood, come to mind, not associated in the one with its poverty, want, mortifications, and disappointments, nor in the other with its mad ambitions, its enmities, strife, and discord; but altogether, assuming the character of a divine dispensation to the soul, ordered, in the providence of God, to fit it for a higher existence. This is the way with the good old man; and if the reader wishes to follow our train of reading and devotion, as we dwell upon the page of this true history, he must sing, as we do, the following hymn, to the tune called 'Missionary Chant,' found in many collections of sacred music:

'As when the weary traveller gains  
The height of some commanding hill,  
His heart revives, if o'er the plains  
He sees his home, though distant still;  
So when the Christian pilgrim views  
By faith his mansion in the skies,  
The sight his fainting strength renews,  
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;  
*No more he grieves for sorrows past;*  
Nor any future conflict fears,  
So he may safe arrive at last.  
O Lord! in thee our hopes we stay,  
To lead us on to thine abode;  
*Assured thy love will far o'erpay*  
*The hardest labors of the road.'*



But how shall we describe the old age of the bad old man? Is there such a being as a gray-haired sinner? We do not wish to believe it. Few men pass through this world of trial and temptation unscathed; and is it unfair to conclude that all profit by experience, and that when the violence of the passions subsides, many a man who has been too ambitious, too grasping, more a lover of pleasure than a lover of God, in his old age comes, by reflection, to a knowledge and love of goodness, and repents, and feels a hearty contrition for his errors? Is this too soothing a view for man in a vale of tears? It is not our intention to offend any creed or scheme of theology, but it may be, that the highest appreciation of a pure and religious life is felt by him who has suffered the pains of sin; as the celebrated John Newton, afterward a pattern for the world, according to accounts, notoriously lived a youth and manhood of profligacy and crime. The sailor, by shipwreck, learns the shallows and rocks. Men do not learn virtue any better than they learn other things, except by experience. We are not the apologists of vice, but it is true, that a large part of the error and wickedness in the world, results from a perversion of the understanding, and early inculcated habits of evil; and that many sins, which at all times deserve disapprobation, are more objects of pity than malediction. We forget, unless we are sitting in judgment upon our own faults, that we are made weak, that through our weakness we may become strong.

It is a great pity that moralists find it necessary to address the world in such exaggerated language. Our first moral teachers, our nurses, frighten us into quiet, by stories of bears and old black men coming to catch us; the school-master then incites his pupils to diligence, by threats of whippings he would not dare to give a dog he valued; and so upward, ministers preach of misery they cannot believe possible, and almost all appeals to the world, upon any subject not demonstrable by physical experiment, are rendered exaggerated, swollen, and unnatural, by pictures of awful alternatives. Human character is debased by this course, and motives of action degraded.

Pride conceals real goodness almost as often as it conceals vice. With the old this is especially true. Old men are averse to making professions of goodness. They have got to know, by this time, the hollowness of such stuff. As their interest in the bustle of the world ceases, as they learn how little true happiness rests upon what men say or think of them, they rely more upon God in private, than upon forms and observances. They settle these matters in the secret places of the heart, and, without doubt, have their seasons of prayer for divine aid, and of contrition for their past offences. They are not entirely dependent upon the opinions of inexperienced young theologians and preachers, who are often swayed more by private ambition, and sectarian pride, than any deep regard for the souls of their hearers. They have learnt that religion is an affair of the heart, and that our public services are a means and not an end. They have not passed through the age of wisdom for nothing.

Men of violent passions and evil habits are not often suffered to disgrace this respectable age, by ever arriving at it. Such persons

(and they have a lesson which they were born to teach,) die in manhood ; and if, as was once said by an eloquent divine, ' their youth has been spent in hovels of ignorance and vice, if they have never known instruction and counsel, I pity them, and I believe God pities them.'

Shakspeare, in his history, utters no ridicule upon old age. He describes it, in the phraseology of his time, as he saw it. Never having lived it, he does not pretend to enter into its heart ; and thus he shows the modesty of wisdom. We have before said he was a 'justice.'

This season of life may be properly termed the age of retrospection. As a father about to die calls his family and kindred around him, to bid them adieu for a season, so old age, about to part with this world for ever, has more reason to take a parting look at scenes, and events, and places, it can never know again. Much of the time of an old man is spent in thinking upon the past, and thus he prepares for the future. The whole life of any man, if reviewed calmly, will teach him the goodness of God ; and all, even the poorest and most tasked pilgrim, may in sincerity say, ' Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.' With what a placid face does the old man talk of death ! How willing he seems to die ! With what an oily satisfaction does he dwell upon the events of his own life, and how much more ancient do the facts he relates seem, than the deeds of a Cæsar ! This is because he feels that they are old ; and one feels impressed, as he talks, that he does indeed belong to a generation now slumbering in the grave. He evidently has this idea himself. The old soldier loves to 'shoulder his crutch, and show how fields were won.' The merchant delights to recount his speculations, his risks, his up-early and late-to-bed toils. The sailor tells of storms and 'hair breadth 'scapes' in battle, pestilence, and tempest. Each has his story, and though told a thousand times, we hope each will always find patient and interested listeners to give ear.

There are a set of men in the world, who, though they show the 'lean and shippared pantaloons,' seem to escape our description of the sixth age. With them it is one chain of action, energy, and wisdom, from the 'soldier' to the grave. We mean literary old age. And here facts are indisputable. 'Dryden wrote better in age than in middle life. Cato learnt Greek at eighty. Michael Angelo in his old age declared himself still a student. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the age of 115, wrote the memoirs of his own time. Franklin's philosophical pursuits began when he had reached nearly his fiftieth year.'\* Nearer our own time, we might mention hundreds of cases. Let it suffice to notice the instance of Goëthe, who has left such rich counsels to the student. He is said to have been 'hale and hearty to the last, and fresh and cheerful as a boy.' The demon *Care*, which undermines the old age of many, had by him been vanquished betimes ; he moved in a region elevated above the petty fears and anxieties of common men, and the sunlight of an habitual serenity shed the smile of a second youth over his old age. His latter years were, as Echer-mann so beautifully says of his poems, 'pure reality, in the light of a mild glorification.'

And there have been many merchants who have continued in active life to the last. With them, trade was not a mere means of accumulating money, but a science, in which they were ever learning, and which was pursued with an ardor, fairness, and generosity, worthy of the highest literary pursuits. They have endowed hospitals, institutions for the blind, and athenæums, and assisted in all public schemes with the fruits of their scientific calculations in business. Boston will not soon forget her Perkins, nor Philadelphia her Gerard. The eulogy of Bowdich has lately been pronounced, who died in the midst of the most useful scientific labors.

The care which the aged bestow upon their money, 'the pouch on side,' though often running into a sordid avarice, is reasonable, and the opposite would be foolish. The old man feels he has no longer the power of getting. He may live to a great age, and so he takes unusual care lest fire, accident, or dishonesty, strip him bare of means of support. Were he in middle life, and did he lose, he might get again. Beside, he is anxious to leave some proof of his industry to the world. If a merchant, his posthumous reputation is no less dear to him than the 'works' of the author and artist to them. He carries his 'pouch on side,' that is, he exercises a constant vigilance over his 'works,' and in so doing, shows his wisdom and prudence. Even if he is over careful and over anxious, we may well pardon a man whose life has been devoted to money affairs, or whose youth and manhood have perhaps been afflicted with want, for an undue respect for that which, after all that can be said against it, is at least a talisman that commands respect and attention, purchases seeming friends, often real ones, from a sense of obligation for benefits generously bestowed; makes a man independent in his tastes, habits, and mode of life; gives him a chance for serenity in the evening of his days; insures for him a decent burial; and a tomb his descendants will not be ashamed to visit. He who entirely undervalues money, is equally a fool with him who values nothing else.

The selfishness of a creature is always in proportion to its helplessness; and it cannot be denied that, from a sense of self-protection, old age is sometimes very selfish, not even giving away to the poor and needy the 'youthful hose.' We shall utter no ridicule, even upon the faults of the old man. He is sacred to us. Not so of old women. And duty compels us to notice an evil of no small consequence. Old women fall from the respectability and dignity belonging to their years, when they sit in tea-excited judgment, and utter solemn flats about the petty affairs of their neighborhood; decide, and actually fix, the reputation and standing of those whose voices they have never heard, and whom they only know at all by hearsay and scandal. Old men never meddle with the business of others; old women rarely do any thing else. We protest against this seriously, and trust that the sincerity and fairness of our readings may lend weight to our objection. We have not before noticed the fair sex, except as implicated in the age of the 'lover.' What is true of man, is, under certain modifications, true of them. They have their ages; their infancy, how sweet!—their loves, how deep and devoted!—their action, how energetic! Here we must stop. They do not shine as wise, and certainly they were never made to wear the full or 'lean

and slipper'd pantaloons; for if they had been, Shakspeare would have said something about it. Indeed one may gain a pretty correct opinion of what he thought about the sex, from his play, 'Katharine and Petruchio.' He loved them, and has given them sound instruction. He has said glowing things of their beauty and tenderness, their devotedness in love, their patience in affliction, their fortitude in suffering. He sometimes puts them in pantaloons, for a disguise, which he thought they never would or ought to wear, as a common dress; and as he wrote for posterity, if they should wear them, those plays never could be acted.

Longer would we linger in our contemplations of the sixth age, its kindliness, dignity and reverence, but we must close with a benediction. And may its latter days be cheered by recollections, if not of great and conspicuous, yet of good and useful acts. May the good old man have many children about him; and may all his descendants vie in sharing his notice and regard. More than all, may he ever remember that 'the hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.'

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### THE SPIRIT'S RETURN.

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TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF MATTHISSON.

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#### I.

If, in the evening's latest red,  
A figure with a laughing eye,  
In the oak wood, on mossy bed,  
With nod and beckon past thee fly —  
That is the spirit of thy friend,  
Which joy and peace to thee will send.

#### II.

If in the moon's soft wav'ring shrine,  
Love does thy dreamings beautify,  
Through cythus and mournful pine,  
Wild melodies in murmurs fly,  
And through thy breast forebodings pour —  
That is my spirit hovering o'er.

#### III.

Feel'st thou, when blessed thoughts are stealing  
Into the past time's fairy land,  
A soft and spiritual feeling,  
Like zephyr-kiss, on lip and hand,  
And waves the taper's light about —  
That is my spirit, do not doubt!

#### IV.

Hear'st thou beneath the silvery star,  
Within thy silent chamber quiver,  
Like to Æolian harps afar,  
The words of friendship, 'Thine for ever!' —  
Then slumber on; my spirit's nigh —  
It bids thee from thy sorrows fly!

## RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

## NUMBER ONE.

'DEATH,' says a modern German author, 'steps on with iron foot, treading down all that comes in his way, heedless whether it be the young seedling, the swelling blossom, the lordly tree, or the withering plant, that he crushes.' True though it be, that HE in whose hands are the issues of life doeth all things well, yet when the young, the lovely, and the gifted, are removed from earth, severing the strongest chords of affection, and bringing sorrow to the hearts of a wide circle of admiring friends, and bitter and abiding grief to the bosoms of near and dear relatives, it is hard, to kiss the rod ; *it is hard*, to derive consolation, even from the thought that the departed may have been taken from the evil to come, and translated to the presence of 'our Father in heaven.' Still, alas ! the lost will come no more ! The voice can never breathe in melody again ; the light of the eloquent eye is dimmed ; and the faithful heart has for ever ceased its beatings ! Such are the thoughts, seared as with a hot iron upon the heart of the mourning survivor, which make him feel the impotency of consolation. It remains, therefore, but to cherish the remembrance of the dead, as a fond dream of the shadowy past.

In the number of this Magazine for June, 1837, we announced the death of Mrs. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS, wife of Captain JOSEPH AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS, of the United States' Army, and daughter of the late Dr. THOMAS M. BARROWS, of Providence, Rhode-Island. In the demise of this young and accomplished lady, it was observed, society had been deprived of a bright ornament, and our poetical literature of one of its most gifted votaries. Her early productions won for her deserved applause, especially many which appeared in one of our most reputable daily journals ;\* and the subsequent efforts of an intellect more matured, amply fulfilled the promise of its spring. Upon a number of these latter, our readers have already passed favorable judgment. Through the kindness of the gifted writer's nearest earthly friend, we have been favored with several original poems, inferior to none of her most admired effusions, which have never been published, together with a copious private journal, kept previous to her marriage, in Providence, (R. I.,) and afterward, at West Point, Philadelphia, and Louisville. This latter will exhibit the lamented lady in the successive characters of a loving, confiding girl, a wife, and a mother. Whether giving vent to emotions too deep for tears, or commenting upon society or individuals, there is ever the same delicate and refined taste. In those portions which are animated by a light, vivacious spirit, there are playful wit, and keen but good-natured sarcasm. The writer was a child of feeling, of deep, warm, poetic feeling, and an acute observer of human na-

\* The 'New-York American.'

ture, in all its varieties. 'I am fond,' she says, in one of her letters, 'of speculation in human clay.' On one page of her journal, it may be, the very sentences seem to sob with pathos; while a little farther onward, a thorough exhibition of the ridiculous — 'pictures in little,' perchance, of battered beaux and decayed coquettes, driving a trade they had long been unfit for, and swarming upon the gayety of the age, or the monkey divertissements of smart young gentlemen without brains — will surprise the reader with the vividness of the writer's impressions, the versatility of her talents, and the raciness of her style.

We commence our extracts from the journal kept in Providence, Rhode-Island, in 1831-2. It is, in a good degree, a record of young affections, nurtured and cherished in doubt, at times, but afterward garnered where they would be, and brought to full fruition; a record which every woman who has loved will understand, and take home to her heart; a record, in short, of

' Hopes, and fears which kindle hopes,  
An undistinguishable throng,  
Of gentle wishes, long subdued,  
Subdued and cherished long.'

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'THURSDAY EVENING, April 28, 1831. — Just the night for Manfred! Hark to the wind! How it howls abroad, and the flooding rain-beats against the casement! No slight consolation is it, when shadows either threaten, or are actually upon me, to seek the privacy of this my most beloved apartment, sure of its faith to all I may act or utter; safe, in its charmed portal, from all unwelcome interruption. And should I some day bid thy walls farewell, *mon Boudoir*, I will remember that here, since childhood, I have slumbered and waked, in peace and health — that here I have been happy. Home, blessed, blessed home! far be the hour that shall witness the parting of Memory with thy thousand gentle ties, thy pure and steadfast affections! Oh, earth! if thou hast any love like that which is shed upon us in our earliest home, my soul would fain acknowledge it!' \* \* \*

'Mean to publish six volumes of lamp-light reflections, for the salvation of the age, as well as the immortality of my own dear name! Morpheus, I'm with thee straight, and shutting my innocent lids upon the cold and cruel realities of the world, will wander, by thy soft guidance, to higher, purer climes, where stars that twinkle not, and sympathies never denied, and smiles for ever sure, have birth; where the sun's last golden glow is an unfailing promise of a warm and cloudless morrow, and rain, sleet, and smoke, are undreamed and unheard of.

'THURSDAY NIGHT, half-past eleven, May 30. — It is long since I have soiled a page of my little book, and when it was last open before me, could I foresee the call that would be made upon my sympathy with the best and noblest feelings of a human heart — a heart that, through time, and change, and chance, could remember an aged parent's love, and, ungoverned by the cold pride of manhood, lament that its holy influence, unaltered though unavailing, should be re-



newed no more for ever ! Man goes forth, with his restless spirit, into the busy world. Riches are there, and hope, and fame ; ambition with its haughty sway, and knowledge that lendeth power ; but seldom the gentle memory of a far, quiet home. And if among the faces that there smiled indeed upon his childhood, but have since, through stirring days and months, been distant and unseen, he knows that *one* shall never meet him more, not always is the pure fountain loosed within his soul ; not always does he bow in grief and love, and take to his inmost thought the years that were !

'My friend is true, and amiable, and kind ; and while he is gone sorrowfully to the grave of the father that prayed for, and was mindful of him, and turns not away, as impatient of a widowed mother's tears, shall I not remember him to-night, and the hours we have counted together, and respect the sadness of that home so often named to me as the centre of sacred feeling, the haven of hallowed affections ? Oh, cloudless host of stars ! smiling from your high thrones, as though your dominion were only over the peaceful and happy below,

' If in your bright leaves we could read the fate  
Of men and empires,'

how many eyes and hearts now closed in tranquil sleep, or measuring out to their earthly treasures an unweighed portion of the soul's idolatry, should veil themselves before the morrow's light, and break beneath the blow of near distress ! How many a parted lip should lack its smile ! — how many an upright brow laid to the very dust ! I hold it a theme of thankfulness and praise, that our lot is unrevealed. So shall we mingle gladly with the young and beautiful ones of earth, 'and dream bright dreams for the fast coming years,' and trust the low beguiling voice that is dearest, and answer the eyes that are oftenest upon us,

' And so grow kind of heart, as if the sight  
Of human beings were humanity.'

\* \* \* Beckoned whole hosts of flying thoughts to the third volume of Lady Montagu's letters. She says, in all her journeyings over this varying world, she has met with but two sorts of persons, '*men and women !*' Pondered awhile upon this odd conclusion, shut the book, and spent half an hour contrasting my 'day and generation' with that in which the Lady Mary flourished.

'SUNDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3. — At home all day. Bore, with all becoming submission, a chiding on this head, from my father, who, though nothing orthodox himself, insists upon the strict attendance at church of his interesting family, at St. —, where we are weekly declared the limbs of sin, and heirs of great wickedness. Looked this morning at the people going to church — concluded not to have pointed capes to my muslin ! — and devoutly wished myself of the number of those into whose Sabbath meditations there intrudeth not a shadow of such idle vanity. Streets presently still and empty. The last vibration of the bell at length died faintly away. Felt appallingly 'bluish.' Sent a foreboding eye through the long, long hours before me. Wished, oh how covetously ! for a voice to answer when

I spoke, or a face of kindness whereon I might look, and be still. But it could not be. In the midst of a flourishing and goodly-peopled city, I felt myself extremely Selkirk. Watched a horse, tied by the church wall, turning round his great head at the flies, till my eyes ached, and I felt, in its full meaning,

'This is to be alone! this, this is solitude!'

'ANOTHER from that home of peace and love called forth to God! Another gentle heart, with all its early truth, and hope, and joy, gone sinlessly to its eternal crown in heaven! Oh, who shall come with words of calmness to a mother's bosom, in her first dark hour of trial, or dry the eyes that have looked their last upon the living treasure of a glorious and happy child! Not then is it willed of the Almighty;—while the young voice that was our morning music, and the pure brow that was our pride, seem yet sounding gladly abroad, and meeting us as of old at every turn—to record the struggling submission of his chastened creatures. But when, after many days, there answereth no sweet cadence to the dear familiar name, and the parted footsteps return no more, and they that mourn shall hear some tale of the world's unquiet strife—of treachery, where friendship had trusted, of shame, where manhood had striven, of unthankfulness, where all had been lavished—then will it be a holy and a blessed thing to say:

'God took *thee* in his mercy,  
A lamb untasked, untried.'

'Ye vanished hours!  
I can but weep to count ye o'er,  
For ye were like to spring-time flowers,  
And I shall meet ye never more  
Amid earth's bowers!

Past hope and light!  
Why have ye left this clinging heart?  
Unshaded till your wings so bright  
Swept o'er it to depart.

My first sweet dream!  
It is not *morning* breaks thy spell,  
Nor eve that shall restore the gleam  
My trusting spirit lov'd so well;  
Lost is thy beam!

Lips that have kindly spoken,  
No more beside me shall ye be,  
Your utterings are hushed and broken—  
The thought I cannot flee!

Sunday Evening, Sept. 18th, 1831.

SOME.

'OH GOD! It is indeed a desolate thing to cast our love abroad, and find it nought! Night after night, to steal away from mirth, and joy, and gay and thoughtless faces, to this silent chamber, and gaze upon the cold stars, and swiftly loose the pent-up fountains of an anguished soul and weep!—ay, fast and bitter tears, such as should seldom stain the cheek of youth and womanhood. Oh, there

are doubts which rack a human heart beyond control; thoughts that to name, were possibly unjust — to cherish, madness. It is a blessed thing to be beloved of any human heart — a pure and blessed thing. In all this false and passing world, oh, give me love! My soul can well repay, my being prize, the heaven-born gift. \* \* \*

'This is a happy home of mine, a peaceful and a happy home! I treasure its hallowed kindness within my soul. I feel, even now, that my sweetest and brightest days are upon me, and believe there can be no words so bitter, *bitter* to pronounce, as

'All beloved ones, fare ye well!'

Yet, forgetting the voices that still through childhood and youth have been ever near and kind, I sorrow for that which but yesterday was an unfamiliar sound. From the faces of kindred and friends, I would have turned alone to one, whereon was written at last but the passing sign of human affection. Oh, constant, and warm, and pure, should be the love to which a woman trusts! A few soft words, the exclusive offering to us, among many, of the heart's fleet homage; best and above all, the silent language of the honest eyes — for this cannot be feigned — that these should beguile us from our land and home! They tell me it is idle to think of the past — the fair and happy past! Yet there is some dearer season in the life of all, when, though but for an hour or a day, Hope smiling wears her flowery crown, and happiness, undimmed as heaven, seems with us and about us. Eagerly, perchance, we then unlock the bosom's shrine, to offerings and incense all beauty and fragrance, worshipping as we behold, and triumphing as we measure them; and when these our first felicities of mortal birth have met their mortal end; when we feel that though other joys may beguile, they cannot be like the joy that is gone; why should we not turn alone to Memory, which knoweth neither death nor deception? I have listened to a voice that seemed fondest and most blessed on earth, and have repaid its professions with the deepest and holiest affection of my nature. I have watched among many, for that one dear smile, which to woman soon becomes so precious! I have — But it is all past and over! The day *must* come, when he will look his last upon the being he has wooed and loved; when all that has passed between us, will be as though it ne'er was done or spoken. It would be wisdom, perhaps, *now* to strive with the weakness that governs and misleads me. Now, ere the dark hour comes, would it be wise to forget how, night and day, I have clung to an earthly image, forgetting in its presence that sorrow or shadow could ever more arise, and in its absence remembering only that it should again appear before my craving eyes. But it is too late! Once have I yielded up my life's devotion; once have I dreamed the happy dreams of pure and steadfast love; and never again will the spirit thrill to spells that are woven but to be severed. I have known through *him* some bitter hours, but all at last will end; and what matters it, in the grave, whether they who sleep beneath were 'blessed in their lives?' I cannot forget, but my memory shall be no sadness to others. The friends who wish me well, and happy, shall see me both cheerful and gay. Yes, it is easy to laugh, and

costs but a light word to set afloat the merry jest. None, I think, will follow me here to this silent chamber.

'Oh, vain is the thought to an aching heart,  
That its burthen is passing away;  
That fear and sorrow alike shall cease,  
And the weariest bosom be called to peace,  
At the end of our mortal day.

Yes! vain is the thought! and we mourn to behold  
Our vanishing dreams go by;  
And sigh, and cling to a breaking spell,  
As though the sad spirit for ever should dwell  
Where the shadows of earth come nigh!

And tell me not, while the lingering gleam  
Of a lost delight shines on,  
That e'er midst the crowd or festal throng,  
Though sparkle the light and thrill the song,  
That gleam from the soul is gone.

Ah, no! not there do we learn to forget  
The cloud that is over us cast;  
But 'biding the time' of Pleasure's reign,  
Go gladly back to our visions again,  
When the idle pageant is past.

Dost thou know, beloved! in these silent hours,  
How my soul is clinging to thee?  
How I strive in vain with my falling tears,  
And shrink, and turn from the desolate years,  
When we shall parted be!

Oh! waft me hither some word of calm,  
For my throbbing heart is chilled!  
A single tone from the voice I knew,  
When Hope and Affection alike seemed true,  
And this trembling shall be stilled!

Thy feet are treading the halls of mirth,  
Thy voice is with the gay;  
The free and the happy are near thee now,  
The smiling lip and the careless brow —  
May'st thou be blessed as they!

Yet kindly, love, thou wilt turn aside,  
Though the joy of the hour be deep;  
Though light to its music thy pulses move,  
Thou wilt think of the heart thou hast taught to love,  
And the eyes thou hast taught to weep!

Sorrow.

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'MON BOUDOIR, THURSDAY NIGHT, Feb. 2. — Oh, man, man! how lightly does your spirit fling aside its momentary sufferings; how readily forget the trial that seemed indeed, for an hour or a day, to be one whose effects were long and freshly to endure within the chastened soul! Your proudest path is suddenly shaded and changed, yet onward presses the unmindful step; your fairest hope is baffled and lost, yet upward soars the unshrinking mind. Fate that has smiled but to betray, and affections that have bloomed but to fade, are to you but the fleeting clouds of a summer sky. They are *there*, and perhaps through tears is the stern eye of manhood first lifted to meet them. They pass away, and 'new beams of beauty' attract and

console him. Does he dearly remember, in other years and climes, the early voice of unavailing tenderness? I know that sometimes the strong and struggling heart is utterly touched; that when all which has been welcome and cherished seems ended, and happy hours of peace and beauty no more are lingering over him, that he may have prized them; I know the pure fountains of human feeling are sometimes then unloosed, and flow purely, and unforbidden, for the swiftly passing magic of a present joy. \* \* \*

'I scarcely know if I would change natures with those to whom the Power which orders all hath lent *forgetfulness*. It is but a softened grief with which I now think of what has chanced to mar my happiness; and rather would I be satisfied with the share of life's music and brightness I have already heard and seen, (if *he* too were faithful to the blessed days gone by,) than ever look again for 'flowers that droop in springing.'

'Who that midst a desert's heat,  
Sees the waters fade away,  
Would not rather die than meet  
Streams again as false as they?'

\* \* \* 'It is my faith that woman loves but once; once, fondly, fully, spontaneously. If that love be vain, and she thereafter is won to share the life and chances of another, not then again is opened the first fresh fountains of her willing trust and tenderness. She but *yields to an offered affection* — but smiles because her smiles are anticipated and entreated.'

THE following passage was doubtless elicited by some female banterer, acting 'out the character drawn by Lamb, as 'Sincerity, a forward-talking, half brother of Truth, who is ready to perk up his obnoxious sentiments unasked into your notice, as Midas would do his ears into your face, uncalled for:'

'SATURDAY NIGHT, Feb. 4. — Been trying to discover whether I was most angry or wounded, at what passed this evening. Can't tell. Certain of one thing, that I am seldom open to these delicate banterings, and pretend not to account for the unexpected and ungovernable tumult raised within me on this occasion. However my *inward feelings* may weary and rebel, I can generally stand the attack with at least a laughing answer, and an unfaltering eye. I have learned to utter lightly the name that is dearest, and oppose but the shield of assumed indifference to the world's stale jests, and duller fancies. Blushes are but common, and retreat inglorious, yet both to-night do stain my fair escutcheon. Ay, I both blushed and fled! Yet if the truth were kenned, it was more for the tormentor than the tortured. Just to see how utterly devoid of tact and delicacy a *woman* can be! If I could count among my blackest failings, *one* as palpable and detestable as that revealed an hour ago, in the incredible loquacity of M'lle —, I would make an immediate offering to Lethe of the ties that bind me to society. 'Offence was not intended!' But there is a point at which the voice of human feeling *will* make itself heard above insult, however accidental, or apology however sincere.

\* \* \* 'I know of a voice would be welcome and willing to speak

peace to my troubled heart. Well-a-day! it is not here, nor have I heard it through the hours of this solitary day. Oh! why, when even a tone, a smile, is dear to us, why are these gentle and sinless pleasures withdrawn? There is none to answer, and I will trust to my dreams, for the renewal of some lost and lovely things.

' SEPTEMBER 20. — Hail! glittering stars of heaven! Count me the hour wherein I have not loved ye, and greeted ye in your infinite home? 'Calm and equal are your smiles, upon this world of time and change, and weal and weariness; and what unto you is the lifting hence of a desiring, humble eye? Or if that eye were quenched and closed, which burning light among you lustrous crowd should therefore know dimness or diminution? Is it not blessed *always* to behold ye? — *thrice* blessed, when lips which have smiled and been answered in kindness, or the voice which was welcome and watched-for, above all, are no longer beside us? When the past alone comes on our memory, in pleasantness, and hope, and beauty, and we ask of the brightness of the future, 'Where is it?' *then*, with no eye save that which saw that ye were perfect, upon us, should we not read a consolation in your quiet glory? — a promise in your pure and endless reign?

' Oh, it is bitter to behold our first, *first* dream depart! It is bitter to shut the heart against such feelings as have been cherished fondly and irreproachably within us. Yet when did the midnight prayer, the morning hope, the hourly incense of the soul, avail, that we should dare to breathe them on an earthly shrine? What brow that was our earliest pride, or music that fell soft amid our deepest care, hath not been hidden and hushed untimely? What hand that hath clasped our own, or affection whereunto we would have turned, and trusted ever, becomes not powerless, fruitless, in our time of need? Why then do we shrink and weep, when the trial is upon us? Why do we sit us down in sorrow and silence, to see the present with its countless spells go by? Ay, and why, with the fast flowing tears yet undried upon our cheek, and the weight still unlightened at our heart, do we turn ere long to the ruin of our fallen images, and search, though we deny it to ourselves, search dimly but trustingly, for the spark that beguiled and mocked us?

' Oh, thoughts of death! ye are all too cold for Beauty in her conquering hour, and Childhood's dawning blessedness, and Youth with its unmeasured hope! It were dark indeed to remember, while ye glitter, and blossom, and ripen in our very presence, that the *end of all is dust*. Wherefore, peace to the soft-binding links of earth! Unchecked be the glad fountains of human tenderness, unclosed the lip and eye of human mirth. Though we should go no more abroad, 'rejoicing in the joy of beautiful and well-created things;' though the spring time and summer may have lost for us their fair and free delight, and we turn us from glad music and gay sayings, remembering the days that *were*, come we still among them all with a cheerful bearing, and dispute not here the lustre of any earth-born spell. To the spirit whose light hath been shaded by departing wings, there yet returneth an hour of freshness, and triumph, and joy — the silent hour of dreams! Lost faces beside us! — low utterings and blessings



about us and with us !— as willingly we yield' our cheated soul unto the sweet and idle visions of the night.. \* \* \* \* \* ' Life ! life ! toiling, infirm, unruly, passing, precious life !

' Most rich, being poor,  
Most choice, forsaken :'

Behold how the mightiest cherish, the lowliest worship, thee ! Thou art stricken from eyes we adored, from bosoms that warmed to us, and we utter the knell of a bereft and desolate spirit ; we cling to the silent and passionless dust, as though our own dark hour should not utterly and surely come ! As though not for *our* lingering feet, and *our* lonely pilgrimage, were spread the cold valley of shadows !'

VARIETY, with more of observation, and new impulses, will add to the interest of the consecutive records of the diary. They will be continued in an early number.

#### LOVE, DEATH, AND TIME..

' Thou art a stern, remorseless foe !  
Said Love to the shadowy angel of Death ;  
' How oft in the guileless youthful breast  
I build me a lovely and tranquil nest,  
And thou, grim Death, with destroying breath,  
Outspreadest thy greedy arms, and away  
Thou bearest thy unresisting prey !'

' Idly thou ravest, poor silly Love !  
I do but forestall my brother Time ;  
In pity I steal those victims away,  
Unscathed by sorrow, untouched by crime,  
Ere yet they mourn thy merciless sway,  
And on thy slippery margins play,  
Or over thy treacherous quicksands stray.'

' Thou wouldst have thy votaries linger here,  
To grieve over vain delusive dreams ;  
To shed, in silence, the soul-wrung tear,  
And in their heart's lone deep recess,  
To feel life's utter nothingness ;  
Thou would'st linger, till relentless Time  
Hath threadbare worn each winning grace,  
And from thy helpless victim's brow  
Hath swept away each youthful trace.  
Then chide me not, that oft I break  
The heavy, clanking chains of earth,  
And spread my wings, and bear away  
To heaven my unresisting prey.'

Love knew, alas ! all pleas were vain ;  
He dashed aside the falling tear,  
But Time flew by on restless wing,  
And whispered in the urchin's ear,  
' Smooth that fair brow, poor drooping thing !  
Cast far away each harrowing fear,  
Thou from thy rosy mantle fling  
The dust and stains which ever cling  
To pilgrims on this grovelling earth ;  
Thou art eternal, and shalt spring  
Upward, on thy immortal wing,  
Claiming thy pure celestial birth,  
On the fair shores of God's own river,  
Where Time and Death shall reach thee never !

## REVELATIONS OF NATURE.

BY 'JUNIUS JR.'

THE seeds of virtue have been sown, by a good providence, in all hearts, and they spring up every where to his glory. It is not wholly the result of learning and cultivation, and it is not only in civilized countries, and refined communities, that the lovely flowers of an exalted morality shed their perfume. In the forest, the Indian practices, and is in a measure acquainted with, its principles. The negro woman who sang her song of condolence to Mungo Park, 'The white man sat himself beneath our tree; he has no wife to grind his corn, nor mother to fetch him milk,' could not be the only one of her tribe with a heart open to the feelings of humanity.

The principles of morality, like the principles of all sciences, exist in nature; and it is by observation and study that we acquire a knowledge of one as of the other. Though the passions constantly oppose the exercise of the virtues, yet our true interest we discover to be on the side of the latter. Under the mists of passion and ignorance, we are liable to err; yet reflection and observation, by making us better acquainted with the principles of morals, enable us to avoid those errors, as a better knowledge ensues. It is by thus observing the actions of men, and the consequences of them, that, in every age of the world philosophers have existed, who have taught the most beautiful morality, more or less, however, tinged with error. Thus was

'Socrates for god-like virtue famed,  
And wisest of the sons of men proclaimed.'

The fragments of the writings and sayings of these sages, have left us a rich but too scanty store of ancient wisdom.

An eminent poet has the following beautiful sentiment: 'It is the duty of every good man, even in the moment of his destruction, not merely to forgive, but to seek and desire to serve and benefit, his destroyer; as the sandal tree, in the instant of its overthrow, sheds a sweet perfume upon the axe which fells it.' To the same effect is the following of Aristippus: 'It discovers peculiar excellence in a man, to bear good-will even toward those from whom he has received insults.' The maxims of Confucius, the proverbs of Solomon, and the precepts and reflections of many others, convince us that the principles of morals have always been the same, or nearly so. It would appear doubtful whether this science has been improved by the progress of civilization, equally with the physical sciences. It is evident that the sciences of mechanics, hydraulics, and optics, are better understood, and their principles acted upon with more precision and certainty, than the science of morals. How this has happened, deserves inquiry.

The constant and glorious exhibition of the works of nature, and their adaptations, conveys to the minds of all beholders the idea of a *skill* which contrived, and a *power* which constructed them. Thus we find in every age, and in all countries, a belief in a Supreme

Being; and dull indeed must that people be, whose observation and reflection have not led to such a conclusion.

'The Great Spirit,' says an Indian, in his talk to the President, a few years ago, 'the Great Spirit has, ever since the world was made, and the grass grew, laid his book open to all men, of whatever color they may have been; and this book tells the truth to all, and deceives no man.' To the same effect is a forcible writer of modern times, whom I beg leave to quote: 'The creation speaketh a universal language, independently of human speech or human language, multiplied and various as they are. It is an ever-existing original, which every man can read. It cannot be forged; it cannot be counterfeited; it cannot be suppressed. It does not depend on the will of man, whether it shall be published or not; it publishes itself from one end of the world to the other, and preaches to all nations, and to all worlds.'

The early religion of the world would naturally consist of a reverence for the divine Creator, perceived in his works; and an observance of the first principles of morals, growing out of an observation of the relations existing among mankind. The necessities which each felt for the others' assistance, combined with a feeling of benevolence, would prompt to the performance of the most generous deeds, and the most steady kindness. This pure religion would also be more or less infringed upon by the passions and mistakes of the unreflecting, and thus disorder and vice would more or less mingle with the affairs of men. For it would appear that the Creator has chosen, rather than create his world without ills, to supply abundant remedies for them; perhaps in order to heighten our *pleasures*, by a contrast with *pain*, and to identify *virtue*, by a contrast with *vice*. He has placed in the human breast violent passions, and he has blown forth, under the canopy of the sky, storms and tempests. He has also caused the gentle rain to descend from the sweet heavens, and the gentler tear from the eye of sensibility; and I am led to believe that his goodness and kindness have prompted them all.

Benevolence appears to have been the moving motive in the Creator in bringing man and all other sentient animals into being. It was in order to diffuse happiness and joy. And if he has not made man absolutely happy, he has abundantly placed happiness within his reach, and made progress in improvement one of his greatest pleasures. He has scattered his rich gifts every where, not only adapting them to our bodily sensibilities, but to our mental perceptions.

'Not content  
With every food of life to nourish man,  
By kind illusions of the wond'ring sense,  
He makes all nature beauty to his eye,  
And music to his ear.'

It was no doubt by observing this goodness in the creation, with the gratitude which it must naturally inspire, that the religion of the Golden Age, before it was corrupted by the inventions of the poet, or the interest of the priest, was a pure and holy religion; a religion like that of Jesus, consisting mainly of benevolence; a benevolence, too, not confined to their friends only, but extending to those who

might strive to do them ill, and which led them to compassionate most of all the heart agitated by hateful passions. The man imbued with this religion, though he might act on the defensive, could never be an aggressor. Akin to the sentiment of Aristippus, already quoted, is the following precept of Jesus : ' Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that despitefully use and persecute you.'

Man being so constituted that he cannot choose but seek happiness, as the great end and acquirement of his pursuit, he casts his attention in every direction in order to arrive at and secure this treasure. And, if he be not diverted to follow delusions, with the hope of attaining his much-desired object, he soon discovers that he cannot be happy without virtue. The only difference discoverable between happiness and pleasure is, that happiness is continued pleasure, and pleasure a short happiness.

' Virtue is to man,' says St. Pierre, ' the true law of nature. It is the harmony of all harmonies. Virtue alone can render love sublime, and ambition beneficent. It can derive the purest gratifications even from privations the most severe. Rob it of love, friendship, honor, the sun, the elements, it feels that under the administration of a Being just and good, abundant compensation is reserved for it, and it acquires an increased confidence in God, even from the cruelty and injustice of man. It was virtue which supported, in every situation of life, a Socrates, an Epicetus, a Fenelon ; that rendered them at once the happiest and most respectable of mankind.'

From the imperfection of both the bodily and mental constitution of man, it follows that he cannot be uninterruptedly happy. From the varieties, also, in the ideas which men entertain of this their chief good, as well as their different capabilities and situations, a greater chance exists of their being happy, as well as the various characters, offices, occupations, and geniuses, being supplied, which are so necessary in the social state.

The ideas which we entertain of our *interest*, which is conceded to be the great lever that moves the world, resolve themselves into the notions we have of happiness. And when we have become so far deluded as to suppose that our happiness or interest can be promoted by that which procures misery to others, we have imbibed an error, which will infallibly secure our wretchedness. Observation and reflection will inevitably convince us of this truth. Poverty is the frequent, but not invariable, companion of vice. There are other worldly or physical ills more certain to accompany the vicious ; and ills of the mind and feelings, a thousand times more unendurable than external evils, which pursue the debased soul, and which the ancients fancied under the name of the *Furies*, whose office was to torment the guilty by the stings of conscience.

We see men living and breathing around us, and passing us every day in the street, with countenances and histories such as convince us that the wrung heart would gladly barter its wealth for a bare subsistence, if it could but undo a portion of their life's history, and which warn us to beware of their path. I could name a long list of such, who tell us, with trumpet tongue, and gorgon countenances, that the way of the vicious is not a pleasant one. The curse of dis-

honesty, even when gilded with wealth, is hard enough to bear. Examples of this class are sufficiently frequent, without resorting to those convict villains who fill our jails.

Thus observation and reflection, by exhibiting to us the dire effects of vice, as well as commending to our lips the pleasant cup of virtue, strengthen the foundations of morality. If, therefore, we are ever to find materials to improve and perfect the science of morality, I am persuaded we must find them in observing the relations existing among mankind, of all classes and denominations, and a minute and careful study of these relations. These studies, together with a contemplation of the great works of nature, may, and probably will, bring back that simplicity of religion, which is supposed to have existed in the early ages of the world — the fabled 'golden age.' In religion, as in other sciences, there are two ages of its simplicity; first, in the infancy of the world, and next, in the maturity of its philosophy. To the first, we cannot return; to the latter, we appear to be hastening; and all philanthropists, having an influence in society, should, I humbly conceive, use their endeavors to hasten our return to that more perfect simplicity.

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#### P R A Y E R .

##### L

ARRESTED suns and tranquilled seas declare  
To heaven and earth the omnipotence of prayer;  
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,  
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,  
The noon-tide arrow foils, and plagues that walk by night.

##### II.

Unmatched in power, unbounded in extent,  
As omnipresent as omnipotent;  
To no meridian nor clime confined,  
Man with his fellow man, and mind to mind,  
'T is here, in links of love and charity, to bind.

##### III.

But farther still extends her awful reign:  
To her indeed belongs that golden chain,  
From fabled gods and their Olympus riven;  
But, since to Truth and her adorers given,  
E'en with his MAKER man to join, and earth with heaven.

##### IV.

Then let those lips that never prayed, begin!  
We must or cease to pray; or cease to sin?  
Each earth-born want and wish, a grovelling brood,  
Are oft mistaken, or misunderstood;  
But who could dare to pray for ought that is not good?

##### V.

Not that our prayers make heaven more prompt to give,  
But they make us more worthy to receive:  
There is in that celestial treasury  
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free;  
But he that never prays, rejects the golden key.

## BROTHER GRAY-FROCK AND THE PILGRIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BÜRGER.

A PILGRIM maiden, young and fair,  
A cloister-pile came to,  
She pulled the bell-rope at the door,  
And Brother Gray-Frock stood before  
Her, without sock or shoe.

She said, 'Now praised be Jesus Christ !'  
'For evermore !' said he.  
Most strangely these words on him fell,  
And when he marked her features well,  
His heart beat violently.

The pilgrim in a soft, low breath,  
And in a timid tone :  
'Most rev'rend sir, oh ! to me say,  
If here my heart's belovéd stay,  
In monastery lone ?'

'My child, how can thy well-belov'd  
Be known unto my eyes ?'  
'Ah ! by the cloth of hair and serge,  
By girdle, willow-wand, and scourge,  
Which his fair limbs chastise ;

'Still more by shape and countenance,  
Like dawning morn in May,  
And by his locks of golden hue,  
And by his eyes of heav'nly blue,  
So friendly, true, and gay !'

'My goodly child, how long ago !  
Long dead and buried deep !  
Therank grass waves with whistling moan,  
And heavy lies the marble stone,  
Long dead and buried deep !

'Seest thou the ivied window there,  
Half hidden from the sight ?  
There dwelt he, but expir'd ere long,  
Still weeping for his maiden's wrong,  
And like a flick'ring light.

'Six youthful fellows, strong and slim,  
With dong and song and prayer,  
They bore unto the grave his bier,  
While down there trickled many a tear,  
When sunk his coffin there.'

'O wo ! O wo ! so art thou gone ?  
Art gone, and buried low ?  
Now break, O heart ! the guilt's thine own,  
And wert thou like his marble stone,  
'Thou couldst not harder grow.'

'Have patience, O my child ! nor weep,  
But pray thou yet the more ;  
Despair it rends the heart in twain ;  
The eyes' sweet light is dimm'd by pain,  
Then weep not thou so sore !'

'O no ! most rev'rend sir, O no !  
Bid not my grief subside !  
Since this heart's fond delight was he,  
So live and love no youth I see  
In all earth far and wide !

'Then let me ever sighs and tears  
Both day and night outpour,  
Until there break my redden'd eye,  
And till my gasping tongue shall cry,  
'Thank Heav'n ! now all is o'er !'

'But patience, my good child, nor weep,  
O sigh not thus so sore !  
Nor dew nor shower refresh'd has yet  
The once-pull'd little violet —  
It fades, and blooms no more.

'Joy flutters on its wings away,  
Like swallows, on and on ;  
Why hold we then so fast our wo,  
Which weighs like lead the heart so low ?  
Off with it ! Gone is gone !'

'O ne ! most rev'rend sir, O no !  
My sorrows do not touch !  
And suffer'd I for this dear man  
The woes which but a maiden can,  
I suffer'd not too much.

'So see I him then nevermore ?  
O wo ! now nevermore !  
No, no ! in gloomy grave laid low,  
Where falls the rain and melts the snow,  
And tall grass rustles o'er !

'Where are your eyes, the blue and clear ?  
Your cheeks, the rosy red ?  
Your lips, like lilies' sweet perfume ?  
Ah ! moulders all within the tomb,  
While aches my weary head !'

'My child, O grieve not so ! but think  
What humors men have seized !  
In most there blows from out one breast  
Both hot and cold ; they now are blest,  
And now as soon displeas'd.

'Who knows, in spite of love and faith,  
But what he chang'd his mind ?  
Thy dearest love had youthful blood,  
And youthful blood has fickle mood  
As has the April wind.'

'Ah, no ! most rev'rend sir, ah, no !  
Say not these words to me !  
My love so dear was gentle too,  
Like sterling gold, as pure and true,  
From falsehood ever free.



And can it be that him the grave  
Can in its dark jaws hide?  
So bid I then adieu to home,  
And with my pilgrim staff I roam  
The broad world, far and wide.

'But first I'll turn me to his vault,  
And there will I kneel low,  
There shall, with kisses and with sighs,  
And thousand tears from these poor eyes,  
The grass more greenly grow.'

'My child, O turn thee first in here,  
And take refreshment meet! [spire,  
Hark! how the storm shakes tower and  
And glassy hail-stones in their ire  
On roof and window beat?'

'O no! most rev'rend sir, O no!  
Hold me not back, I pray!  
The rain upon my head may dash,  
No rain in all the world can wash  
My guilt from me away.'

'Ha! ha! good mistress, turn thee round,  
And see thy comfort nigh!  
Fair love, see here whom thou hast got!  
Knowest thou Brother Gray-Frock not?  
The dearest — that am I!

'Through pain of ever hopeless love,  
This garb of serge I chose;  
Soon had in monastery lone  
My life and never-ceasing groan  
High oaths brought to a close.

'Now heaven be praised! My trial year  
Is not yet quite pass'd o'er;  
Fair maid, if now to you I'm known,  
And thou mak'st hand and heart my own,  
I enter there no more.'

Thank heaven! thank heaven! now pass  
All sorrows from my heart! [away  
O welcome, welcome, pleasures blest,  
Come, my heart's chosen, to my breast!  
Death only can us part!'

## FOX-CHASE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY W. H. BOTHERHAM.

— 'Nothing I admire  
Beyond the running of the well trained pack.  
At fault none, losing heart, but all at work!  
None leaving his task to another! — answering  
The watchful huntsman's caution, check, or cheer,  
As stood his rider's rein! Away they go!

LOVE CHASE.

I HAVE never seen, in any publication in America, a true description of an old-fashioned English fox-chase. Let me endeavor to sketch one, for the entertainment of readers who have never been called to mingle in the exciting sport. I have thought that it might prove amusing, since it has afforded pleasure to so many *great men*, in the old world. Their minds are chiefly engaged with it through the winter season, and their indulgence in it is indeed extravagant. It is the topic of conversation, both in the field and drawing-room. The ladies enjoy it; they admire a 'bold rider,' and consider such as call themselves sportsmen, and yet cannot give an accurate description of every check, turn, and desperate leap, they take, and distinguish the notes of their favorite hounds, as cowards and 'milk-sops,' and unworthy to protect a 'spirited lady.' Such opinions spur young men on to purchase high-priced horses, to keep an extra number, and by these means, to gallop out of their fortunes.

A true sportsman is literally *enamoured* with a favorite hound. He delights to see him take his meals, and caresses him, as he would his dearest friend. He cheers him with a 'view-halloo,' a sound which will at all times charm the ear of a tired hound, and enliven the spirits of a weary hunter; and when he dies, instead of throwing him to the muck-hill, to decay ingloriously, he bestows a tomb, a monument, and an epitaph, to his memory, erected in the most con-

spicuous part of his pleasure-ground. No sportsman passes by, without giving a 'death-halloo' over the remains of the old and valued friend, who has afforded him so much pleasure. He turns away with many a lingering look behind, saying, perhaps, 'A better hound than lies buried there, never entered a cover!'

A great brag is your professional fox-hunter. His descriptions of the chase are generally exaggerated. As a farmer, however, cannot be deemed a true sportsman, he is more likely to confine himself to facts. Having trained a number of young horses, to attract attention, I was induced to ride rather boldly. Should a farmer's horse be seen to flag in the chase, every sportsman is soon aware of it, and will not purchase. Give me a fair start, and I could keep as near the hounds as the best of them; and my repeated success in obtaining the brush, when but a beardless boy, elicited many a curse from certain jealous sportsmen. Having, as I modestly conceive, a thorough knowledge of the chase, the reader may rely upon the faithfulness of my sketch.

A pack of fox-hounds contains from sixteen to twenty couples, to which are attached a huntsman and two whippers-in. Each pack generally hunts four days in a week, when the frost will permit. They make their appointments near woods, where foxes frequent, at ten o'clock in the morning. Each duke, lord, baronet, and esquire, who may attend the meeting, send their servants forward with the horses they intend to ride through the day, who take care to ride them steadily to the cover, and have every thing as clean and neat as if just out of the stable. Many gentlemen who have long distances to come, send their servants and horses to a tavern near the meeting-place, the previous evening, and come in parties, or alone, as their inclinations lead them; some in a carriage and four, some driving tandem, some in a chaise, and some on horseback. There are generally a great many students from the Universities, who go to cover as fast as their horses can carry them. When these various parties enter the meeting-field, each looks out for his own servant and horse, and the gentlemen all turn out of their carriages, each one with scarlet coat, black waistcoat, buckskin or white cord breeches, top boots, spurs, and long hunting-whip in his hand; unless it be a parson, who is obliged to content himself with a black coat, his calling rendering the scarlet one a forbidden privilege, though his dress in every other respect corresponds with the others. Gentlemen who come to cover on horseback, generally wear 'overalls' to keep their dress clean; and when they arrive, their servants take them off, and turn them out as neat as those who came in their carriage. A sportsman's dress, it may be observed, is strikingly genteel. Not a pin, a broach, or any show of jewelry, is seen about his person.

The nobility and gentry pass their morning compliments, talk over the 'last run,' relate the amusement, perhaps, of the previous evening—the fortunate boasting of his winnings at play, and the loser swearing at his losses, etc. The young farmers assemble around them, riding fine young horses, trained for the purpose of sale. The nobility will give any amount for them, if spirited and successful. Among some of the high bloods at college, whom their fathers supply well with money, the price of a good horse is no object. The credit of gaining the 'brush,' 'scalp,' or 'pad,' is worth the price of

the animal. In addition to the classes mentioned, the meeting is often attended by merchants, tailors, and grocers, and others who have horses of their own. Even gipsies, who have commonly a good supply of old worn-out hunters, and broken-down stagers, often sally out to see the start. The hedger lays aside his hatchet, the ditcher throws down his spade, the mechanic leaves his handicraft, and the husbandman his tillage, each running as far as his legs will take him. The poacher takes advantage of the opportunity given him by the hounds, to disturb the game.

‘It is his delight, of a shiny night,’

he sings, to pursue his vocation ; but many a pheasant and hare disappears in open day, when the nobility and their keepers are too much excited with the chase, to think of foul play in their preserves.

Away they go to the wood, in pursuit of the fox ! The whippers-in are placed on the weather side, to give the ‘view-halloo,’ when Reynard escapes from it, as he is almost certain to ‘break cover’ on that side. The huntsman with the pack of hounds stands near to the wood, until he thinks they are at their post, and not a hound dare enter it, until he receives his order from him ; but as soon as it is given, they all rush in, with their heads and tails up, determined to find their prey, if the wood contains him. Each hound ‘hunts his ground true,’ and as soon as the fox starts from his den, (which he perhaps made the same morning, being stopped out from his hole the night previous, by the earth-stopper,) one or other of the pack soon takes scent, and gives the first challenge, for which every ear, of man and horse, is open. The instant it is heard, it thrills through every vein, braces every nerve, and makes all ‘eager for the chase.’ No one can imagine the intense excitement of the moment, unless he has himself been engaged in the sport. Every hound, when he hears the challenge of the first, makes his way toward him, and all join in the cry. The music of a well trained pack of fox-hounds is more grateful to a sportsman’s ear than even the finest notes of the immortal Catalani, particularly when they are coming toward him, and pressing the fox to break cover near him. Observe how his horse paws the ground, champs his bit, and stretches every limb with firmness, looking as stately and noble as his fearless rider ! Suddenly you perceive he becomes perfectly still, as if a bullet had pierced him. He is listening attentively for the ‘view-halloo,’ while the rider’s eyes look anxiously for the fox to break cover. He no sooner reaches the open fields, than the whippers-in discover him, and give the expected sound, the shrillness of which echoes through the air, and is heard at a great distance. Each horseman makes his way toward the direction whence it proceeds, and by the time they have nearly all arrived, the hounds break cover. Away they go across the fields, and those who keep nearest the hounds are the best fellows.

Many young students are random, bold riders, but with little judgment. They often tire their horses before the run is over, by taking some unnecessary straining leaps, on purpose to boast of them ; but the judicious rider evades such, unless he sees they are absolutely necessary to shorten his cut. There are very few horses that will leap a brook well. I have often been much amused to see them

reach one, and have had many a soaking from their short-comings. Some few horses will leap over well; others will come up at full speed, and halt suddenly at the edge; the bank will give way, and in plunge both horse and rider, head foremost. Another will come up, save not so near, in the same way, and throw his rider over his neck into the river. Another still will leap over, yet not go far enough to clear the bank that hangs upon the opposite side. That giving way, the horse and rider fall backward. Sometimes the latter can save himself by rolling on the bank, as the horse is falling. Some of the horses start off one way, and some another, but generally follow the hounds, as they like the sport as well as their riders: There are seldom any serious accidents happen, although a sportsman scarcely ever turns his head to see whether there is any danger in the leap he is about to take. There is as much jealousy existing among them as between two or three ardent lovers, courting a beautiful damsel.

The rear is brought up by the merchants, tailors, grocers, and other plebeians. When these worthies come to a fence, one or two will get off their horses, pull up the dead wood, and make a gap in the hedge. Some will say: 'Pray, Sir, take that other stake out, or my horse will lame himself.' They will all stand round the gap, and get every thing clear, when an old sportsman, who has been thrown out in some way, which will cause ill humor, seeing no other way of getting over the fence, but at the spot where these knights of the counter are industriously engaged, rides up among them, presses his horse through the crowd, and says, 'Get out of the way, you yard, apron-string, and thimble fellows!' 'Oh, yes!' they all respond, 'let him go first!' Then follow the counter-men, one after the other, as they came into the world; and as soon as each leaps the ditch, he looks back to see if the other horses leaped as far as his did; ride to the gates, open them, and never see the hounds again, until they come to a check; and it is seldom they do then, unless the huntsman should make his cast in the direction they are coming. When that is the case, they will be almost sure to ride across the scent, if the fox has taken the double. In such event, the duke or master of the hounds gives them a sportsman's lecture, as thus: 'D —— n your tailoring crew! Go home and set cross-legged on your shop-board; you yard-men; go and measure your tape; and you grocery men, put on your aprons, and chew sugar, and not come here to spoil the sport of three hundred sportsmen!' While this lecture is being given, an old favorite hound, on a cold scent, will give his challenge! All eyes are on him. 'Hark to Trueman! — hark! — hark!' is the cry. The hounds are cheered, and away they all go again. It is, however, generally slow cold hunting, until they come to a small cover, where the fox will wait for them. Off they start again, at top speed, for four or five miles. Toward the latter end of the run, you will see the injudicious riders tumbling over the fences, their horses being too tired to clear them; while the thorough sportsmen, who have saved their animals whenever they could, are forward, striving to be in first at the death, and to obtain the brush. The first in, takes the fox from the hounds, holds him up by the neck, and gives the 'view-halloo,' 'whoo-whoop!' and cuts off the brush, thus winning the honor of the day. The huntsman then comes, takes off the scalp, cuts off his four

'pads,' and presents them to those who come in, in succession. The music the hounds make, and the anxiety they show to devour the fox, would well nigh cheer a dying man, who loved the sport. When the fox is thrown among the hounds, they all rush for a share of him. He is literally torn to pieces. Not a piece of flesh, hide, or bone, is left. As soon as the run is over, if too late to try for a fresh fox, they return to their dwellings, or places of invitation, to meet the ladies of their families at dinner, discuss the affair over their wine, and spend their evenings cheerfully with the fair.

On one occasion, I attended rather a remarkable fox-chase. Two packs of hounds met at their appointed places, about fifteen miles apart. One fox crossed the other's track, and both packs arrived together, and pursued the same game. Each party was excited to the utmost, and bold riders were desperate. The scent was good, and the hounds ran breast high, and at a rapid pace. I was fortunate enough to be riding, and not over cautiously, one of the best horses my father ever owned. He has often told me he expected to see me brought home on a hurdle, with two or three broken limbs, as I knew not what fear was. On this occasion, certain death would scarcely have deterred the boldest of our party. The cheerful cry of both packs, the anxiety of each division, and the presence of a lady, who rode fearlessly, forced the nerve of every man to its utmost. But as the young lady had ridden away from her attendant, one of our best riders had to take charge of her in his absence. Her beau had 'stuck in a bog,' though she, observing his course, had cautioned him against the danger. The damsel herself barely escaped. Being light, however, and her horse powerful, they pushed through it. In vain she exclaimed, with all her might, 'Warn bog! my lord! warn bog!' The caution came too late. 'My lord' jumped in, and was obliged to remain in, for some time. After giving a laborer a sovereign to extricate his horse, however, away he went, as fast as his beast could carry him. One spur was for the lady, and the other for the chase. Which was used the most, I cannot tell; but the follower and the followed pressed onward.

Toward the end of the run, there were but four of us who kept at the tail of the hounds. The remainder, about four hundred in number, were left 'on their winding way,' pressing their tired horses; some rolling in the ditches, others making their way to the roads, their horses being too fatigued to leap a fence. When we were in view of the fox, in his dying field, there was not one more man within a half a mile! Never did I feel so fearless, nor more joyful. I was the first man over the last fence, with the fox and hounds all immediately before me, and but one man close at my heels! We both leaped from our horses, with an eagerness utterly inconceivable, save to a true sportsman. Both of us reached the fox together, but I, fortunately, caught the brush, while Sir —— seized the head. We tugged with might and main, the hounds baying uproariously all around us. I proved to be the stronger of the two; and when my antagonist found this to be the case, he relinquished his hold, fell backward among the hounds, with the fox upon me, his brush in my grasp. It seemed to me that the strength of Hercules could scarcely have forced it from me. One of the young hounds seized my prize, but I relaxed no whit of my

hold. Sir —— whipped him off, rubbed the fox over my face, as I lay on my back, smearing it with blood, and laughing heartily, as he exclaimed: 'Though a farmer, a true sportsman, by G—d!' I gave the 'death-halloo,' as soon as I gained sufficient breath, and cut off the brush. Our other two companions enjoyed our struggle, and would gladly have partaken it. The remainder came in as soon as their horses could bring them, the lady among the number. I delivered the fox to the huntsman, who scalped him, and gave it, with two pads, to Sir ——, and to the two others a pad each. My lord from the bog soon made his appearance. The lady no sooner saw him, than she cried out: 'Warn bog! my lord! warn bog!' — and a hearty laugh ensued, in which 'my lord' joined as heartily as the rest. I presented the brush to the lady, apologized for my appearance, which, I must admit, was none of the nicest. She replied, graciously, that such an appearance, at the end of a run, was a sportsman's glory. I wound the brush round her bridle's front, sold my horse (at a respectable bargain) to her lover, and returned home, quite satisfied with my day's work.

#### DICK EASY'S BARGAIN.

DICK EASY was a man who loved repose;  
His good wife Rachel led him by the nose,  
That is, in other words, she wore the breeches;  
I would not say that Richard wanted spirit,  
But t' oppose a woman, where 's the merit?  
Who fights with pouting airs or dinning speeches?

Dick had a dog, and Jowler was his name,  
A cause of no small grievance to the dame,  
For Jowler was as lazy as his master;  
And in the kitchen, crouching, he would creep,  
Lie on the hearth, or in the corner sleep,  
With one eye open, plotting some disaster.

A joint of meat, unwatched, he'd slyly snap it,  
Or soup or gravy in a dish, he'd lap it,  
And then, with tail between his legs, creep out;  
Or else the dog was always in the way,  
The maids fell o'er his carcass every day,  
And then the kitchen was in such a rout!

'I do declare,' thus cried the honest wife,  
'This vile old brute will worry out my life;  
'I wish the dog was dead, or else in Guinea!  
'Get out!' and here she'd thump him with a stick,  
'Were I a man,' and here she'd look at Dick,  
'But what's the use to talk to such a ninny!'

Time after time, whene'er these ills befel him,  
Dick straight would swear, 'Confound the dog! I'll sell him!  
And then I hope to have some little quiet.'  
Dick smoked his pipe, and still the threat grew cold;  
He quite forgot that Jowler must be sold,  
Until his wife would raise another riot.

At length one day Dick homeward came with glee,  
'My dear, I've sold the dog!' 'How much?' said she:  
'Ten pounds!' 'ten pounds! where is it, honey?'  
'I got no cash,' the loving husband said,  
'But took two PUPPIES, at five pounds a head,  
'Which comes, you know, my dear, to just the money!'



## THE EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS.

‘*Are they not hearty and cheerful? Do not their writings smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial, enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood, and generous spirits in the concoction?*’

CHARLES LAMB.

It is in the literature of a nation that her best history is contained. Wide as her conquests may have extended over land and sea, they are but proofs of her strength, and often of her folly and blind passion; while the history of her political changes is but a ten-times-told tale of fraudulent power, overthrown by still greater fraud, or of violence overwhelmed by violence. But a nation's literature is her loftiest and purest remembrancer. In it we see mirrored forth those great minds whose names adorn her annals, and whose embodied thoughts the world has till now preserved, and will never willingly let die. The early English writers who preceded Dryden, were the authors of a literature second to but one of all that ever existed. A splendid galaxy of poets, orators, and statesmen, have given this verdict, and their testimony cannot be invalidated, on the ground of national prejudice. They belong neither to that class of small spirits, whose only means of elevating their own country is at the expense of others, nor to those half-bred intellects, who are acquainted with no language, feelings, or thoughts, save those which they see every day around them. The men of whom we speak, have not only, by familiarity with the Greek and Roman fountains, prepared themselves to compute the volume of the mighty rivers of mind flowing from those sources, but have made themselves adepts in the national literatures of Europe. Those who praise Milton, have followed the great Dante in his journey through hell and heaven, and, with no incurious eye, have viewed him crossing, with earthly footsteps, the burning marl; now listening to the sweet-toned and grave, though not sad words of the spirits of the heathen poets, or to the wild, unintelligible shouts of the tormented Nimrod, as his gigantic ghost stood waist-deep in the pit, with its huge companions, Briareus, and Typhæus, and Antæus, ‘like the mast of some tall admiral,’ and Ephialtes convulsed with agony, and in his frantic struggles rocking to and fro, like some huge tower, waving from its base in the earthquake; or dazzled with the effulgence that for an instant increased even the brightness of heaven, as his first and only love, Beatrice, looked with a smile upon him from her place among the choir of angels. The admirers of Chaucer and Spenser have familiarized themselves with the beauties of Tasso and Ariosto, and with the mirth of Pulci. And the readers of the English dramatists are acquainted not only with the Greek and Roman theatre, but also with the gorgeous arabesques of Germany, the sportive merriment of Lopez de Vega, and the graceful regularity of the French drama. Such are the qualifications for judgment possessed by those who pronounce the literature of which we speak to be surpassed alone by that of Greece, if indeed it have any superior. Even admitting the criti-

cal superiority of the Grecian writers, the literature of England ought to receive still greater attention; for while these writings, (which bear the same relation to our contemporary literature that the lofty portals and long colonnades which the architects of Petra carved in the living rock, do to the plaster pillars and wooden cornices which sometimes adorn our *tasteful* edifices,) are models of our own language, productions of our own ancestors, and proud monuments of our own national glory, the literature of Greece refers to nations that have passed away; to men concerning whom history is almost silent, and to strange and unknown customs; insomuch that their serious productions are like the relics of their fortresses and temples, which were strong, and are beautiful, but are now neither fit for worship nor defence; while their gayety is like the wine-cups dug up in Pompeii, which once were garlanded with roses and ivy, and passed from hand to hand, at the feasts of Roman statesmen and soldiers, but now are 'sad sepulchral pitchers, which have no joyful voices, silently expressing old mortality, the ruins of forgotten times.'

The long and bright first day of English literature, whose fervid noon-tide, and gorgeous though lurid and thunderous sunset, were well worthy of so fresh, dewy, and beautiful a morning, began with the father of our poetry, GEOFFREY CHAUCER. In speaking of this writer, as compared with his great followers, it may be said, that while sublimity is the characteristic of Milton, and the Faëry Queen of Spenser seems like some long and passionate dream, wherein the imagination had tasked itself to accumulate together all sights and sounds of loveliness, the characteristics of Chaucer are the mingled liveliness and beauty, humor and pathos, which give the world assurance of a poet. There is no writer so Homeric. There is none who so describes the court, with its press of knights and ladies, or the wild turmoil of the tournament, when trump and clarion have sounded, and the champions meet in mid space; when the bright swords strike fire from the armor, and the splinters from broken lance-shafts fly high into the air, and down go barbed war-horse, and plumed knight:

'Then might ye see loose steeds at random run,  
Whose luckless riders late were overthrown.'

One should be himself a poet, to describe that wild, high excitement, and that rush of language, words flung out like sparks of fire, which narrates the story of Arcita's last battle.

And more. There is no writer who can lay claim to a greater share of that noblest quality of a poet, a love of all things beautiful. Chaucer, in every part of his joyous, sweet-humored writings, seems to aim at binding his words to dwell in the reader's mind, in connection with all lovely things. His poems are replete with all pleasant sights and sounds; of the soft shining rain of spring, of the glittering dew at sun-rise, of the wild-flower in the meadow, and the song of the bird, as it flutters through the underwood. It was no weakness or timidity which occasioned it; for where the vices or the errors of the age were in question, not Frank Rabelais himself was a bolder jester.

His highest praise I mention last. He lived in a licentious age,

yet is there no writer who has spoken of love with more respect and honor. Let me repeat his own beautiful words :

‘ For thereof truly cometh all goodness,  
All honor and all gentleness,  
Worship, ease, all fair and just,  
Perfect joy, and full assuréd trust,  
Jollity, pleasaunce, and freshness.

‘ Lowlyhood, largess, and courtesy,  
Seemliness, and true company,  
Dread and shame to do amiss,  
For he that truly Love’s servant is,  
Than be shaméd, had rather die.’

Such are the words of the oldest of our poets ; and though his spelling be antiquated, and his lines sometimes require a glossary, still this should not hinder his being read by all who love true poetry ; who, when they first peruse him, are conducted to a hill side, laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect, and melodious sounds, on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming.

Chaucer had no immediate successor. Soon after his death, a time of blood and rapine came over England. The war of the Roses, the bloodiest of English civil wars, broke out, and for many years raged unchecked. It was no war of principles, like the subsequent revolutions, but a loathsome, brutal conflict for the throne. The nobleman was beheaded, the merchant plundered, the peasant starved. The horrors of that warfare are inconceivable. It is a historical fact, that in later times, during the wars of the League, in France, so constant was the terror, and so long-continued and universal the danger, that at length the very cattle knew the note of warning, and would, of their own accord, leave the pasture, and run bellowing to their homes, whenever they heard the alarm bell. Yet this was but a trifle, compared with the horrors of the wars of Lancaster and York. At length, the dire conflict ceased. Quiet and plenty reigned over the land. The Catholic religion was overthrown, and education extended. Again it was restored, and served to excite the national mind to thought. The study of the Greek, with its glorious literature, was introduced into the English Universities. The language of Machiavelli became as necessary an accomplishment, as French is now. Latin was the language in which scholars wrote all books, not intended solely for their own countrymen. The Reformation had now gone on, conquering and to conquer. A new world had been discovered. A new way had been marked out to the old, by Vasco de Gama. The Hollanders were in arms against Spain. The Huguenots were girded on behalf of that Old Cause, for which the Waldenses had died on the battle-field, or in the snow of the Cevennes, so many years before. The breath which had gone out of the mouths of Luther and Calvin, had not fallen, but had gone on the wings of the wind over all Europe, upturning, to its lowest bottom, the depths of the popular mind, and lashing it into furious and swelling commotion. ‘ The deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high.’ But, when Elizabeth came to the throne, England was calm, amidst all this tumult. Peace was within her borders. All the enthusiasm

of the race of men, of all the most enthusiastic toward great ends, poured itself forth in rapturous fealty to their queen, the great Gloriana. The wild tumult, all around, excited them, but not to evil. The pent-up fire of their hearts vented itself, not in civil contest, but in burning words at home, and in feats of the wildest and most chivalric valor abroad. It was the time of 'moving accidents by flood and field,' of adventures among 'antres vast and deserts idle;' the epoch of Walter Raleigh, of Drake, and Willoughby, of Davis and Frobisher. But at home, all was quiet. The fearful turmoil abroad came upon the English like the lamentations within the portals of hell, upon the ear of Dante; sighs, weepings, and loud exclamations, resounding through the starless night, and sounds as of different tongues; horrible speeches, words of sorrow, accents of wrath; voices loud and hoarse, 'with hands together smote;' but they themselves felt no evil, and looked to see no sorrow. The national excitement was fostered and directed by the education then in vogue; an education, inferior, perhaps, to the modern, in the amount of information conveyed, but tenfold better calculated to expand the mind, and purify the taste; and its result was, a race of men of whom it might be most fitly said, 'There were giants on the earth in those days.' Then was the time of learned soldiers, of polished scholars, of practical and shrewd men of taste. At no other period could have flourished that mirror of poetry, Philip Sydney; now shining at court, now in company with his sister Lucy, writing that beautiful romance, the 'Arcadia;' now closeted with statesmen, now entertaining the ambassadors who came to offer him the elective crown of Poland; now translating from the French of Philip Mornay one of the most learned and philosophical of works in defence of Christianity, and now dying from that musket shot to which his fearless emulation had exposed him. Such were the critics for whom the men of that period wrote.

Then arose a literature, such as no other nation ever possessed. Tasteful and polished, to an unexampled degree, and yet flushed with life and warmth, the poems and plays of that epoch have had no rivals. It was not a time when dispute ran high, although the hidden sources of dissension had begun to pour forth their bitter waters; and thus the sterner and graver questions were postponed until the next generation. The time of Elizabeth and James was one of excitement, of fancy, and of gayety; and accordingly, no later writer has been impelled by those brave, visionary impulses, to which our old poets yielded.

Merely to enumerate the elegant writers of that period, would require too much space, so many are there whose works are comparatively unread. Of the 'myriad-minded Shakspeare' it would be superfluous to speak. His works are made even more beautiful by their antiquity:

'Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a time-change  
Into something rich and strange.'

But how are his contemporaries neglected? Who reads that rare and artful humorist, Ben Jonson? Who is acquainted with the

brilliant wit and touching pathos of that gayest, liveliest, sweetest of poets, John Fletcher, and the beautiful writings of his two cousins, like

——— 'fairy visions  
Of those gay creatures of the elements,  
That in the colors of the rainbow live,  
And play i' the plighted clouds ?'

All these are unread by the mass ; and with them are forgotten those stately builders of verse, Massinger and Chapman, and many another writer, whose productions lie neglected in old libraries, although each 'the precious life-blood of a master spirit.' For reasons already mentioned, I am compelled to leave all these contemporaries unnoticed, save the second luminary of that time, EDMUND SPENSER, who wrote the 'Faëry Queen.' Language deserving of being considered a model of pure and beautiful English, and a versification sweet as the melody of flutes, and 'smooth as Pelop's shoulder,' form but a slight part of the merits of that lovely poem. 'Solemn processions of purple thought,' lofty allegories, and scenes of stateliest and most regal argument, all combine to give light and dignity to what would otherwise be overpowering and fatiguing, through the very mass and extension of its beauty. It is like some vast tropical thicket, choked and matted with gorgeousness and luxuriance, and bewildering from the constant spread of huge trees and lovely flowers. We gaze around us, like Spenser's own knight-errant in the enchanted castle :

——— 'beholding all the way,  
The goodly works, and stones of rich array,  
Cast into sundry shapes, by utmost skill.  
The like on earth I nowhere reckon may,  
And underneath the river rolling still,  
With murmur soft, that seemed to serve the workman's will.'

Spenser was the last of the chivalric poets ; and, with one grand exception, he was, for a long time, the last who found his inspiration in nature, among forests and waterfalls — gardens, fountains, and meadows. Never was there a sublimer poet, although the height of Milton's imagination is more constantly retained, and rendered less material, by its Hebraic tinge of thought. Milton's poems affect us like those dreams, where unseen yet distinguished shapes of beauty and terror pass before our sleeping vision, and the dusky air is moved by solemn and majestic harmonies. But to read Spenser, is like wandering in some wide-spread garden, with vast and hoary trees, all glowing with the blossoms of the creepers round them ; with cool arbors and bright gushing springs ; with graceful statues and gay-plumaged birds, now shown forth by the brilliancy of noon-day, and now hushed in the repose of the soft, still, holy night.

The time of English poetry soon passed away. Long before the death of James, those disputes and aggressions commenced, which as yet only troubled the sweet fountain of our literature, without awakening the national mind to that whirlwind energy, which brought on the Great Rebellion. The nation was like the fabled Cænis, when driven from among the nymphs, and before the repentant god had

endowed her with the frame of masculine strength and figure, invulnerable against all weapons, which rendered Cæneus one of the most renowned of fabulous heroes. Still, one heaven-born mind retained the hidden spark of flame divine; but beside him, scarce one great mind was visible. But causes were at work, which were soon to raise up in one night a brood of men, who should dethrone the son of him who had sowed the dragons' teeth from which they sprang. The Puritans rose up, and banded together for their rights; and high advanced before their ranks, during all that struggle, shone like a comet the fiery sword of MILTON, drawn to gain that charter and freehold of rejoicing which we enjoy, by our descent from those iron men, who, whatever might have been their errors, at least thought nothing worthier than truth and right, and feared nothing save the curse pronounced on those who did the work of the Lord negligently. They gained their cause, and the death of their leader brought about their fall, and the restoration of the worst tyrant that ever sat upon the English throne.

It became the sad duty of the two greatest men of that period, to sit and listen to the ravings of a sick and delirious nation. Milton and Sydney were both called to give up nearly all that is held dear to man. The one sat in his hovel, poor, old, and blind; his office taken from him, his writings burnt by the hangman, his life only spared through the contemptuous mercy of his foes; his little property embezzled by his avaricious wife, and his books and furniture stolen by 'those pelican daughters;' while the other was soon to be called to die upon a scaffold, in behalf of the truth. And in these were the circumstances that gave birth to the noblest of English poems, and the most eloquent and masterly of treatises on politics. The writings of Milton are now 'fashionable,' and they need no praise. But Algernon Sydney's *Discourses on Government* must not thus be passed over; for if the most just ideas, the most convincing arguments, and the highest spirit of freedom, should secure perusal, then ought that work to be studied by all; as well by those who seek proofs wherewith to establish republicanism, as by such as look for some model which may impart that earnest, sarcastic, masculine eloquence, which lightens and thunders, and rends its opponent, and which, when clothed in another language, wielded at will the fierce democracy of Athens. For so are all the inferior parts of eloquence made subordinate to the sole aim of proving the point in hand, and covering with merited contempt the puny asserter of the right divine of kings to govern wrong, that to read that book is like gazing upon the struggles of some colossal wrestler, whose beautiful proportions and graceful attitudes we might admire, were we not obliged rather to notice the fire of his eye, and the terrible strength which he puts forth.

Time and space forbid us to enter into a farther detail of the disappearance of the elder school of writers; to speak of Sir Thomas Browne's stately and high-wrought pomp of language, and his philosophical mysticism, or to criticize the immortal *Hudibras*, in which the vast and various learning of the past generation is so drolly pressed into the service of the wit and whim, which distinguished the rising school. Sydney and Milton were the last relics of that



race of giants, whose thoughts and deeds have gone through all the world, and in them the sun of England set, after no unworthy course, and soon destined to rise with new, though not equal, brilliancy.

B. F. G.

# H Y M N O F T H E V O Y A G E R S .

'The white foam dashes high! away, away!  
Shroud my green land no more, thou blinding spray!'

Stars of midnight, clustering o'er us,  
Light our pathway o'er the sea!  
Hark! the dark waves shout before us,  
And the breeze unchains its glee;  
Light us, light us, gems of heaven!  
While we journey o'er the ocean;  
Ye to night's calm hour have given  
All the poetry of devotion.

Watch us, watch us, gently, brightly!  
We will watch ye, too, in turn;  
Charming Hope in whispers, lightly,  
Promises a sweet return;  
Household faces shine around us,  
O'er the waters as we fly,  
Memory's magic spells have bound us—  
Hist! — was that the sea-bird's cry?

Oh! it seemed to speak of home,  
Home, and all her laughing daughters,  
Torrents with their ambient foam,  
And willows stooping o'er the waters;  
Sea-bird! sea bird! shout once more,  
Thou bearest not one note of sorrow;  
Thou comest from that happy shore  
Which we hope to greet to-morrow!

Tell us of our household dwelling,  
Wanderer of the starry night!  
Are the founts we loved still welling,  
In the pale moon's softened light?  
Does the pine-tree murmur still,  
And the tall old aspen shiver?  
And the 'little tinkling rill'  
Still haste on to kiss the river?

Tell us, tell us, wandering sea-bird!  
Thou art from that blessed shore,  
Faintly now thy voice is heard,  
Mingling with the ocean's roar;  
Now it rises, now 't is gone,  
While the moon goes riding by,  
And the good ship speedeth on,  
'Neath the starry midnight sky.

Guide us, thou who art in Heaven!  
While we slumber on the billow,  
And in visions all Elysian,  
Press once more the household pillow;  
Guide us, while the stars beam brightly,  
And the canvass greets the breeze,  
Touch us, winds of midnight, lightly!  
Smile yet brighter, moonlit seas!

## OLD AGE AND BEAUTY.

BY GRACE GRAPTON.

ONCE upon a time, a very beautiful lady received a strange visitor. She was sitting alone in her dressing-room, stripped of all the fashionable ornaments that usually decked her person, and which were now strewed around her in every direction. Some were tossed over the backs of chairs; others she was arranging in her armoire; and the most costly glittered in an open casket on the toilette table. She had risen late, and was now rectifying the disorders of the preceding night; for she had cast off her finery in hasty negligence, after having, at a late hour, taken leave of a large circle of acquaintance, who had crowded her drawing-rooms, tasted her sweets, and basked in her smiles, for a few brief hours, and then left her to — her own thoughts. These she soon buried in sleep; but the next morning — ah! how ‘stale and unprofitable’ it sometimes appears! — the next morning, this lady felt strangely weary; late hours began to have an effect upon her, for which she was puzzled to account. She sank into an easy chair, when her labors were over, and it so chanced that the large mirror, swinging over the toilette, inclined a little, so as to reflect her whole person. She naturally enough fixed an anxious gaze on that much admired form; but alas! a few hours seemed to have wrought sad changes there. All her boasted charms appeared to have been thrown aside with the elegant apparel that had so lately adorned her.

‘How unbecoming these loose robes are!’ she exclaimed; ‘and yet I used not to think so,’ she added, with a sigh. ‘And this *bonnet de nuit* — I never before thought it so frightful: pshaw! it makes an old woman of me!’ So saying, she removed the offending cap, and throwing it from her, began to arrange her fine tresses into a more becoming head-dress; but the plain-spoken mirror before her told such home truths, in its own quiet, reflective manner, that she found her task an irksome one, and grew fretful with her fruitless endeavors to restore to her hair its glossy blackness, and to her face its dimpled charms.

‘I thought something was wrong,’ said she, as she looked up languidly at a side window, where the upper blinds had been left open; ‘it is that odious light streaming in from above, so unbecomingly, that makes me look so haggard this morning; and then the fatigue of so large a party. How beautiful Euphrosyne looked!’ continued she, musingly. ‘She was a little child when I made my *début* on the stage of fashion, and now, behold her radiant in the proud loveliness of a youthful matron! Time was when I could have matched her charms, but now — Well, well; I was never before so forcibly reminded of the alteration a few years can make. How changed I look! How very, very wretched and nervous I feel this morning!’ Again she turned her languid eyes upward, toward the intrusive, tell-tale beam; glanced them once more over

the mirror, and started with affright; for, reflected there, she perceived a dimly-defined but most unsightly form bending over her.

'I know thee, insidious intruder!' cried she, covering her face with her hands: 'I have had warnings of thy approach, and now thou art here; yet I defy thee!'

'Hush, hush!' said the calm, hollow voice of Old Age, for no other than he was the strange visitor, 'hush! do not defy me; I have not yet laid my hand upon thee, and on thyself it must depend whether my sure touch be that of a friend or an enemy; whether the dominion I shall surely exercise over thy fate, be that of a gentle master, or a stern tyrant.'

While these words were sounding ominously within her heart, the lady endeavored to turn a deaf ear to their import. She rose from the dressing-table, rang the bell, and ordered her maid to shut the blinds, and keep them better closed in future. She then gave some directions respecting her wardrobe, and throwing herself on a sofa, fell into a reverie, in which she laid vigorous plans for defeating the designs of Age. 'I will so disguise myself,' thought she, 'that the wretch will not know me. His presence here is a heavy burthen, and it would be mortifying past endurance, to be recognised by such an antediluvian monster, in the midst of society, from hence forward and for evermore to have my name coupled with his.' So the next time she dressed for company, her own hair was gathered away out of sight, and some shining ringlets were substituted in its place; and, in addition to the becoming effect of a new and elegant head-dress, a slight tinge of rouge concealed the ravages time had made on her complexion: and thus, indeed, she might be said to defy Old Age; for though he frequently hovered about her, and whispered his melancholy forebodings in her ear, she had the satisfaction to perceive, that in company, at least, no one was aware of his presence but herself.

It was in the solitude of her own boudoir, that Old Age became her persecutor; when the excitement of admiration was over; the person disrobed of its gay attire, the countenance of its false ornaments, and forced smiles; ah! Age claimed her then, and grew familiar. She never seated herself at her toilette, but he placed himself at her side, and preached to her, and pried into her heart, and annoyed her so incessantly, that there was no resource for her, but to array herself with skill, and fly to company again for relief. It was a sad sight — her worn countenance, and faded form, beneath the frail disguises of fashion.

'Why so weary of me already?' said Age to her, one day, when he saw the advantage he was gaining; 'why so resolute to ward off my hand, and turn from me thy countenance? Let us be friends.'

'Friends!' cried the faded beauty, 'thou my friend! — thou art my destroyer; and as I once defied thee, so now I fear thee.'

'Vain woman!' murmured her tormentor, 'yet again I warn thee, with thyself it rests whether I prove thy tyrant or thy friend. The time approaches when I must make myself visible to the whole world as thy inseparable companion. Why should we appear as enemies?'

'How,' said she indignantly, 'how canst thou have the hardihood to imagine that I will acknowledge companionship with one who has

worked me such evil? Shame on thee! for the mischief thou hast done to my once raven hair! Out upon thee! for a thief, who art robbing me one by one of my pearly teeth; who hast stolen away the sweetness of my voice, withered my lilies, and faded my roses! Here, overcome with emotion, she pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and turning into a secluded path, sought to hide her mortification in the solitude of nature, while Old Age shrugged his shoulders, and followed after, looking very grave and determined.

This short colloquy between Age and waning Beauty took place in some fine pleasure-grounds, to which a large party had resorted to spend the day, and dine in the open air. The cheerful light of a summer sun, flickering through the foliage of the groves, or glancing across the open, grassy slopes, shed lustre on many a fair form, and carried joy to many a youthful heart. Each lovely, laughing girl had her admirer, some companion young and gay as herself; and in merry groups they wandered along the paths, or seated themselves on the turf, beneath the shade of over-hanging boughs. This bright light of day found no corresponding ray within the bosom of the *cic-devant* beauty. The uncomfortable thought possessed her, that it displayed to view her unseemly companion, and therefore had she turned aside, and reproached him so bitterly; and then retired, neglected and disconsolate, into an unfrequented path. Thither, as we have observed, Age followed her, and down they sat together on the first seat that presented itself. This was so placed as to command a view of surpassing beauty, in the contemplation of which, selfish griefs and unworthy complainings might well be forgotten. A sudden opening in the woods revealed the broad river below, with its waters rolling silently onward, like the ceaseless tide of time. Waving woods and yellow corn-fields graced its banks, and here and there some pleasant dwelling reared its white walls among the trees; and in the back-ground a huge bank of blue and misty mountains bounded the view.

Tranquillity stole into the poor lady's heart, as she gazed long and silently on the woods, and hills, and beaming river; and she saw, without repugnance, that Age was still beside her. 'I am here,' said he, with a smile, and drew closer toward her, and she answered mildly: 'Be silent now, Old Age, and let the sweet voices of my youth speak to me in these wild woods, and sparkling waters;' and Age prudently took the hint, and was still. When he spoke again, and said, 'Thou dost not hate me now, while we are alone with nature?' she answered, in a subdued tone: 'Alas! I can resist thee no longer; but oh! thou hast done me cruel wrong!'

'Be wise,' continued he, 'and I will amply repay thee for all I have taken from thee; for know, proud woman, that the same hand which clothed thee with beauty, directed me here to rob thee of thy charms, and fashion thee for the grave.'

'Dost thou lead me to the grave!' said the beauty, with a slight shudder.

'Not yet,' replied he, soothingly; 'but even unto the grave will I reconcile thee, if thou wilt but listen, through me, to the voice of him who sent me.'

'Here I can listen to thee,' said she; 'thy voice chimes in, passing

well, with the sweet melodies of nature. If thou wouldst but leave me to myself, and hush thy mournful croaking in the gay circles of fashion.'

'I cannot leave thee for a moment,' said Age, 'for I tell thee I am sent by one far mightier than I, to fulfil thy destiny here, and prepare thee for the mysteries of thy coming doom. Look upon me, then, as a messenger of love, not of wrath, and thrice happy shall be our communion together.'

It was fortunate for this once beautiful woman, that she had sufficient sense and good feeling to understand every word that Old Age said to her; and had prudence enough, beside, to acknowledge him ever after as a friend; for he proved a sage counsellor, and guided her wisely through the last scenes of life; and during each trial of sickness and infirmity, endued her with resignation, and whispered heavenly consolation to her inmost soul.

He soon persuaded her to throw aside every vain trapping; and then, with his own gentle hand, smoothed her gray hair across her brow, and blended benevolent smiles with the growing wrinkles. Thus, though she was no longer lovely to look upon, she became reconciled to herself, and ceasing to pine for the charms of which Age had divested her, she wrapped herself in a mantle of gray, and quietly descended with him into the vale of years.

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S T A N Z A S .

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'Oremus ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.'

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I.

THE body and the mind, by links  
More firm than man and wife,  
'For better or for worse' are wed,  
In banns that last for life.

II.

Like two ill-coupled hounds, a sad  
And snarling pair they start :  
'Two friends, alas ! that can't agree —  
Two foes, that cannot part !

III.

This would the noblest game pursue,  
And course the lion's track ;  
But this to filth and garbage stoops,  
And pulls his brother back.

IV.

Happy, when both, precisely matched,  
In courage, speed, and breath,  
Life's course well run, come cheerful in  
Together — at the death !

## THE NUNS OF THE FRIULI.

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‘Hell has no fury, like a woman scorned!’

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To THOSE who have surveyed the Alps, rising in all their grandeur one above another, until their peaks are lost in the blue of heaven, the Friuli mountains appear as pigmies to a giant. Yet they possess a magnificence of scenery unexcelled even by their more towering brethren. Here are no wreaths of everlasting snow, nor rocks frowning in naked sublimity; but forests of unfading green crown their summits, and the ruins of many a feudal castle lie scattered amid their darkness. Here, too, Superstition has found a home, and the solemn bell of the convent is reverberated in a thousand echoes. Within its walls, crime has found a refuge, and hapless victims of avarice and ambition weep unheeded, perhaps forgotten, even by those for whom they mourned.

It was late on a dreary evening in the last days of March, that we came in sight of one of these convents, which was situated on a darkly-jutting point of a precipice that overhung the road, whence the eye is first gladly saluted with the bright and flowery plains of Italy, and of the Tagliamento, which glides in mazy wanderings around the base of the mountain, until its pure green waters seem lost in meadows of its own emerald hue. The towers rose proudly, as if in mockery of the fair scene beneath them; as if the Maker of All could not be worshipped amidst the lovely works of his own creation, but must hear the voice of prayer swell up from the rich perfume of altars, surrounded with the factitious pomps of man.

The day had been stormy, and the melting of the winter's snows had so swelled the mountain torrents, that our vetturino declined proceeding farther that night, and we determined to crave hospitality of the inmates of the holy dwelling above us. The road by which we gained the gates, wound circuitously among the rocks, and bore evidence that few visitors ever disturbed the pious meditations of the nuns within. After much difficulty, we were admitted. The bare walls of the parlour, with its scanty and rough furniture, was quite unlike the luxurious decorations of the convents we had visited in the cities. The gentlemen of our party could not gain entrance, but were accommodated in the hut of an old gardener, who appeared almost cœval with the walls of the convent. The portress who attended us, rarely spoke, and seemed fearful even of the sound of her own voice. On our expressing a desire to visit the chapel, and those parts of the interior to which strangers are usually admitted, the consent of the abbess was asked and obtained, and a lay sister ordered to conduct us. Fortunately, she did not prove as taciturn as the portress, but illustrated each chamber with some legend of the olden time. An unnatural gloom pervaded the whole dwelling, and the spectre-like forms of the nuns, seen gliding in the distance, sent a cold shudder over us; and if their voices broke on the silence around, the sound issuing from beneath their dark hoods and veils



was so unearthly, that it seemed we were gazing on the inhabitants of another world.

At last, we gained the chapel. It was simple in its decorations, and derived its greatest interest, in our minds, from the kneeling figures which were here and there discerned, and which might have been almost mistaken for marble, had not the wind occasionally moved the drapery which enshrouded them. A small arched door admitted us into the cemetery, and the fading twilight was just sufficient to enable us to see that the graves were destitute of all needless ornament. A simple stone alone marked out to their friends, if they possessed any who retained an interest in their fate, the spot of their last earthly rest. As we passed two apparently new mounds of earth, which marked a recent vacancy in that holy sisterhood, our guide involuntarily recoiled, and crossed herself with deep devotion. We stooped to read the names, but they gave us no clue to the emotion of our conductress; and when we turned to her for an explanation, she was engaged in fervent prayer. As we passed on, however, she rejoined us, and we ventured to comment, indirectly, upon the emotion she had exhibited. She was silent for some moments, but presently requested us to return to the parlor. Our curiosity was now so much excited, that we again renewed our inquiries concerning those seemingly mysterious graves, when she communicated to us the following story.

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‘THE order to which this convent belongs, is unprecedentedly severe; but there were even here two nuns remarkable for the austerity of their lives. Their faces had seldom been seen, and when they were, the beholders regarded one with pity, but turned from the other as from an unholy sight. They were known by the names of Beatrice and Rosalia, and had both been resident here many years. Nothing was known of the causes which first induced them to renounce the world; and if curiosity had ever been awakened concerning them, it had long since slumbered. They held no communion together, and each regarded the other as a stranger; yet still it seemed as if a mysterious tie connected them, which neither could define; and they were oftener seen kneeling side by side, than any other two in the convent.

‘On the attenuated form of the sister Rosalia, sorrow had stamped all the ravages which ‘Time’s effacing finger’ usually accomplishes. The light of her eye was quenched, and the smile that had once beamed on her lip, was fled. Her cheek was deadly pale, and she looked as if waiting with anxiety for the time when she should ‘be called hence.’ But her habitual expression of grief was softened by a natural mildness, which appeared like a ray of sunshine upon a ruin; a remnant of that which once shed gladness on many a heart.

‘Far different were the dark workings of the mind of Sister Beatrice. The remains of beauty, that had been dazzling, still retained their haughty character, and her dark eyes emitted glances which all her penances had failed to soften. The wreck of her charms seemed wrought by some sudden paroxysm of passion, like the bursting of a volcano, which destroys all within its reach. The

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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ADDRESS, DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, OF SOUTH CAROLINA, ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY. By B. R. CARROLL, Esq. pp. 27. Charleston: THOS. J. ECCLES.

MR. CARROLL is a young writer of South Carolina, of good talents and rising reputation. He is known to us as the editor of the 'Historical Collections' of that state, a valuable work, in two large volumes, to which we have before briefly alluded. He has recently become one of the editors of the 'Southern Literary Journal,' a monthly work published in Charleston, the contents of which are highly creditable to the well known taste and talent of that city. Descended from Irish parents, he has lately been chosen the anniversary orator of one of the national societies, so frequent among our adopted citizens, and the fruit of his appointment is the little pamphlet before us. Apart from a certain looseness of style, which the author would do well to amend, there is much in this performance that is highly creditable to his mind and feelings. He speaks boldly in reference to sundry topics much mooted among us of late days, particularly those which regard the morals, the usefulness, and the sense of national responsibility, among our adopted citizens. It is needless to say, that he takes the side of the stranger. A glowing picture of the past condition of Ireland, before that union to which the ultra patriot of Green Erin ascribes the loss of the national liberties, opens the performance. Then follows a rapid transition to the melancholy and degraded condition of her people now. Allowing freely for the rhetorical coloring, which is fairly the privilege of modern oratory, there is no doubt much truth in the two pictures, and as little doubt of the gloomy contrast. This contrast accounts for the self-exile of the emigrant, whom an intense feeling of oppression, and the love of liberty alone, prompt to a flight from the familiar places and the sweet affections of his birth-place. Assuming this to be the cause, the leading cause, of emigration, the inference is fair, that such a people cannot be any where the foes of conscience and of liberty. Such is our orator's conclusion; though in one passage of his address, which refers to the United Provinces of Holland, he admits that 'the persecuted were not long in learning how to become the most relentless persecutors.' For a similar transition, we may also make free to refer the reader and the orator to the abuse of power on the part of our puritan ancestry, when the object was to effect the flexibility of a Quaker's conscience or a witch's muscles. 'But you,' exclaims the orator, in a direct apostrophe, 'you who have come hither to enjoy the freedom of our institutions and to perpetuate them, is it possible that you, permitted to enter the edifice which you watched from afar, to behold its excellencies and enjoy its hospitality, should lay desecrating hands upon one fragment to displace it!' He answers the question for his hearers, and denies the possibility that they should be so mad as to pluck down the asylum which has given, and must long give them, a shelter and a home. 'To assume,' says he, 'that the foreigner will feel less love for our institutions than the native, is to assume that he is not properly alive to his own interest.'

Surely, and yet this does not place the question altogether before us. The point made by those who are opposed to the indiscriminate freedom of our institutions, is, that it is not so easy a matter for the stranger to know what these institutions are, for a considerable length of time; it is doubtful, indeed, whether the great mass of our own people know them. Much of our security depends rather upon the *feeling* of country, than the *knowledge* of it; but even here we are met by our orator with a large claim for the emigrant. 'If,' says he, 'a picture of the feelings of the emigrant toward our country were drawn, it would perhaps appear that his admiration for our system of liberty is even more intense than that of the native himself.' This is scarcely to be admitted; although, it may be said here, that it is not the admiration of a system which constitutes the love of the citizen for his country, but his love of home, and his devout obedience to the *genius loci*. 'Doomed,' continues Mr. CARROLL, 'to a heartless tyranny at home, the emigrant looks to our country as to the place of his disenthralment. His imagination, aided by our own boast, represents it to him as a land freest among the free; where man has no superior but the God who made him, and no voice to control him, but the voice of the people.' This is all very good, but unfortunately, like the hapless hero of one of Moore's lively lyrics, this voice has sometimes 'two tones;' nay, we are moderate; we may safely say two dozen. 'In a word,' proceeds the orator, 'he looks to our country as did the old voyagers in their dreams of poetry, as a land where eternal sunshine is ever playing over fountains of immortal waters,' and 'where man stands forth in the free image of his Maker.'

"With his feelings thus heightened, he contemplates our institutions with a longing desire to enjoy them; and before he has even tasted of their perfections, he becomes an ardent patriot in his devotions. Striking as appeared the picture when afar off, he is no less delighted with it, when himself placed in the foreground. What before he may have doubted, becomes a palpable reality. He is not only a witness of, but he participates in, the first successful experiment of a government founded on the popular will. He looks around for a privileged, hereditary class, and while he possesses virtue and honesty, he can find none more worthy than himself," etc.

In answer to the imputation of ignorance, as made generally against the Irish emigrant, and the opinion that, under the guidance of the artful and designing, he will pull down the proud edifice which has won him from afar, the orator answers thus, not conclusively, we think, though speciously:

"If this position were true, it would only prove, that there is in our institutions no intrinsic excellence; that they stand not by their own power, but need adventitious circumstances to uphold them. If the bondsman who has been manacled and oppressed, cannot love the hand which unlooses his chains, and leads him forth to the enjoyment of freedom; if he *will* turn from his liberator, and still remain in thralldom, then there is no innate love of liberty in our nature, and the system which rests upon the assumption, is all a splendid failure. Liberty is essentially a feeling; education may have much to do with it; but, it can no more control it, than covering the sun under a cloud, will for ever obscure its illumination. It is not within man's nature to love oppression; and it is in the full operation of this truth, that we may look with confidence to the continual preservation of our institutions."

Perhaps so, and we hope so; and when the writer afterward discourses upon the advantage and the necessity of his education, we are almost tempted fully to agree with him. Man's nature is a very good thing, when you can find it; but it is seldom, now-a-days, that we happen upon a man in a state of nature, and we are apt to take to our heels when we do. Society claps us in moulds and fetters, the very moment we emerge into the light. To another charge against the Irish emigrant, in particular, the orator proceeds:

"It is charged as a great and crying evil, that 'their people are daily overflowing our country with their numbers; that they come in hordes, only to spread their ignorance and poverty over our land, and that, if some check is not put to their emigration among

us, that our institutions must sink under the preponderating weight of their influence.' This is the language of high and respectable authority. The charges contained in it are strong ones, and are believed, by many of our well-disposed citizens, to import much truth. If permitted to remain unrefuted, the direct operation will be, the creation among us of political sectarianism, with which must inevitably follow that worst of popular curses, *the oppression of conscience*. Suppose not that this right may be controlled by laws alone. Public opinion is a greater despot still; and a sect or people may suffer more hardships from the bigotry of their opponents, than all the severity which laws might impose. All the persecutions which the world has ever known, have originated in some similar misdirection of popular opinion. Prejudices are first created individually; imperceptibly they creep into sects; sects grow into parties; and parties, under the influence of uncontrolled feeling, have created revolutions, which have pulled down some of the fairest institutions of liberty. It was such a feeling, which condemned to the hemlock the wisest and most amiable philosopher of Athens; that expatriated the most just among her citizens; that banished from home her best men; that condemned Galileo to the dungeon; that sent Castilio into exile, and exhibited itself in the shocking sacrifice of Servetus. It was this feeling, in a word, which, under the influence of sectarian bigotry, has equally disgraced religion and politics, in most parts of the world. The encouragement of such a feeling, let it come from whatever source, is eminently dangerous, and it becomes the duty of every citizen to check it in its very incipience."

These passages will give the reader some idea of a performance which grapples with several difficult topics, and if it does not master them entirely, at least shows the ability to guide to the proper sources of reflection and analysis. It gives a sufficient clue for the pursuit of others interested in the discussion. We could have wished that the proof-reader had been more heedful of his duty, and that the printer had given us a better specimen of that labor, which, in the progress of the address, the orator compliments so highly.

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**PROBUS: OR ROME IN THE THIRD CENTURY.** In Letters of LUCIUS M. PISO, from Rome, to FAUSTA, the Daughter of GRACCHUS, at Palmyra. By the Author of the 'Palmyra Letters.' In two volumes. pp. 507. New-York: C. S. FRANCIS. Boston: JOSEPH H. FRANCIS.

WE shall occupy but little space in comments upon the merits of a work from the pen of the author of the 'Palmyra Letters,' and the 'Letters from Rome.' None know better than the readers of this Magazine, that such a labor must needs be one of supererogation. To the somewhat formidable conspirators against clear style, however, who are vending German transcendentalisms, and wordy verbosities, in certain quarters of this good republic, we would especially commend these volumes, for their propriety and terseness of diction, and their brilliant delineation of human passions and feelings, of art and external nature, unaided by extravagance and affectation, or cumbrous and misplaced description; and to all we would commend them, for the condensation of history which they contain, the exquisite moral tact exhibited by the author, and the exciting incidents and fine episodes which are liberally scattered throughout the work.

In the 'Letters from Rome,' our readers have already accompanied Piso to the dedication of the Temple of the Sun, and have seen, in the events which preceded, as well as those which took place at, that ceremony—in the course and counsels of Fronto and the Prefect Varus, acting upon the mind of the Emperor Aurelian—the foreshadowing of that persecution which was poured out upon the Christians in the third century. The advancing spirit of the time is well portrayed in an incident narrated in the letter next succeeding the one in our last number. Milo is describing to Piso the public games:

"All I know is what I witnessed toward the end of the sport. Never before did I behold such a form, nor such feats of strength! He was another Hercules. It was

rumored he was from the forests of Germany. If you will believe it, which I scarce can, though I saw it, he fought successively with six of Sosia's best men, and one after another, laid them all sprawling. A seventh was then set upon him, he having no time to breathe, or even drink. Many, however, cried out against this. But Romans, you know, like not to have their fun spoiled, so the seventh was not taken off. As every one foresaw, this was too much, by just one, for the hero; but he fought desperately, and it is believed Sosia's man got pushed he will never recover from. He was soon, however, on his knees, and then on his back, the sword of his antagonist at his throat, he lying like a gasping fish, at his mercy — who waited the pleasure of the spectators a moment, before he struck. Then was there a great shouting all over the theatre in his behalf, besides making the sign to spare him. But just at the moment, as for him ill fortune would have it, some poltroon cried out, with a voice that went all over the theatre, 'The dog is a Christian!' Whereupon like lightning every thumb went up, and down plunged the sword into his neck. So, master, thou seest what I tell thee every day, there is small virtue in being a Christian. It is every way dangerous. If a thief runs through the streets, the cry is, a Christian! a Christian! If a man is murdered, they who did it accuse some neighboring Christian, and he dies for it. If a Christian fall into the Tiber, men look on as on a drowning dog. If he slip or fall in a crowd, they will help trample him to death. If he is sick or poor, none but his own tribe will help him. Even the Jew despises him, and spits upon his gown as he passes. What but the love of contempt and death can make one a Christian, 'tis hard to see. Had that captive been other than a Christian, he would not have fallen as he did."

Passing that portion of the narrative — the whole in perfect keeping, and the most natural order — wherein, among other things, are recorded the dialogues between Fronto and Aurelian, in which the former quickens the almost blunted purpose of the latter; the beautiful religious experience of Piso, and the thickening events portending the direst consequences to the Christians; we come to the first momentous act in the sad drama that was to ensue. The emperor, as an earnest of his cruel designs, has given up his daughter Aurelia to death. Isaac the Jew, who has come to warn Piso and his friends to flee to Palmyra, thus answer a trembling question of the Princess Julia:

"'I can tell you, what is known as yet not beyond the emperor's palace, and the priest's, Aurelia is dead!'

"'Sport not with us, Isaac.'

"'I tell you, Piso, the simple truth. Aurelia has paid with her life for her faith. I know it from more than one whose knowledge in the matter is good as sight. It was in the dungeons of the Fabrician bridge, that she was dealt with by Fronto, the priest of Apollo.'

"'Aurelian then,' said Julia, 'has thrust his sickle into another field of slaughter, and will not draw it out till he swims in Christian blood, as once before in Syria. God help these poor souls! What, Isaac, was the manner of her death, if you have heard so much?'

"'I have heard only,' replied Isaac, 'that after long endeavor on the part of Aurelian and the priest to draw her from her faith, while yet at the palace, she was conveyed to the prisons I have named, and there given over to Fronto and the executioners, with this only restriction, that if neither threats, nor persuasions, nor the horrid array of engines, could bend her, then should she be beheaded without either scourging or torture. And so it was done. She wept, 'tis said, as it were without ceasing, from the time she left the gardens; but to the priest would answer never a word to all his threats, entreaties, nor promises; except once, when that wicked minister said to her, 'that except she in reality and truth would curse Christ and sacrifice, he would report that she had done so, and so liberate her and return her to the palace;' at which, 'tis said, that on the instant her tears ceased, her eyes flashed lightning, and with a voice, which took the terrific tones of Aurelian himself, she said, 'I dare thee to it, base priest! Aurelian is an honorable man — though cruel as the grave — and my simple word, which never yet he doubted, would weigh more than oaths from thee, though piled to heaven! Do thy worst then, quick!' Whereupon the priest, white with wrath, first sprang toward her as if he had been a beast set to devour her, drawing at the same moment a knife from his robes; but others being there, he stopped, and cried to the executioner to do his work — raving that he had it not in his power first to torment her. Aurelia was then instantly beheaded.'

"We were silent as he ended, Julia dissolved in tears. Isaac went on.

"'This is great testimony, Piso, which is borne to thy faith. A poor, weak girl, alone, with not one to look on and encourage, in such a place, and in the clutches of such a hard-hearted wretch — to die without once yielding to her fears or the weakness of her tender nature — it is a thing hardly to be believed, and full of pity.'"



A touching domestic episode in the life of the benevolent Isaac, succeeds, which we had placed in type, but are compelled to omit. The scene wherein the plain-spoken yet over-zealous Christian, Macer, addresses the Roman populace, fiercely bearding the opposers of his creed, and denouncing their evil ways, cannot be divided. It is scarcely exceeded, in spirit and vividness, by the admirable portraits of this unflinching martyr, and his family, drawn by Piso, during a visit paid in company with Probus, to his secluded dwelling amidst the ruins of the magnificent baths of the early Romans. In the succeeding letter, Piso obtains an interview with Aurelian, from whom he learns that his designs toward the Christians, strengthened by the counsels of the tyrant-priest, Fronto, are far darker than they had been represented. Speaking of his departed mother, in her life a priestess of Apollo, the emperor says:

"More than once, while this work has been achieving, has the form of my revered parent, beautiful in the dazzling robes of her office, stood by my bed's side—whether in dream, or in vision, or in actual presence, I cannot tell—and blessed me for my pious enterprise. 'The gods be thanked,' the lips have said, or seemed to say, 'that thy youth lasts not always, but that age has come, and with it second childhood in thy reverence of the gods, whose worship it was mine to put into thy infant heart. Go on thy way, my son! Build up the fallen altars of the gods, and lay low the aspiring fanes of the wicked. Finish what thou hast begun, and all time shall pronounce thee greatest of the great.' Should I disobey the warning? The gods forbid! and save me from such impiety. I am now, Piso, doubly armed for the work I have taken in hand—first by the zeal of the pious Fronto, and second, by the manifest finger of Heaven pointing the way I should go. And, please the gods! I will enter upon it, and it shall not be for want of a determined will, and of eyes too used to the shedding of blood to be frightened now though an ocean-full were spilled before them, if this race be not utterly swept from the face of the earth, from the suckling to the silver head, from the beggar to the prince, and from Rome all around to the four winds, as far as her almighty arms can reach."

Knowing the character of Aurelian—that once threatening, he never held back his hand—Piso is filled with the greatest consternation. At his earnest solicitation, however, the emperor consents to hear what the Christians may have to say in their own defence, at the same time declaring, that 'it can avail them no more than words uttered in the breath of the tempest that is raging up from the north.' He had just been greatly exasperated by Macer, whom he had encountered in the street, holding forth to the populace, and who had not hesitated to give the royal persecutor a lick with the rough side of his tongue, denouncing sudden vengeance against him, 'from the presence of the Lord.' Soon after this interview with Aurelian, that monarch issues an edict forbidding the Christians to assemble together in their houses of worship, or in the streets instead, and enjoining upon them to renounce at once their errors of doctrine. Their places of worship being thus closed, these persecuted followers of the Saviour, after communicating with each other, assemble secretly in a vast circular apartment, among the ruins where the dwelling of Macer is situated, partly below and partly above the surface of the ground, of massy walls, without windows, remote from the streets, and so surrounded by fallen walls and rubbish, as to be wholly buried from the sight. Thither, on the first meeting of the Christians after the decree of Aurelian, Piso repairs:

"I took my way under cover of a night without star or moon, and doubly dark by reason of clouds that hung black and low, to the appointed place of assembly. The cold winds of autumn were driving in fitful blasts through the streets, striking a chill into the soul as well as the body. They seemed ominous of that black and bitter storm that was even now beginning to break in sorrow and death upon the followers of Christ. Before I reached the ruins, the rain fell in heavy drops, and the wind was rising and swelling into a tempest. It seemed to me, in the frame I was then in, better than a calm. It was moreover a wall of defence against such as might be disposed to track and betray us.

"Entering by the door of Macer's cell, I passed through many dark and narrow apartments, following the noise of the steps of some who were going before me, till at



length I emerged into the vaulted hall spoken of by Macer. It was lofty and spacious, and already filled with figures of men and women, whom the dim light of a few lamps, placed upon the fragments of the fallen architecture, just enabled me to discern, and distinguish from the masses of marble and broken columns which strewed the interior, and which, when they afforded a secure footing, were covered with the assembled worshippers. The footsteps of those who were the last to enter, soon died away upon the ear, and deep silence ensued, unbroken by any sound save that of the sighs and weeping of such as could not restrain their feelings."

The services are opened by prayer, from Probus, and a chant, which 'swelled upward in a burst of melody,' notwithstanding the timid counsel of some, that no hymn nor chant should be sung, because the Roman watch was abroad, and their ears might catch the sound, even above the raging of the storm. The solemn silence which fell upon the audience, after the hymn was concluded, was broken by the voice of Probus:

"He held up before them the great examples of those who, in the earlier ages of the church, had offered themselves as sacrifices upon the same altar upon which the great head of the Christians had laid down his life. He made it apparent how it ever had been, through suffering of some kind on the part of some, that great benefits had been conferred upon mankind; that they who would be benefactors of their race, must be willing cheerfully to bear the evil and suffering that in so great part constitutes that office; and was it not a small thing to suffer, and that in the body only, and but for a moment, if by such means great and permanent blessings to the souls of men might be secured, and remotest ages of the world made to rejoice and flourish through the effects of their labors? Every day of their worship, they were accustomed to hear sung or recited the praises of those who had died for Christ and truth; men of whom the world was not worthy, and who, beautiful with the crown of martyrdom, were now of that glorious company who in the presence of God were chanting the praises of God and the Lamb. Who was not ready to die, if it was so ordained, if by such death truth could be transmitted to other ages? What was it to die to-day rather than to-morrow — for that was all — or this year rather than the next, if one's death could be made subservient to the great cause of Christ and his gospel? What was it to die by the sword of a Roman executioner, or even to be torn by wild beasts, if by suffering so the soul became allied to reformers and benefactors of all ages? And beside, what evil, after all, was it in the power of their enemies to inflict? They could do no more than torment and destroy the body. They could not touch nor harm the soul. By the infliction of death itself, they did but hasten the moment when they should stand clothed in shining garments in the presence of the Father. The time has come, Christians, he then said, when in the providence of God you are called upon to be witnesses of the faith which you profess in Christ. After many years of calm, a storm has arisen which begins already to be felt in the violence with which it beats upon our heads. Almost ever since the reign of Decius, have we possessed our borders in quietness. \* \* \* I dare not say, Christians, that the calamity which now impends, is a judgment of God upon our corruptions; we know not what events are of a judicial character; they have upon them no signature which marks them as such; but this we may say, that it will be no calamity, but a benefit and a blessing rather, if it have the effect to show us our errors, and cause us to retrace our steps. Aurelian, enemy though we call him, may prove our benefactor; he may scourge us; but the sufferings he inflicts may bring healing along with them, being that very medicine which the sick soul needs. Let us meet then, this new and heavy trial, as a part of the providence of God, as a part of that mysterious plan — the lines of which are in so great part hidden from our eyes — by which he educates his children for eternity, and at the same time, and by the same means, prepares and transmits to future generations the richest blessings. If we, Christians, suffer for the cause of truth and God, let us be cheered by the thought that by our sufferings our children and children's children are made to inherit that truth, and brought into the family of God. If our blood is poured out like water, let us remember that it serves to fertilize that soil out of which divine nutriment shall grow for generations yet unborn, whom it shall nourish up unto eternal life. Let your hearts then be strong within you; faint not, nor fear; God will be with you, and his Spirit comfort you.

"But why do I say these things? Why do I exhort you to courage? For when was it known that the followers of Christ shrunk from the path of duty, though it were evidently the path of death? When and in what age have those been wanting who should bear witness to the truth, and seal it with their blood? There have been those who in time of persecution have fallen away — but for one apostate there have been a thousand martyrs. We have been, I may rather affirm, too prodigal of life — too lavish of our blood. There has been, in former ages, not only a willingness, a readiness to die for Christ, but an eagerness. Christians have not waited to be searched for and found

by the ministers of Roman power; they have thrust themselves forward; they have gone up of their own accord to the tribunal and proclaimed their faith, and invited the death at which nature trembles and revolts. \* \* \* Ye need not, ye ought not, impatiently seek for the rack and the cross. It is enough if, when sought and found, and arraigned, you be found faithful; if then you deny not nor renounce your Lord, but glory in your name, and with your dying breath shout it forth as that for which you gladly encounter torture and death. Go not forth, then, seeking the martyr's crown! Wait till you are called. God knoweth, and he alone, whom he would have to glorify him by that death which is so much more to be coveted than life."

The events which took place immediately after the meeting of the Christians, are recorded by Nichomachus, who was unable to find among the papers of his master, Piso, any account of them. Walking through the city soon after, saluted, on all sides, by language the most cruel and ferocious, he says:

"I paused among other curious and busy idlers, at the door of a smith's shop, which as I passed slowly by presented a striking view of a vast and almost boundless interior, blazing with innumerable fires, about which laborers half naked — and seeming as if fire themselves, from the reflection from their steaming bodies of the red glare of the furnaces — stood in groups, some drawing forth the bars of heated metal and holding them, while others wielding their cyclopean hammers, made the anvils and the vast interior ring with the blows they gave. All around the outside of the shop, and in separate places within, stood the implements and machines of various kinds which were either made, or were in the process of being put together. Those whom I joined were just within the principal entrance, looking upon a fabric of iron, consisting of a complicated array of wheels and pulleys, to which the workmen were just in the act of adding the last pieces. The master of the place now approaching and standing with us, while he gave diverse orders to the men, I said to him:

"What new device may this be? The times labor with new contrivances by which to assist the laborer in his art, and cause iron to do what the arm has been accustomed to perform. But after observing this with care, I can make nothing of it."

"The master looked at me with a slighting expression of countenance, as much as to say, 'you are a wise one! You must just have emerged from the mountains of Helvetia, or the forests of the Danube.' But he did not content himself with looks.

"This, sir?" said he. "This, if you would know it, is a rack — a common instrument of torture — used in all the prisons of the empire, the use of which is to extract truth from one who is unwilling to speak except compelled; or, sometimes when death is thought too slight a punishment, to give it an edge with, just as salt and pepper are thrown into a fresh wound. Some crimes, you must know, were too softly dealt with, were a sharp axe the only instrument employed. Cæsar! just bring some wires of a good thickness, and we will try this. Now shall you see precisely how it would fare with your own body, were you on this iron frame, and Varus standing where I am. There, the body you perceive is confined in this manner. You observe there can be no escape and no motion. Now at the word of the judge, this crank is turned. Do you see the effect upon the wire? Imagine it your body, and you will have a lively idea of the instrument. Then at another wink or word from Varus, these are turned, and you see that another part of the body, the legs, or arms, as it may be, are subjected to the same force as this wire, which as the fellow keeps turning, you see — strains, and straightens, and strains, till — crack! — there! — that is what we call a rack. A most ingenious contrivance, and of great use. This is going up within the hour to the hall of the prefect."

"It seems," I remarked, "well contrived indeed for its object. And what," I asked, "are these which stand here? Are they for the same or a similar purpose?"

"Yes — these, sir, are different, and yet the same. They are all for purposes of torture, but they vary infinitely in the ingenuity with which they severally inflict pain and death. That is esteemed in Rome the most perfect instrument which, while it inflicts the most exquisite torments, shall at the same time not assail that which is a vital part, but, you observe, prolong life to the utmost. Some of an old-fashioned structure, with a clumsy and bungling machinery — here are some sent to me as useless — long before the truth could be extracted, or much more pain inflicted than would accompany beheading, destroyed the life of the victim. Those which I build — and I build for the state — are not to be complained of in that way. Varus is curious enough, I can assure you, in such things. All these that you see here, of whatever form or make, are for him and the hall of justice."

These instruments of torture were to force into subjection refractory dissenters from the religion of the gods of Rome. Nichomachus is suddenly interrupted by a rush and tumult in the street. A crowd 'heaving to and fro like the fiery mass of a

boiling crater,' are bearing Macer violently away, who, after eloquently addressing the multitude, is ultimately conveyed to the tribunal of Varus. A scene, second to none from the pen of our author, ensues, wherein Varus endeavors to seduce the Christian from his faith, through fear of the torture which awaits him. But, with an eloquence that reaches the sublime, Macer defends his religion, and remains firm. The rack is put in requisition:

"As Varus ended, at a sign and a word from him, what seemed the solid wall of the room in which we were, suddenly flew up upon its screaming pulleys, and revealed another apartment black as night, save here and there where a dull torch shed just light enough to show its great extent, and set in horrid array before us engines of every kind for tormenting criminals, each attended by its half-naked minister, ready at a moment's warning to bind the victim, and put in motion the infernal machinery. At this sight, a sudden faintness overspread my limbs, and I would willingly have rushed from the hall, but it was then made impossible.

"Unmoved and unresisting, his face neither pale nor his limbs trembling, did Macer surrender himself into the hands of those horrid ministers of a cruel and bloody superstition, who then hastily approached him, and seizing him, dragged him toward their worse than hell. Accomplished in their art, for every day is it put to use, Macer was in a moment thrown down and lashed to the iron bars; when each demon, having completed the preparation, stood leaning upon his wheel, for a last sign from the Prefect. It was instantly given, and while the breath even of every being in the vast hall was suspended, through an intense interest in the scene, the creaking of the engine, as it began to turn, sounded upon the brain like thunder. Not a groan nor a sigh was heard from the sufferer. The engine turned till it seemed as if any body or substance laid upon it must have been wrenched asunder. Then it stopped. And the minutes counted to me like hours or ages, ere the word was given, and the wheels unrestrained, flew back again to their places. Macer was then unbound. He at first lay where he was thrown upon the pavement. But his life was yet strong within his iron frame. He rose upon his feet, and was again led to the presence of his judges. His eye had lost nothing of its wild fire, nor his air any thing of its lofty independence."

We are compelled to refer the reader, for the exciting scenes which follow, to the volumes themselves. Suffice it to say, that another rack, of a different construction and greater power, with other new instruments of torture, are fruitless in shaking the firm purpose of the martyr. He is true to the faith that is in him, to the last moment of keenest agony. His body is given to the crowd, who thrust hooks into it, and drag it forth into the street. The mob repair to the martyr's house, which is razed to the ground, his sons murdered on the spot, and his wife and daughters dragged to the place of games, and thrown to 'blood-hounds fiercer than the fiercest beasts of the forest,' who leave of them nothing but a heap of mangled bones.

Following these scenes — which are sketched with a powerful hand, and thrill through the heart of the reader like some of the more graphic pictures of Scott — is the hearing of Probus, in defence of his religion, in the banqueting hall of the imperial palace of Aurelian. The *locale* is drawn with the eye of a painter, and the defence is indeed a master-piece of eloquent argument and impassioned language. The whole, however, is quite too long to extract, nor can any portion of it be segregated, to advantage. Powerful as was this 'defence of the faith,' and many as were the friendly hearers upon whom it fell, Aurelian, supreme and omnipotent, remains firmly rooted in his purposes of blood. Other edicts are issued, declaring the Christians enemies of the state and of the gods, and enjoining upon all good citizens to inform against them, that they may be carried before the Prefect. Their houses are every where assailed, and their bodies incarcerated in prisons, to be dragged before summary and barbarous judges. Among them is the Christian Probus, who, although condemned to be thrown to wild beasts, patiently bides his time, grieving only that he has not been better able to serve his heavenly Master. 'Am I,' says he, to the Princess Julia, who visits him in prison:

"Am I worthy? Have I wrought well my appointed task? Have I kept the faith? And is God my friend, and Jesus my Saviour? These are the thoughts that engross

and fill the mind. It is busy with the past — and with itself. It has no thoughts to spare upon suffering and death — it has no doubts or fears to remove concerning immortality. The future life, to me, stands out in the same certainty as the present. Death is but the moment which connects the two. You say well, that at such an hour as this, the mind can scarce possess itself in perfect peace. Yet is it agitated by nothing that resembles fear. It is the agitation that must necessarily have place in the mind of one to whom a great trust has been committed for a long series of years, at that moment when he comes to surrender it up to him from whom it was received. I have lived many years. Ten thousand opportunities of doing good to myself and others have been set before me. The world has been a wide field of action and labor, where I have been required to sow and till against the future harvest. Must I not experience solicitude about the acts and the thoughts of so long a career? I may often have erred; I must often have stood idly by the wayside; I must many times have been neglectful, and forgetful, and wilful; I must often have sinned; and it is not all the expected glory of another life, nor all the honor of dying in the cause of Christ, nor all the triumph of a martyr's fate, that can or ought to stifle and overlay such thoughts. Still I am happy. Happy, not because I am in my own view worthy or perfect, but because through Jesus Christ I am taught, in God, to see a Father. I know that in him I shall find both a just and a merciful judge; and in him who was tempted even as we are, who was of our nature and exposed to our trials, shall I find an advocate and intercessor such as the soul needs. So that, if anxious, as he who is human and fallible must ever be, I am nevertheless happy and contented. My voyage is ended; the ocean of life is passed; and I stand by the shore, with joyful expectations of the word that shall bid me land, and enter into the haven of my rest.

"As Probus ended these words, a low and deep murmur, or distant rumbling, as of thunder, caught our ears, which, as we listened, suddenly increased to a terrific roar of lions, as it were directly under our feet. We instinctively sprang from where we sat, but were quieted at once by Probus:

"'There is no danger,' said he; 'they are not within our apartment, nor very near us. They are a company of Rome's executioners, kept in subterranean dungeons, and fed with prisoners whom her mercy consigns to them. Sounds more horrid yet have met my ears, and may yours. Yet I hope not.'

"But while he yet spoke, the distant shrieks of those who were thrust toward the den, into which from a high ledge they were to be flung headlong, were borne to us, accompanied by the oaths and lashes of such as drove them, but were immediately drowned by the louder roaring of the imprisoned beasts, as they fell upon and fought for their prey. We sat mute, and trembling with horror, till those sounds at length ceased to reverberate through the aisles and arches of the building.

"'O Rome!' cried Probus, when they had died away, 'how art thou drunk with blood! Crazed by ambition, drunk with blood, drowned in sin, hardened as a millstone against all who come to thee for good, how shalt thou be redeemed? Where is the power to save thee?'

"'It is in thee!' said Julia. 'It is thy blood, Probus, and that of these multitudes who suffer with thee, that shall have power to redeem Rome and the world.'"

Varus seeks him in his cell, and employs all his arts to win him from his destiny, but without avail. The day of his last trial arrives, and he is led to the vivaria for execution. This event is thus described by Piso:

"I had waited not long when, from beneath that extremity of the theatre where I was sitting, Probus was led forth and conducted to the centre of the arena, where was a short pillar to which it was customary to bind the sufferers. Probus, as he entered, seemed rather like one who came to witness what was there, than to be himself the victim, so free was his step, so erect his form. In his face there might indeed be seen an expression, that could only dwell on the countenance of one whose spirit was already gone beyond the earth, and holding converse with things unseen. There is always much of this in the serene, uplifted face of this remarkable man; but it was now there written in lines so bold and deep, that there could have been few in that vast assembly but must have been impressed by it, as never before by aught human. It must have been this, which brought so deep a silence upon that great multitude — not the mere fact that an individual was about to be torn by lions — that is an almost daily pastime. For it was so, that when he first made his appearance, and as he moved toward the centre, turned and looked round upon the crowded seats rising to the heavens, the people neither moved nor spoke, but kept their eyes fastened upon him as by some spell which they could not break.

"When he had reached the pillar, and he who had conducted him was about to bind him to it, it was plain, by what at that distance we could observe, that Probus was entreating him to desist and leave him at liberty; in which he at length succeeded, for that person returned, leaving him alone and unbound. O, sight of misery! — he who

for the humblest there present would have performed any office of love, by which the least good should redound to them, left alone and defenceless, they looking on and scarcely pitying his cruel fate! When now he had stood there not many minutes, one of the doors of the vivaria was suddenly thrown back, and bounding forth with a roar that seemed to shake the walls of the theatre, a lion of huge dimensions leaped upon the arena. Majesty and power were inscribed upon his lordly limbs; and as he stood there where he had first sprung, and looked round upon the multitude, how did his gentle eye and noble carriage, with which no one for a moment could associate meanness, or cruelty, or revenge, cast shame upon the human monsters assembled to behold a solitary, unarmed man, torn limb from limb! When he had in this way looked upon that cloud of faces, he then turned and moved round the arena, through its whole circumference, still looking upward upon those who filled the seats—not till he had come again to the point from which he started, so much as noticing him who stood, his victim, in the midst. Then—as if apparently for the first time becoming conscious of his presence—he caught the form of Probus; and moving slowly toward him, looked steadfastly upon him, receiving in return the settled gaze of the Christian. Standing there still awhile—each looking upon the other—he then walked round him, then approached nearer, making suddenly, and for a moment, those motions which indicate the roused appetite; but, as it were in the spirit of self-rebuke, he immediately retreated a few paces and lay down in the sand, stretching out his head toward Probus, and closing his eyes as if for sleep.

“The people, who had watched in silence, and with the interest of those who wait for their entertainment, were both amazed and vexed, at what now appeared to be the dullness and stupidity of the beast. When however, he moved not from his place, but seemed as if he were indeed about to fall into a quiet sleep, those who occupied the lower seats began both to cry out to him, and shake at him their caps, and toss about their arms, in the hope to rouse him. But it was all in vain; and at the command of the Emperor, he was driven back to his den.

“Again a door of the vivaria was thrown open, and another of equal size, but of a more alert and rapid step, broke forth, and, as if delighted with his sudden liberty and the ample range, coursed round and round the arena, wholly regardless both of the people and of Probus, intent only, as it seemed, upon his own amusement. And when at length he discovered Probus standing in his place, it was but to bound toward him as in frolic, and then wheel away in pursuit of a pleasure he esteemed more highly than the satisfying of his hunger. At this, the people were not a little astonished, and many who were near me, hesitated not to say, ‘that there might be some design of the gods in this.’ Others said, plainly, but not with raised voices, ‘An omen! an omen!’ At the same time, Isaac turned and looked at me with an expression of countenance, which I could not interpret. Aurelian, meanwhile, exhibited many signs of impatience; and when it was evident the animal could not be wrought up, either by the cries of the people or of the keepers, to any act of violence, he too was taken away. But when a third had been let loose, and with no better effect, nay, with less—for he, when he had at length approached Probus, fawned upon him and laid himself at his feet—the people, superstitious as you know beyond any others, now cried out aloud, ‘An omen! an omen!’ and made the sign that Probus should be spared and removed. Aurelian himself seemed almost of the same mind, and I can hardly doubt would have ordered him to be released, but that Fronto at that moment approached him, and by a few of those words which, coming from him, are received by Aurelian as messages from Heaven, put within him a new and different mind; for rising quickly from his seat, he ordered the keeper of the vivaria to be brought before him. When he appeared below upon the sands, Aurelian cried out to him:

“‘Why, knave, dost thou weary out our patience thus—letting forth beasts already over-fed? Do thus again, and thou thyself shall be thrown to them. Art thou too a Christian?’

“‘Great Emperor,’ replied the keeper, ‘than those I have now let loose, there are not larger nor fiercer in the imperial dens, and since the sixth hour of yesterday they have tasted nor food nor drink. Why they have thus put off their nature, ’t is hard to guess, unless the general cry be taken for the truth, ‘that the gods have touched them.’

“Aurelian was again seen to waver, when a voice from the benches cried out,

“‘It is, O Emperor, but another Christian device! Forget not the voice from the temple! The Christians, who claim powers over demons, bidding them go and come at pleasure, may well be thought capable to change, by the magic imputed to them, the nature of a beast.’

“‘I doubt not,’ said the Emperor, ‘but it is so. Slave! throw up now the doors of all thy vaults, and let us see whether both lions and tigers be not too much for this new necromancy. If it be the gods who interpose, they can shut the mouths of thousands as of one.

“At those cruel words, the doors of the vivaria were at once flung open, and an hundred of their fierce tenants, maddened both by hunger and the goads that had been applied, rushed forth, and in the fury with which in a single mass they fell upon Probus—then kneeling upon the sands—and burying him beneath them, no one could behold his



fate, nor when that dark troop separated, and ran howling about the arena in search of other victims, could the eye discover the least vestige of that holy man. I then fled from the theatre, as one who flies from that which is worse than death.' "

For the stirring events which follow — the capture of Piso and Julia, the faithful services of Isaac the Jew, and the final restoration to liberty of the illustrious prisoners, upon the assumption of the throne by Tacitus — we must refer our readers to the work itself, which when they shall have eagerly devoured, they will thank the author most cordially, as do we, for the rich feast he has spread before them.

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**PHILOSOPHY OF COMMON SENSE. PRACTICAL RULES FOR THE PROMOTION OF DOMESTIC HAPPINESS:** Containing Rules for the Married; Essay on the Relations of Masters and Mistresses, and Domestics; Rules for Moral Education, Essay on Fashions, etc. By M. CAREY, Author of the 'Olive Branch,' etc. In one volume. pp. 170. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART.

OF the many useful books which that warm-hearted philanthropist, MATTHEW CAREY, has given to the public, we consider the one before us, on many accounts, the very best. Bringing to his task the proper spirit, with the aid of a long personal experience, the author has been peculiarly successful in transferring to his book the most important lessons of domestic life, in a style equally terse and simple. We must content ourselves, in the way of extracts, with a selection from our author's 'Practical Rules for the Promotion of Domestic Happiness,' beginning with those for husbands:

"I. Always regard your wife as your equal; treat her with kindness, respect, and attention; and never address her with the appearance of an air of authority, as if she were, as some misguided husbands appear to regard their wives, a mere housekeeper.

"II. Never interfere in her domestic concerns, hiring servants, etc.

"III. Always keep her properly supplied with money for furnishing your table in a style proportioned to your means, and for the purchase of dress, and whatever other articles she may require, suitable to her station in life.

"IV. Cheerfully and promptly comply with all her reasonable requests.

"V. Never be so unjust as to lose your temper toward her, in consequence of indifferent cookery, or irregularity in the hours of meals, or any other mismanagement of her servants; knowing the difficulty of making many of them do their duty.

"VI. If she have prudence and good sense, consult her on all great operations, involving the risk of very serious injury, in case of failure. Many a man has been rescued from ruin by the wise counsels of his wife; and many a foolish husband has most seriously injured himself and family, by the rejection of the advice of his wife, stupidly fearing, if he followed it, he would be regarded as henpecked! A husband can never consult a counsellor more deeply interested in his welfare than his wife.

"VII. If distressed or embarrassed in your circumstances, communicate your situation to her with candour, that she may bear your difficulties in mind in her expenditures. Women sometimes, believing their husbands' circumstances better than they really are, disburse money which cannot be well afforded, and which, if they knew the real situation of their husbands' affairs, they would shrink from expending.

"VIII. Never on any account chide or rebuke your wife in company, should she make any mistake in history, geography, grammar, or indeed on any other subject. There are, I am persuaded, many wives of such keen feelings and high spirits, (and such wives deserve to be treated with the utmost delicacy,) that they would rather receive a severe and bitter scolding in private, than a rebuke in company, calculated to display ignorance or folly, or to impair them in their own opinion, or in that of others.

'To sum up all you now have heard,  
Young men and old, peruse the bard:  
A female trusted to your care,  
His rule is pithy, short and clear:  
'Be to her faults a little blind;  
Be to her virtues very kind;  
Let all her ways be unconfin'd,  
And place your padlock on her mind.'"



The 'Rules for Wives' are characterized by similar qualities of benevolence and good sense:

"I. Always receive your husband with smiles—leaving nothing undone to render home agreeable—and gratefully reciprocating his kindness and attention.

"II. Study to gratify his inclinations, in regard to food and cookery; in the management of the family; in your dress, manners, and deportment.

"III. Never attempt to rule or appear to rule your husband. Such conduct degrades husbands—and wives always partake largely in the degradation of their husbands.

"IV. In every thing reasonable, comply with his wishes with cheerfulness—and even as far as possible anticipate them.

"V. Avoid all altercations or arguments leading to ill humour—and more especially before company. Few things are more disgusting than the altercations of the married, when in the company of friends or strangers.

"VI. Never attempt to interfere in his business, unless he ask your advice or counsel; and never attempt to control him in the management of it.

"VII. Never confide to gossips any of the failings or imperfections of your husband, nor any of those little differences that occasionally arise in the married state. If you do, you may rest assured that however strong the injunctions of secrecy on the one hand, or the pledge on the other, they will in a day or two become the common talk of the neighborhood.

"VIII. Try to cultivate your mind, so as, should your husband be intelligent and well informed, you may join in rational conversation with him and his friends.

"IX. Think nothing a trifle that may produce even a momentary breach of harmony, or the slightest uneasy sensation:

'Think nought a trifle, though it small appear;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,  
Else you may die ere you have learn'd to live.'

YOUNG.

"X. If your husband be in business, always, in your expenditures, bear in mind the trying vicissitudes to which trade and commerce are subject; and do not expose yourself to the reproach, should he experience one of them, of having unnecessarily expended money, of which you and your offspring may afterward be in want.

"XI. While you carefully shun, in providing for your family, the Scylla of meanness and parsimony, avoid equally the Charybdis of extravagance, an error too common here; as remarked by most of the travellers who visit this country.

"XII. If you be disposed to economize, I beseech you not to extend your economy to the wages you pay to seamstresses or washerwomen, who, particularly the latter, are too frequently ground to the earth, by the inadequacy of the wages they receive. Economize, if you will, in shawls, bonnets, and handkerchiefs; but never, by exacting labor from the poor, without adequate compensation, incur the dire anathemas pronounced in the Scriptures against the oppressors of the poor.

'Ye fair married dames, who so often deplore,  
That a lover once blest, is a lover no more,  
Attend to my counsel—nor blush to be taught,  
That prudence must cherish, what beauty has caught.

'The bloom of your cheek, and the glance of your eye,  
Your roses and lillies may make the men sigh:  
But roses, and lillies, and sighs pass away;  
And passion will die as your beauties decay.

'Use the man that you wed, like your fav'rite guitar;  
Though there's music in both, they're both apt to jar.  
How tuneful and soft from a delicate touch!  
Not handled too roughly, nor play'd on too much!

'The sparrow and linnet will feed from your hand;  
Grow tame at your kindness, and come at command.  
Exert with your husbands the same happy skill,  
For hearts, like your birds, may be tam'd at your will.

'Be gay and good-humor'd; complying and kind,  
Turn the chief of your care from your face to your mind:  
'Tis thus that a wife may her conquest improve,  
And Hymen will rivet the fetters of Love.'

GARRICK.

The miscellaneous rules for both husbands and wives, must close our extracts. We should regret that they were so few, but for the fact that the little book itself is generally extant, and that the reader, from these 'samples,' will be induced to seek for kindred specimens at the fountain head :

" I. Should differences arise between husband and wife, the contest ought not to be, as it unfortunately too frequently is, who shall display the most *spirit*, but who shall make the first advances, which ought to be met more than half way. There is scarcely a more prolific source of unhappiness in the married state, than this *spirit*, the legitimate offspring of odious pride, and destitution of feeling.

" II. Perhaps the whole art of happiness in the married state might be compressed into two maxims — 'Bear, and forbear;' and 'let the husband treat his wife, and the wife her husband, with as much respect and attention, as he would a strange lady, and she a strange gentleman.'

" III. I trust much caution is scarcely necessary against flirtations, well calculated to excite uneasiness, doubts, and suspicions, in the heart of the husband or wife of the party who indulges in them, and to give occasion to the censorious to make sinister observations; and it is unfortunately too true, that the suspicion of misconduct often produces full as much scandal and evil as the reality.

'Trifles light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs from holy writ.'

" It is a good rule of reason and common sense, that we should not only be, but appear to be, scrupulously correct in our conduct. And be it observed, that however pure and innocent the purposes of the parties may be at the commencement, flirtation too often leads to disastrous results. It breaks down some of the guards that hedge round innocence. The parties in these cases are not inaptly compared to the moth fluttering around a lighted candle, unaware of the impending danger. It finally burns its wings, and is thus mutilated for life. 'He that loveth the danger, shall perish therein.' 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a wise prayer; and while we pray not to be 'led into temptation,' we most assuredly ought not to lead ourselves into it. I know these remarks will be charged to the account of prudery; but at the risk of that charge, I cannot withhold them.

" IV. Avoid all reference to past differences of opinion, or subjects of altercation, that have at a former day excited uneasiness. Remember the old story of the blackbird and the thrush. 'I insist it was a blackbird.' 'But I insist it was a thrush,' etc.

" The preceding rules, if as closely followed as human imperfection will allow, can hardly fail to secure happiness. And should only one out of every ten readers profit by them, I shall be richly paid for their concoction.

" I cannot conclude this brief essay better, than by adding the following admirable advices of Julia de Roubigné to her daughter, shortly previous to her death :

" 'Sweetness of temper, affection to a husband, and attention to his interests, constitute the duties of a wife, and form the basis of matrimonial felicity. These are, indeed, the texts from which every rule for attaining this felicity is drawn. The charms of beauty, and the brilliancy of wit, though they may captivate in the mistress, will not long delight in the wife. They will shorten even their own transitory reign, if, as I have seen in many wives, they shine more for the attraction of every body else than of their husbands. Let the pleasing of that one person be a thought never absent from your conduct. If he love you as you would wish he should, he would bleed at heart should he suppose it for a moment withdrawn; if he do not, his pride will supply the place of love, and his resentment that of suffering.

" 'Never consider a trifle what may tend to please him. The greater articles of duty he will set down as his due; but the lesser attentions he will mark as favors; and trust me, for I have experienced it, there is no feeling more delightful to one's self, than that of turning these little things to so precious a use.

" 'Above all, let a wife beware of communicating to others any want of duty or tenderness she may think she has perceived in her husband. This untwists, at once, those delicate cords which preserve the unity of the marriage engagement. Its sacredness is broken for ever, if third parties are made witnesses of its failings, or umpires of its disputes.'"

The volume is neatly printed, in a cheap form, and embraces many articles, of a useful and practical tendency, not enumerated in the title, as quoted above. We commend the work to the public in general, as one eminently worthy of wide circulation and heedful perusal.

**THE NARRATIVE OF ARTHUR GORDON PYM, of Nantucket.** In one volume, 12mo. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS work 'comprises the details of a mutiny and atrocious butchery on board the American ship *Grampus*, on her way to the South Seas, in the month of June, 1827, with an account of the recapture of the vessel by the survivors; their shipwreck and subsequent horrible sufferings from famine; their deliverance by means of the British schooner, *Jane Guy*; the brief cruise of this latter vessel in the Antarctic Ocean; her capture, and the massacre of her crew among a group of islands in the eighty-fourth parallel of southern latitude; together with the *incredible* adventures and discoveries still farther south, to which that distressing calamity gave rise.' There are a great many tough stories in this book, told in a loose and slipshod style, seldom chequered by any of the more common graces of composition, beyond a Robinson Crusoe-ish sort of simplicity of narration. The work is one of much interest, with all its defects, not the least of which is, that it is too liberally stuffed with 'horrid circumstance of blood and battle.' We would not be so uncourteous as to insinuate a doubt of Mr. Pym's veracity, now that he *lies* 'under the sod;' but we should very much question that gentleman's word, who should affirm, after having thoroughly perused the volume before us, that he *believed* the various adventures and hair-breadth 'escapes therein recorded. Such a capacious maw would swallow, as indubitably veritable, a story we have recently read or heard, of a serpent killed in the East Indies, in whose body was found, neatly dressed in black, the chaplain of an adjacent military station, who had been missed for a week.

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**HOW SHALL I GOVERN MY SCHOOL?** Addressed to Young Teachers; and also adapted to assist Parents in Family Government. By E. C. WINES, Author of 'Two Years and a Half in the Navy,' and 'Hints on a System of Popular Education.' In one volume. pp. 309. Philadelphia: WILLIAM MARSHALL AND COMPANY.

THE author of this volume, as preceptor of the 'Edge-Hill School,' New-Jersey, not less than by his published writings on education, has acquired high and deserved celebrity, as an accomplished instructor, 'thoroughly grounded in all good works,' connected with the religious, moral, and intellectual welfare of children and youth. The little book under notice, supplies, we think, an important desideratum. The plan of the author was, to make it practically useful; to produce a manual which might be at all times safely consulted, in aid of that most necessary branch of the teacher's duties, government. And in this he has entirely succeeded. The law of kindness—not unmixed with sternness, when required, which is then but kindness—appears to be our author's guide. The volume is printed in a convenient form, and with a neatness of execution that would do no discredit to the richest annual.

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**A VOICE TO YOUTH.** Addressed to Young Men and Young Ladies. By Rev. J. M. AUSTIN. In one volume. pp. 390. Utica: GROSH AND HUTCHINSON.

IF good inculcations, various in kind, yet all essential, conveyed in plain, simple, and chaste language, with important directions in relation to the education and general conduct of youth, of both sexes, be deemed worthy of extension, we look to see the little volume before us widely disseminated. It claims, and justly, to inspire a spirit of cheerful devotion, a correct taste, and a pure and affectionate morality among the rising generation.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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INTERMINGLED LEAVES OF NOTE-BOOK AND TRAVEL. — Reader, by your leave, we will resume our leaves, as we sit in the light of a transcendent morning, not yet fully dawned in its glory, surveying — whenever, for a moment, the music of the pen ceases — from an upper window of the 'Pine Orchard House,' the magnificent scene spread out below. A white fog-serpent, a hundred miles in length, is undulating his humps along the Hudson, and with head erect, is moving gradually on toward Albany. The clouds, born of yesterday's shower down the mountain, arose bright beneath us this morning, having washed their faces clean in their own rain during the night; and now they hang far below, saturate with sunlight, like illuminated billows of floating cotton. Toward noon, perchance, they will gather together again, and flocking with shadows the wide expanse beneath them, as they sail along, suddenly pause and 'discharge their cargo,' the husbandman rejoicing the while, that at last,

'The gathered storm is ripe, the big drops fall,  
And sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the rain.'

We have just been fancying the prospects of grandeur and beauty which may be commanded from the dawn-tipped mountains that bound the view on the north and east — the Green Mountains of Vermont, old Monadnock, and the mighty hills of the 'steady land,' which rise between us and the distant river, that, calmly gliding, parts the abrupt peaks of Holyoke and Tom — the wide-spread fields, the peopled villages, humming with busy industry, the shining streams, and the white churches, upon which they look down. Come hither, ye cockneys, and denizens in populous cities pent, and inhale this mountain air! How many a languid form, lying in sadness upon a bed of pain, awaiting his only solace, the footstep of his physician, 'with healing in the creak of his shoes,' would bless this invigorating breeze! What a contrast to the city is here! There, a red-nosed man, with a sandy peruke, walks about the few small and dusty patches of faded green, (called 'parks!') and tapping the reclining pedestrian with his baton, points to a by-law of the city's fathers, suspended from a stunted tree, where frowns denouncingly, '*Keep off the Grass!*' There, the *guttural* airs, hot and sultry, would penetrate the obtusest olfactory, though guarded by a dense moustache, bristling 'like the horns of a centipede;' airs embracing every variety of *mauvaise odeur*, from the green mantle of the standing pool, to the most piquant cat-effluvia. Here, on the other hand, the whole city, placed on the vast plain below, would dwindle to a speck, and all the nations of the world might there stand assembled, without jostling. Here, there is no elaborate dirt. Here, the mountain wind,

'Most spiritual thing of all the wide earth knows,'

would well nigh revive the dying. But we are forgetting that the Catskills need not our blazon, and also our note-book. Yet must we advise, that the Kauterskill be visited, inasmuch as the scenery around is grand and picturesque, though the fall is little to speak of. It is only slightly 'of the water watery.' The height, however, from which the small stream descends, is an attractive feature in the scene, and doubt-

less gave rise to the following impromptu apostrophe, by a distinguished Philadelphian, which we copy from a mutilated ms. before us, ending abruptly in a hiatus :

' Fall down ye falls, before this greater fall,  
Glen's, Miller's, Hadley's, Baker's, Jessup's — all!  
Bow down your heads, all ye of minor sort,  
For of this fall ye all of ye fall short :  
Foam, fret, and fidget, roar and make a splash,  
Yet Kauterskill will beat you all to smash !'

Although well pleased with His Eminence, the King of the Catskills, we must bid him adieu, and pass, in fancy, from his principality.

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You were to join us, at Auburn, reader, if you remember. Well — as we reached from the east, by a level road, the natural basin in which the town reposes, its rim a narrow horizon all around, the *coup d'œil* was imposing, by reason of the gloomy, castellated prison, that loomed frowningly on the north-western suburb, the handsome churches and public edifices, whose white steeples and domes gleamed and flashed in the noontide sun, and the rows of solid stone structures that lined one or two of the principal streets ; while the Owasco river, rushing through the village, with a sharp gurgling roar, added a picturesque feature to the scene. The growth of the town has been gradual, but steadily progressive. It has known no retiring ebb ; and its internal improvements, of rail-road and canal, with other prominent causes, bid fair greatly to enhance its importance. An estimable friend, himself a pioneer in the region, and a distinguished promoter, in various ways, of the town's prosperity, and justly honored therein, kindly accompanied us through all its borders, impressing us, among other things — not less by his own well-planted, flower-gemmed, and fruitful grounds, than by those of his neighbors, on every hand — with the belief, that with great internal advantages, quiet industry, and good morals, must also be associated good taste and general refinement, to afford a correct estimate of the town, and the character of its citizens. One thing, in passing, we must not omit to mention, since the reader is not altogether uninterested in the matter. From the well-stored and judiciously selected library of our obliging friend, we received a literary treasure of rare value — being none other than a mss. volume, written before, or nearly simultaneously with, the invention of printing, by one PETRUS PORREIUS. Whence it came, no one knoweth. Its dingy leaves smell of vanished centuries, and its antiquated orthography would seduce a guffaw from a Quaker. Its contents are very various, and embrace much that is quaint and rich. It is, in short, one of those isolated fragments of ancient literature that sometimes

' Float down the tide of years,  
As buoyant on the stormy main  
A parted wreck appears.'

But more of this book anon. In introducing portions of it, hereafter, to the reader, we have concluded to imitate certain credible novelists and tale-writers of the day, and state, that the volume was handed to us in the street by a person in a snuff-colored coat, much worn, wearing a red wig, and green goggles, who had been a great traveller, and who found it in the hand of a mutilated mummy, that was brought to him for purchase, by two Arabs, when he was in Egypt.

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THE morning was clear and cool, as we rolled over an indifferent turnpike, to where the green Cayuga clasps its verdant shores. There was a fat gentleman in the coach, with a face solemn as a Herculean man, who emulated Horace, in the 'Old English Gentleman,' and 'made a joke.' Owing to the roughness of the road, he was induced to remark, that the most delicate girl could not occupy a seat in that vehicle, without very soon becoming a 'bouncing lass!' This was voted 'from fair to middling,' by a flour-merchant, and laughed at by all ; but the obèse reposed on his laurels. He had flashed out like a fusee, and did not shine again until we reached Rochester.

Passing the flourishing villages of Seneca Falls and *Waterloo* — appropriate and tasteful name, and so American! — we reached the beautiful lake, Seneca, covered with 'white-caps,' and rolling its clear blue waters, in miniature surf, against its green headlands. Eminent Geneva, for which nature has accomplished every thing, and art comparatively little, was soon gained and left behind, reposing in loveliness, in the backward distance, in beautiful relief against the swelling uplands and sparkling waters. A succession of well-tilled farms, of waving grain and verdant meadows, brought us to an eminence, whence was commanded, what time the driver watered his thirsty cattle, a noble view of Canandaigua, gently ascending beyond the picturesque lake from which it derives its name. We presently reached the village, one of the most charming inland towns in the state; so singularly beautiful, indeed, as to have been worn out in description by every transatlantic and American tourist who has had the good fortune to visit it. We have therefore nothing to say on the subject, fruitful as it is.

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THROUGH a country of unsurpassed fertility, past hundreds of wheat-fields of from two to three hundred acres — green grain-prairies, without a solitary 'stump' or obstruction — to Rochester. It was dim twilight, as we rolled over the upper bridge that crosses the Genesee, and entered the city. The streets through which we had already passed, and others stretching outward around us, the dimly-described steeples, the lights moving across the aqueduct, and gleaming from the bridge beyond, and the hum and bustle on every hand, all conspired to impress a stranger with the extent and importance of the town. Yet did this 'dim-obscuré' view awaken no expectations which the day light was to dissipate. As we stood on the roof of the Eagle House, on the following morning, and surveyed the town, with its scores of noble stone mills, skirting the river on either hand; its broad and handsome streets, and the crowds who thronged them; its beautiful churches and public buildings, we could scarcely realize that twenty years ago, not a single building reared its head within all this crowded metropolis! Yet such is the astonishing fact. But, purposing to renew this topic in detail, in an early number, in a review of the excellent history of Rochester, by the indefatigable Mr. O'REILLY, of that city, we pass it for the present.

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THROUGH the considerate attention of an obliging friend, we visited the notorious BARRON, in the city prison, together with the spot where his cold-blooded crime was perpetrated. It is a singular coincidence, that at the moment we are transcribing these hurried memoranda, the murderer is standing in the immediate conflux of two eternities, and Time is shaking his almost exhausted hour-glass before his startled eye. He has not an hour to live! So young, and yet already at the bottom of the down-hill of life! We were admitted to the prison, through the courtesy of the jailor, and after passing the lower ranges of cells, ascended a flight of stairs, to another tier, in which were confined Barron's two accomplices, whose trials are yet to take place. Ascending still higher, we arrived at an iron door, which opened to a large and well-lighted apartment, in the centre of which, chained to the floor, sat the murderer, on a rude bench, with another before him, on which lay a few books. His countenance was youthful, fresh, and smiling; but his eye had the gleam of a genuine devil in it, and sufficiently evinced, that under the roses of youth may flourish the thorns and briars of sin and crime. He was slowly notching his few days of life, yet he was wholly unconcerned. The bloom flourished on his cheek, for there was as yet no canker at his heart. Still, it was thought, as he gradually drew near the gallows, a tree on which desperate courage sometimes hideously blossoms, his spirit would melt, and his demeanor undergo a change. As one of our party passed behind the victim, to see how the organs of his skull had been tuned by the hand of Providence, we glanced at a volume he had laid down as we entered. It was a light French work, in the original, and, if we remember rightly, a play of Molière. These evidences of his stolidity, in connection with a manner and



conversation, thoughtless, indifferent, and even gay, prepared us for the report of our phrenological amateur, who pronounced him a perfect negation of all goodness. He had never before encountered such hillocks of iniquity. No wonder he had overleaped the highest moral fences. His head would outrival the cast of Fieschi, the infernal machine maker to His Majesty Louis Phillippe. We bade the murderer a last farewell, and pausing a moment in the female department, a perfect '*harem-scarem*,' at times, if we may judge from its two or three occupants on this occasion, we descended to where minor offenders against the pockets of society obtain their board and lodging at the town's expense. As we walked leisurely by a grated door, a flushed countenance and unquiet eye flashed suddenly upon us, through the iron bars. It was a face to be remembered, for it had 'a smack of Tartarus and the souls in bale.' It was of a man in confinement for shooting his wife, in cold blood. She was still lingering upon the borders of the grave, and, woman-like, refused to criminate, by her testimony, her brutal husband. \* \* As we were emerging from the prison, a representative from those conclaves of miscreancy in which crime is concocted, accumulations of humanity which ferment and reek like compost, in all large cities, was pointed out, leisurely engaged in carrying out the plan of Mr. M'Adam, with a long-handled hammer. He was a bit of a wag, we were informed, whose wit had often stood him in good stead. He had been repeatedly before the city authorities, for divers misdemeanors, and each time promised well for the future; but although he always kept his countenance, he never kept his word. On one occasion, he was just about to be sentenced, with other sansculottists, as a common vagrant, when, with the most imperturbable *sang froid*, having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, and half of a dried codfish, and holding them up, with triumphant look and gesture, to the magistrate, exclaimed: 'You don't ketch him *that way*! I'm no wagrant. An't them 'visible means o' support,' I should like to know?' The argument was a *non sequitur*.

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CANAL-PACKET travelling has one advantage, at least. It is a *quiet* mode of journeying. You sit on the bow of the boat, and listen to the gentle gurgle of the water, as it is parted by the narrow prow, and gaze far down to the bottom of the inverted firmament, a huge cerulean punch-bowl, reflected in the calm water, while the transposed steeds flourish their logs upward, in the same medium, in defiance of all known laws of gravitation. But the heat, when the boat pauses, is insufferable; insomuch that our friend, the obèse, longed for the ability to get out of the flesh, for a time, that he might sit in his skeleton, and let the air pass coolly through his ribs. \* \* We arrived at Lockport at sunrise. It is a well-built, flourishing village, and the capital of a rich landed county. The locks which elevate the canal at one point upward of seventy feet, form one of the prominent attractions of the town. We tarried here, however, for a brief space only, but were presently rushing in a rail-car toward the Great Cataract, with thick-beating heart, and a glow of excitement that was worth a principality. The railroad track lies, for the most part, through a dense wood, opening, as you near the Falls, to glimpses of the vast stretch of country to the north, bounded by the dimly-blue Ontario. For the last three miles, you ride along the very bank of the Niagara, looking far down upon the abyss of turbulent waters, of a whitish-green, the hue of a robin's egg. At length, a half-mile chasm, scooped out from the left bank, discloses to you, for one brief moment, the Wonder, at some two miles' distance.

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We have beheld it! The impression that for fifteen years we had carried in our mind of the Falls of Niagara, was dissipated in a moment, like a wreath of its own spray, and we cannot recall of it the faintest remembrance. The scene opens a new sensation in the mind, as a chemist discovers a new earth or mineral. Good reader, be not alarmed. We are not going to attempt a description of Niagara. This has been done already in these pages, by an abler pen than ours, and another cometh after, that shall

put both to the blush. Only this let us say, passing wholly the glorious 'rapids,' that as you stand beneath the American Fall, and look upward to that resistless flood which seems to tumble down from the very 'abyss of heaven,' and see the hissing spray-foam rush upward as if an hundred steam-boilers had burst at your feet, accompanied by a roar, 'ringing chaos, as on the day the winds were made;' but more than all, when you behold, from *under* Table-Rock, the linked lakes of the west leaping to that awful grave, and find even that 'sheet,' which from the American side looked like a mere dripping border of the torrent, (and it is no more,) pregnant with earthquake and tornado, you will receive into your soul ideas of grandeur, and power, and sublimity, such as you never experienced before. Why, the 'Astor House,' as immense a granite pile as it is, would be swept into the foaming vortex upon which 'Biddle's Tower' looks down, as though it were a very feather!

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HEREAFTER, it is our intention to date the memorable occurrences of existence from one momentous epoch — 'the year that we were taken prisoner by the British!' We crossed the boiling torrent of the Niagara, half blinded with the wind-drifted spray, circling about us in rain-bow fragments — the roaring cataract rolling before us, looking, in such glimpses as we could obtain, like a great green cylinder — and having thoroughly surveyed the British side, and passed under 'the sheet' — incurring thereby woful affrightments, by reason of the green mermaidenish dresses, the dense sulphurous atmosphere, the big eels, the 'hell of waters,' and the voice of the great deep broken up — we reached the western ferry at nightfall, on our return. Here we were shown a proclamation of Governor ARTHUR, damp from the press, forbidding communication with the American side, without a passport. And for this, we were to march to headquarters, at the Pavilion, a mile and a half, up the Niagara bank! Happily, a jolly companion beguiled the walk of its dreariness, by discovering new points of interest in the scenery. He pronounced them *irresistible* — as indeed they were. We could not choose but see them; our orders were imperative, and the views were all in our way. A passport was easily obtained from Col. TOWNSEND, the commanding officer, and we soon found ourselves snugly ensconced in the 'Eagle House,' a superior establishment, let us add, in passing, whose supervisor, beside being a gentleman, and a lover of cleanliness and all good order, has under him one who knows all the new practices of cookery and culina; who is deeply learned and thoroughly grounded in the hidden knowledge of all sauces, sallads, and pot-herbs, whatsoever. It will be difficult for visitors at the Falls, during the warm season, to enjoy themselves, and keep cool and comfortable, without FANNING!

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SLIPPED up to Buffalo, by rail-road, (passing famed Chippewa, Schlosser, and Navy Island,) to spend a night. After OLLAPOD's minute and graphic picture of this princely town, and the surrounding scenery, a reference to it here is quite unnecessary. At the American Hotel, (built of granite, after the manner of the 'Astor,' and most sumptuously furnished,) we gathered an idea of what Buffalo bade fair to become anon, from the steam boat circulars suspended in the vestibule. The towns of the upper lakes, Sault de St. Marie, Mackinaw, Green Bay, Milwaukie, Chicago, and the ports of Lake Erie and Detroit, have, by direct communication, their commercial outlets at Buffalo. Who can foretell its destiny? What is deemed extravagant prophecy now, will be pronounced faint and timid prediction, in the short space of ten years. \* \* Greatly enjoyed a theatrical story, related here, which was fresh to us, and may be to the reader. The play of 'Hamlet' was being enacted, and thereabout of it especially where Guildenstern is employed by the Dane to play upon the pipe, just to oblige him. He is very unfortunate for the music, it will be remembered; and on this occasion he was accommodated to his heart's content. Guildenstern replied to his earnest solicitations, that since he was so very pressing, he *would* give him a tune; and forthwith accomplished, to the

best of his small ability, that sublime national air, 'Yankee Doodle,' together with certain extempore flourishes, which he termed 'the variations.'

THE passage from Niagara Falls to Rochester, by way of the Niagara river and Lake Ontario, is one of much interest and beauty. Lewiston, the heights of Queenston, with the noble monument to the brave and lamented Brock, from the top of which may be commanded a prospect of unsurpassed loveliness, the charming scenery of the river, and the fort where MORGAN, the Anti-Freemason, was confined, with the spot where he is supposed to have met his fate, are interesting features in the opening voyage. Towns which once

— 'on either side,  
Smiled on each other in the peaceful tide,'

as PAULDING sings, now exchange any thing but 'smiling' glances. The border warfare has made jealous enemies on either frontier. As we passed the village of Niagara, even the juvenile 'Britishers' on the wharves indulged in terms that were scarcely civil toward the 'd — d yankees,' as we were tauntingly denominated. A thousand reports are flying, of affrays that never happened, and abuses that never existed; and on both sides, these rumors, if lost in one place, soon rise, like the currents of the fabled Arethusa, in another, 'enlarged and improved,' and the asses' ears of John Bull and Uncle Sam are egregiously gulled by the same. \* \* The beautiful estuary of the Niagara had widened into old Ontario, before we were made aware that there was a display of nature around us, worthy to succeed the one great Scene we had left behind. To the north and east, a black tempest, hanging low over the ocean-expanse, was marching in anger through the distance; in the north-west, a broad strip of sunlight lay bright upon the water, where

'The ocean mingled with the sky  
With such an equal hue,  
That vainly strove the 'wilder'd eye  
To part their gold and blue;'

while in the west, the sun was sinking to his evening pavilion, with such a pomp of clouds as we never beheld before; rolling billows of gorgeous purple and crimson, here edged with gold, and there tipped with silver, and broken at distant intervals by long bars of light, shooting for an instant athwart the level flood. And long after the sun had set, these soft and fleecy messengers, radiant with grace and beauty, drew all eyes to their piled masses, till their unwonted loveliness, gradually fading away, was swallowed up of night. Thereafter, we walked for hours the breezy deck, filled with the fulness of calm enjoyment, arising from the time, the scene, and a very paragon of tried companions — one who possessed a fund of rich, original thoughts, thickly interspersed with the inoculations and grafts of reading and education; fullest of matter, with least verbosity; with a disposition to cream off life, leaving the sour and the dregs, and manners displaying a happy conjunction of freedom, ease, and sincerity. Moreover, he was a humorist of the first water, and withal, a good recipient of 'articles in his line.' LAMB would have rejoiced in him, for he 'understood the first time,' so often an important desideratum. If you were successful in 'making a joke,' although it were in the dark, you were not compelled to handle his cheek to see whether he understood it. His was a ready and most infectious laugh, and so hearty as to shake the very walls of flesh in which his equable and cheerful spirit was immured.

AWOKE not far from Carthage, on the Genesee, just as the blushing east was awakening to the ray of the morning. Not caring to tarry an hour or more, for the rail-cars, we walked on toward Rochester, some three or four miles distant, pausing in a charming grove, vocal with the songs of early birds, and sparkling with morning dew, to look at the lower falls of the Genesee, whose subdued voice filled the wood. Without impressing one with any great idea of power or grandeur, it must be conceded that nothing

could be more picturesque. A view obtained from the western shore, on the following day, was even more beautiful. We descended from 'Lorimer Hill' — an enchanting residence and grounds, overlooking the city on the south, and the adjacent country on the north, to Ontario — through sloping meadows, redolent with the delicious perfume of white and purple clover, to the very edge of the bank, and surveyed them with the highest gratification. The upper fall is of greater descent, yet it lacks the attractive adjuncts of its younger brother. Both, however, are respectable 'lions,' and would make the fortune of any village within fifty miles of New-York, merely as natural spectacles. Of their utilitarian qualities, we shall doubtless be called to speak hereafter. \*      \*      The Falls of the Genessee, however, are not the only scenic attractions in the vicinity of Rochester. There is one, of such singular and various beauty, as to warrant especial mention. We allude to the suburban cemetery of 'Mount Hope,' which has recently been purchased by the city corporation, laid out, and intersected with paths and excellent carriage roads. It is a succession of gracefully rounded hills, and gradual hollows, raised and scooped by the hand of nature, on a wooded eminence, which rises some two or three miles from the town. You wind along its avenues, more deeply impressed, at every turn, with the manifold beauties of the spot, and the good taste which selected and appropriated it. Here flashes upon the eye a glimpse of the river, lapsing along its green shores, and there an opening discloses a meadow-field below; while farther onward sparkles a clear spring, that will hereafter feed the brooks which will 'run among the hills.' From the summit, you look, on one hand, far over umbrageous woods, to the blue Ontario; the city, with its steeples and turrets, lies in the foreground, softened by distance, the blue vapor of the falls rising slowly beyond, and like the 'vain shadow' of human life, soon vanishing away; and on the other, a long stretch of verdant landscape, terminating in an undulating range of pale blue mountains, bounds the view. One can imagine no lovelier burial-place than this must become, when garnished by the hand of taste and affection. Such repositories of the dead exercise a benevolent and salutary influence upon the living; and when

' Here the long concourse from the murmuring town,  
With funeral pace and slow shall enter in,  
To lay the loved in tranquil silence down,  
No more to suffer and no more to sin,'

it will beguile death of half its terrors, to reflect, that the beauties of nature are scattered with such liberal hand about the graves of the departed.

ENCOUNTERED a contributor to *Maga*, soon after our return from 'Mount Hope,' as we stood gazing from the old aqueduct, at the magnificent scale and massive matériel and proportions of the new. 'We have seen that person before, *somewhere*,' thought we, as a thin man, of florid complexion, with a rusty coat that had once been black, and a 'shocking bad 'at,' cast a hurried glance of recognition toward us, as he swept slowly past, on the deck of a 'liner,' with an old blue cotton umbrella over his head. At once his visnomy was classified. He it was, who waited on us, one cold winter morning, with a bundle of *ms.*, of various kinds, with which he desired to regale the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER*. He had the Scottish cast of countenance, and had been, he informed us, for several years a writer for the *Edinburgh Review*, and 'believed we should find his articles acceptable.' He seemed modest, and looked 'seedy' and needy, but not remarkably intelligent. Still, thought we, his outward form is after all but his 'husk or shrine,' and although he lacks big speech and an imperative presence, he may have a 'mind that makes the body rich.' And reasoning thus, we accepted a 'solid article.' Solid enough we found it! Heavy writing was evidently his forte. There was a dulness, an ultra 'sobriety of tone,' about it, that would have suited the taste of the drained and parchment intellects, who sometimes tender us gratuitous counsel, touching the proper conduct of a magazine like ours. We returned the *ms.* to the author, at the desk, and

desired him to leave us a light article, instead. He soon enclosed us one, in a letter remarkable for its dingy brimstone hue and odor, and its elaborate clumsiness of foldure. What a tale it was! Words can scarcely tell how feeble in invention, how puerile, diffuse, and artificial; interlarded, at briefest intervals, in the bombastic style of a stage-struck 'prentice, with dramatic misquotations, misapplied. GEOFFREY CRAYON tells us that he readily swallowed a story of the red-wigged landlady of the Red-Horse Inn, at Stratford-on-Avon, that she was a relative of SHAKESPEARE, until, in proof that his great genius ran in the family, she placed in his hand a ms. play of her own, which soon set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance. Our case was not dissimilar; and when, by appointment, on the following morning, we met our contributor, and returned to him his ms., we ventured to inquire, specifically, *what it was* he had written for the Edinburgh Review. He blushed to the very tip of his nose, an intellectual rudder of most portentous amplitude, and affected to cover his chagrin with the lax smile of a sick hyena, as he stammered out: '*I made out the index for several quarters!*' But nothing daunted by this confession, he proceeded to add: I have a ms. play, written in this country, which I should be pleased to have you purchase from me. I sent it to Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park, but he returned it the next day, with a cold note of two lines, saying that 'it wouldn't do,' or words to that effect. That, however, was because it was not an *acting* play; it is more for the closet, and you will find it to read well in print. It was composed in two nights, after the model of the 'Sea-Serpent,' which had so long a run. I call it '*The North River, or the Last Run of Shad.*' 'Would you like to —' We bowed the literary worthy out, with such courtesy as we could command; calling to mind, as he disappeared in the street, an undoubted specimen of his 'writings' in the 'Edinburgh Review Index.' It ran thus:

'Great Mind — Mr. CURRAN, - - - - - 183.'

Toward the bottom of this page, when sought out, was found recorded: 'Mr. Curran said he had a *great mind* to kick the intruder from his door!'

AND here we are reminded, that for the present must close our 'Intermingled Leaves of Note-book and Travel.' 'So mote it be!' saith the reader, and so say we.

'THE KNICKERBOCKER.' — We found on our business-desk, the other day, a letter from a small town in Pennsylvania, wherein the writer congratulates himself highly upon the completion of his great work, 'THE KNICKERBOCKER,' a series of '*Legends of the Hudson River*,' as he spells and denominates them. His terms, he writes, are 'extremely liberal,' being 'only \$150 for the copy-right of America!' He could get \$200 from an eminent publishing house in Philadelphia, but for personal reasons, he 'disdains their offer.' He adds, that a southern contemporary offered him nearly the entire sum required, for only *one* of the '*Legends*;' yet, desirous of publishing them entire, and looking for his 'principal remuneration' to 'Bentley, my publisher in London,' he would not be averse to take \$150, which was dog-cheap, and much less than Mr. WILLIS got for his '*Pencilling by the way and Inkland of Adventure*!' This interesting orthography is twice repeated, as are also the directions where the '*proff-sheets*' are to be sent, in case the proposed New-York publishers consent to 'bleed' handsomely for the copy-right. We were led by this letter to glance over the mss. volume. The handwriting is unexceptionable, but the spelling is 'quite the reverse;' and as for the matter, it exhibits a singular frigidity of imagination, considering its plethoric style, combined with a decided antipathy to common sense. It is, moreover, sadly deficient in grammatical purity. The young writer, for such we must take him to be, will live to thank us for preventing him from dipping his pen in the fatal ink of publication. Two years from now, he will greatly prefer honest dulness to such paltry celebrity as his book would have given him.

ORTHOGRAPHY. — THE 'YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.' — A correspondent sent us, some months since, as many of our readers will remember, an article upon orthography, from which we made a brief extract, wherein he advocated the omission of all letters that were not sounded, in English words, and counselled the reader to spell them just as pronounced; in short, he wished, he said, to reform the 'hul sistim' of spelling. If we had not forgotten our contributor's address, we should be glad to send him the late numbers of Frazer's London Magazine, containing the 'Yellowplush Correspondence,' written by a fashionable rascal's servant, whose orthography is quite after our friend's model. Let us quote a 'smol spesmin,' 'frinstance,' describing the 'tawsing abowt in the British Chanl' of the learned narrator and his hopeful master:

'Gentle reader, av you ever been on the otion? — 'The sea, the sea, the hopen sea!' as Barry Cromwell says. As soon as we entered our little wessel, and I'd looked to master's luggitch and mine, (mine was rapt up in a very small hankercher,) as soon, I say, as we entered our little wessel, as soon as I saw the waivs, black and frothy, like fresh-drawn porter, dashin against the ribbs of our galliant bark, the keel, like a wedge, a splittin the billoes in two, the sales a flappin in the hair, the standard of Hengland floating at the mask-head, the steward a gettin ready the basins and things, the captin proudly treding the deck and givin orders to the salers, the white rox of Albany, and the bathin-masheens disappearing in the distans — then, then I felt for the first time the mite, the madgiesty of existence. 'Yellowplush, my boy,' said I, in a dialog with myself, 'your life is now about to commens; your carear as a man dates from your entrans on board this packit. Be wise, be manly, be cautious; forgit the follies of your youth. You are no longer a boy now, but a FOOTMAN. Throw down your tops, your marbles, your boyish games; throw off your childish habits with your inky clerk's jackit — throw up your —'

\* \* \* \* \*

'Here, I recklect, I was obleeged to stopp. A sealin, in the first place singlar, in the nex place painful, and at last compleatly overpowering, had came upon me while I was making the abuff speach, and I now found myself in a sityouation which dellixy for bids me to discribe. Suffis to say, that I now discovered what basins was made for; that for many, many hours I lay in a hagony of exostion, dead to all intence and porpuses, the rain pattering in my face, the salers a tramplink over my body; the panes of purgertory going on inside!'

When dashes were much in vogue, in the time of GOLDSMITH, he denounced their use as

'An art contrived to advertise a joke,  
So that the jest was clearly to be seen,  
Not in the words, but in the dash between;'

but if he had lived to read the above paragraphs, he would have foresworn for ever his opposition to the dash. But to return. The cockney hero and his protégé, Yellowplush, arrive at Boulogne-sur-Mer, where the usual enjoyments of salt-watering places are most graphically recorded by the observant journalist:

'Our amusemens for the fortnit we stopt here, were boath numerons and daliteful; nothink, in fact, could be more *pickong*, as they say here. In the morning before brekfast, we boath walked on the peer; master in a blue maceen jackit, and me in a slap-up new livry, both provided with long sliding oppra-glasses. With these we igsamined, very attentively, the otion, the sea-weed, the pebbils, the dead cats, the fishwimin, and the waivs (like little children playing at leap-frog), which came tumb-ling over one and other on to the shoar. It seemed to me as if they were scrambling to get there, as well they might, being sick of the sea, and anxious for the blessid, peaceable *terry-ferry*. After brekfast, down we went again, (that is, master on his beat, and me on mine, for my place in this soring town was a complete *skinycare*.) and puttin our tally-scoops again in our eyes, we igsamined a little more the otion, pebbils, dead cats, and so on; and this lasted till dinner, and dinner lasted till bed-time,' etc.

Mr. Yellowplush is an acute observer, and a capital describer, although 'puffickly ignreant of the hart of spelling.' Take, as a sample, the following vivid sketch of a female living with a younger and more fortunate sister, in the quality of companion, or 'toady':

'Poar thing! I'd a soon be a gally slave as lead the life she did. Evry body in the house dispiased her; her ladyship insulted her; the very kitching gals scorned and flouted her. She roat the notes, she kep the bills, she made the te, she whipped the choklate, she cleaned the Canry birds, and gev out the linning for the wash. She was my lady's walking-pocket, or rittycule, and fetched and carried her hankercher, or her smell-bottle, like a well-bred spannel. At night, at her ladyship's swarries, she thumped kidrills; (nobody ever thought of asking her to dance!) when Miss Griffin sung, she played the piano, and was scolded because the singer was out of tune; abommanating dogs, she never drove out without her ladyship's puddle in her lap; and, reglarly unwell in a carriage, she never got any thing but the back seat. Poar Jemima! I can see her now, in my lady's *acknd best* old clothes, (the ladies'-maids all 's got the *prims* leavings;) a liloc sattn gownd, crumpled, blotched,



and greasy; a pair of white satin shoes, of the color of Inger-rubber; a faded yellow velvet hat, with a wreath of hartish flowers run to seed, and a bird of paradise perched on the top of it, meluncolly and moulting, with only a couple of feathers left in its onfortuit tale.'

'Praps' we may refer to Yellowplush's history of his master again. His principles, we are told, were 'ojus,' but his manners 'beauchus.' He sang 'jewets,' wrote 'pote-ry,' was good at 'politix' and 'metafizzix,' and was considered by his servant, notwithstanding the 'kix' he sometimes gave him, as a 'gen'lmanly man,' until he got foiled in obtaining the 'proppaty' of a 'widdo and orfan,' and lost his 'inkum.' Then, Yellowplush cut him without remorse.

'THE UNITED STATES.' — An American friend and subscriber, resident in London, writes us as follows, in reference to our national cognomen. His opinions may awaken kindred impressions upon the subject of which he speaks. They are worthy of attention: 'Let me entreat you to give our unhappy country a name! Some years ago, a patriotic and commendable effort was made to adopt the name *FREDONIA*. This so far succeeded, that we are, for want of another, still partially known in Europe by it; and you may see for sale the flags of all nations illustrated on a map, with the name 'Fredonia' in connexion with our flag. The term 'United States' is very indefinite; so indeed is that of the 'United States of America,' as well as extremely inconvenient. Some 'citizens of the United States of America,' (what a wretched circumlocution!) visiting the Thames Tunnel, inserted after their names, 'Virginia.' Now whatever we may think of their intelligence, not one in ten of those whose names are there registered, ever hear of Virginia, or even know where it is. For the want of a name, too, the 'inhabitants of the United States of America' are called Yankees, and this is applied to a Louisianian as well as to a New-Englander. Passing down the Thames, the other day, a singularly curious boat came by, probably from Holland; but a *Briton*, wishing to have a jibe at our expense, cried out: 'Look at one of Jonathan's boats!' The newspapers, also, for want of one convenient word, as *Fredonia*, are driven to inexpressive and ungraceful diminutives. At home, we do not so clearly see the want of a cognomen; but any native of the United States, travelling in Europe, will keenly feel the need of a name and patronymic.'

MR. BIDDLE'S ADDRESS. — We have perused, with satisfaction, 'An Address delivered on the Fourth of July, before the Philomathean and Phrenokosmian Societies of Pennsylvania College, by JAMES C. BIDDLE.' It is a performance of much merit, far more, indeed, than we had anticipated from the opening, which, it must be confessed, was not of signal promise. Such sententious and self-evident positions as, 'Different persons desire the possession of the same thing; that which pleases one, displeases another; all cannot be gratified; some will prevail, others must yield,' etc., are by no means worthy to precede the sound argument and just views, upon various important themes, which follow. We were especially pleased with those portions of the Address which inculcate a national self-respect, without undue vanity, or vain boasting, and a general regard for the supremacy of the law of the land, in contradistinction to the wicked and arbitrary code of Judge Lynch. The ample resources of Pennsylvania, present and prospective, are well set forth, and with a natural and honorable feeling of state pride. In a brief reference to WASHINGTON, and his well known passage of the Delaware, we find the following interesting incident, associated with facts, which although not new, cannot be too often repeated:

'On Christmas night, the Delaware filled with floating ice, in a storm of hail and snow, he crossed the river with a part of his army. No sooner had he reached the Jersey shore, than he was informed

that the powder had become so damp in crossing, that not one gun in ten could be discharged. Unmoved, he replied, 'Then we must trust to the bayonet.' The enemy were completely surprised and defeated. Who can describe the feelings of Washington at this trying moment! The success of our cause depended on the issue. I have heard one I dearly loved, and whose memory I revere, describe Washington at this moment. Colonel Baylor, riding up to him, said, 'Sir, the Hessians have surrendered;' he dropped the reins on his horse's neck, clasped his hands with fervency, and raising his eyes to heaven, remained for a short space of time in silent thankfulness. That American bosom must be insensible, which does not sympathize with his feelings at this moment. Collecting rapidly their scattered forces, the enemy menaced the American army, with a prompt retribution for this startling enterprise. On the 2d of January, 1777, the British army attacked Washington and his forces at Trenton. Night interrupted the contest. Keeping his camp-fires lighted, to conceal his design, and availing himself of the darkness, he eluded the vigilance of the enemy; and at the dawn of day, while they were preparing to renew the attack at Trenton, the distant roar of artillery announced to them his victory at Princeton. The effect of success so brilliant and unexpected, was electric; the drooping spirits of the Americans were revived; their courage renovated; confidence restored; and hope again cheered and invigorated their exertions.'

The Address is printed upon paper of the best hue and texture, and in the very first style of the 'art preservative of all arts.'

'NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.' — Late arrivals bring us additional chapters of this work, by the illustrious 'Box.' This voluminous author not only sustains the promise of his past productions, but is undoubtedly improving upon the best of them. His descriptions are perfect paintings; his observation of men and things wonderfully acute, and his humor inexhaustible. As a specimen of his graphic limning, take the following, descriptive of the sleeping apartment of the pupils at Dotheboys' Hall:

'The cold feeble dawn of a January morning was stealing in at the windows of the common sleeping-room, when Nicholas, raising himself upon his arm, looked among the prostrate forms which on every side surrounded him, as though in search of some particular object.

'It needed a quick eye to detect from among the huddled mass of sleepers, the form of any given individual. As they lay closely packed together, covered, for warmth's sake, with their patched and ragged clothes, little could be distinguished but the sharp outlines of pale faces, over which the sombre light shed the same dull heavy color, with here and there a gaunt arm thrust forth; its thinness hidden by no covering, but fully exposed to view in all its shrunken ugliness. There were some who, lying on their backs with upturned faces and clenched hands, just visible in the leaden light, bore more the aspect of dead bodies than of living creatures, and there were others coiled up into strange and fantastic postures, such as might have been taken for the uneasy efforts of pain to gain some temporary relief, rather than the freaks of slumber. A few — and these were among the youngest of the children — slept peacefully on, with smiles upon their faces, dreaming perhaps of home; but ever and again a deep and heavy sigh, breaking the stillness of the room, announced that some new sleeper had awakened to the misery of another day, and, as morning took the place of night, the smiles gradually faded away with the friendly darkness which had given them birth.'

'Smike,' a poor jaded, spiritless boy, is dragged into the school-room, to be flogged for having attempted to run away from the cruel oppressions to which he had been subjected. Mr. Squeers, armed with 'a strong, supple, wax-ended, and new instrument of torture,' inquires of the culprit if he has any thing to say for himself. The scene which ensues, is not exceeded by the kindred one in Roderick Random, wherein a tyrannical schoolmaster is visited with similar punishment:

'Nothing, I suppose?' said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

'Smike glanced round, and his eye rested for an instant on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

'Have you any thing to say?' demanded Squeers again; giving his right arm two or three flourishes, to try its power and suppleness. 'Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough.'

'Spare me, Sir!' cried Smike.

'Oh! that's all, is it?' said Squeers. 'Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and spare you that.'

'Ha, ha, ha! laughed Mrs. Squeers, 'that's a good 'un.'

'I was driven to do it,' said Smike faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

'Driven to do it, were you?' said Squeers. 'Oh! it was n't your fault; it was mine, I suppose — eh?'

'A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog,' exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; 'what does he mean by that?'

'Stand aside, my dear,' replied Squeers. 'We'll try and find out.'

'Mrs. Squeers being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body — he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain — it was raised again, and again about to fall — when Nicholas Nickleby suddenly starting up, cried 'Stop!' in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on."

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually for the moment bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done; my blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, for by Heaven, I will not spare you, if you drive me on."

"Stand back!" cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head."

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys — with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear — moved not hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavored to drag him from his infuriated adversary. \* \* \* Becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his arm grew weak beside, he threw all his remaining strength into half-a-dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him, with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form, and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

**'RECORDS OF TRAVEL.'** — This is the modest title of a small volume, from the press of Messrs. OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY, Boston. Its contents are, 'Phosphorescent Illumination of the Ocean,' 'Voyaging on the Mediterranean,' from Naples to Palermo, from Syracuse to Malta, and from Messina to the Volcanian Islands, Pæstum, and Naples, and two sketches, 'Burying Alive,' and 'The Suicide.' These 'records' are agreeable matters enough, but the style is quite indifferent, being stiltish and sophomorical. From 'Buried Alive,' we transcribe the following account of a lady of Lyons, France, who, under the influence of a violent nervous disorder, fell into a state of seeming death, from which she fortunately aroused herself, just as she was about to be nailed up in her coffin. Her sensations are thus described:

'It seemed to her that she was really dead, yet she was perfectly conscious of all that happened around her in this dreadful state. She distinctly heard her friends speaking, and lamenting her death, at the side of her coffin. She felt them pull on her dead clothes, and lay her in it. This feeling produced a mental anxiety which was indescribable. She tried to cry, but her soul was without power, and could not act on her body. She had the contradictory feeling as if she were in her own body, and yet not in it, at one and the same time. It was equally impossible for her to stretch out her arm, or to open her eyes, as to cry, although she continually endeavored to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height, when the funeral hymn began to be sung, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive, was the first one which gave activity to her soul, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame.'

**WILLETT'S GEOGRAPHY.** — Messrs. POTTER AND WILSON, Poughkeepsie, have issued a new and improved edition of WILLETT'S School Geography, accompanied by a new and correct Atlas, drawn and engraved on steel, expressly for the work. We have examined this Geography with attention, and can heartily commend it, for various excellent qualities, and especially for its freedom from the faults of over-diffuseness and confusion, which are such serious blemishes in many geographies. The descriptions of the

author are concise, his language plain, and the general arrangement of his book clear and progressive. From the commencement, the learner is obliged to get his lesson on the map; and in the book, every particular embraced in the lesson is thrice brought distinctly under the notice of the pupil; first, in describing a particular country, next in the review of the division to which such country belongs, and finally, in the general review of the entire work. The maps are neat and plain, and the typographical execution of the work unexceptionable.

**'BRING FLOWERS.'**—As a branch of the 'Fine Arts,' we have pleasure in calling public attention to the spacious and charming flower garden of Mr. THOMAS HOGG, Twenty-First street, near the House of Refuge. The whole place is redolent of celestial odors; and some thousand varieties of the rarest flowers, shrubs, and flowering plants, make of the spot an Eden of loveliness. Let the visitor rest in the shade of a large 'tree which stands in the midst of the garden,' while the aroma-laden gale cools his brow, and gaze around him. He will deem that some scores of bright rainbows have been broken up, and scattered, with a liberal hand, on every side.

#### L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

**'THE TRIUMPH OF LIBERTY'** is the title of a poem delivered before the Convention of Associated Literary and Scientific Societies, at the celebration of the late anniversary of American Independence, at Baltimore, by J. N. M'JILTON, Esq. It reaches us too late for adequate notice, though not for perusal. We have found in its pages, in connection with some blemishes, much of what we deem to be spirited and graceful verse; and can only regret that our limits will not permit us to give 'the ocular proof' of the correctness of our favorable judgment. The poem has received a tasteful dress from the hands of its publisher, Mr. N. HICKMAN.

**THE 'ALBION.'**—This unsurpassed weekly journal of choicest literature—unlike some of its contemporaries altogether unincumbered with much that is indifferent in prose, and worse in verse—has recently given another superb imperial quarto engraving to its readers. It is a charming portrait of M<sup>lle</sup> CELESTE, as 'La Bayadère,' executed in the first style of the art. This is soon to be followed by a portrait in kind, of QUEEN VICTORIA. Such exertions to command success, are well repaid by the largest subscription list of any similar journal in America.

**'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.'**—MR. STEPHENS' 'Incidents of Travel in Greece, Russia, Turkey, and Poland,' will be published by the Brothers' HARPER, during the present month. If the reader is desirous to gain an idea of its style and character, let him peruse the 'Great Fête at Peterhoff,' elsewhere in this Magazine. It will be conceded, we think, that our author's eminent gifts *entitled* him to the honor of the distinguished 'interview' with royalty, to which, it will be seen, he merely refers, *en passant*, with the characteristic modesty of true genius!

**JAMES K. PAULDING, Esq.**—It is doubtless known to most of our readers, that this gentleman, to whose pen they have been indebted for much intellectual gratification and amusement, has accepted the appointment of Secretary of the United States' Navy. While they will congratulate our government upon this valuable acquisition to its councils, they will join us in the hope, and rejoice in the belief, that the duties of his high and responsible office will not prevent a favorite contributor's occasional appearance before them, in these pages.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## PASSING EVENTS AND THE PROSPECT BEFORE US.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

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IN taking a retrospect of the policy of nations, for a series of years past, we are forcibly struck with the evidences of a general disposition of a highly pacific character. After long and fierce contentions, attended with few benefits, but which were the cause of unnumbered afflictions and calamities, drenching the earth in blood and tears, the great object of which seemed to be to gratify the arrogance and insatiable ambition of a few blood-thirsty rulers and their profligate associates. Europe appears to have settled down in comparative tranquillity. The awful lesson which has been taught to mankind by that greatest of all scourges, the French revolution, has undoubtedly made a deep, and we would fain hope a lasting, impression. Wars undertaken for conquest, insure very few durable advantages, while they never fail to produce consequences the most destructive and blighting. They unhinge the whole moral force and structure of society; they derange all order, and strike at the root of every useful project. They defeat the noblest pursuits, debase the public mind, and carry in their train the proofs of inexpressible anguish, and wide-spread desolation.

The career of an ambitious tyrant is invariably marked by all the cruel ravages, degradation, and suffering, that can afflict a people. To satisfy ourselves in this respect, we need only bring to view the disastrous and desolating course of that baleful meteor, NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. In his movements, he swept over Europe like a tempest of fire, consuming and blackening the fairest portions of the earth. His march was every where indicated by frightful exhibitions of blood and carnage, robbery and plunder. Nothing could check his grasping ambition, or restrain his aspiring spirit. For a while, surrounding nations stood aghast at the terror of his name, and even distant and peaceful America beheld his ominous shadow with symptoms of alarm. If this man was a mere instrument in the hands of a righteous Providence to bring retributive justice upon offending nations, then must their sins and abominations have increased to a fearful magnitude. Their offences must have reached the throne of heaven, and provoked summary vengeance; for it is doubtful whether, since the existence of the human family, another individual has been sent upon the earth, who

was the author of so many and such overwhelming misfortunes. In saying this, I wish not to be considered as attempting to derogate from his claim to greatness. The world, by unanimous assent, has conclusively settled this point. In one feature of character, he may be said to stand without a parallel; for no one can doubt that, as a warrior, or more properly a destroyer, he was preëminently great. Here was the pillar of his renown, and in this alone it consisted. If he awakened the admiration of mankind by his numerous conquests and extraordinary good fortune, he exhibited nothing calculated to beget and insure permanent esteem. He was, in the most unlimited degree, haughty, insolent, revengeful, and rapacious; but these qualities were sometimes made subservient to his ruling passion, *ambition*. When this man met with his final overthrow, a shout of joy was echoed throughout Europe. He fell suddenly from his perilous elevation, his star of glory was obscured, and he sunk ignobly in endless night, leaving behind him little of honorable fame, and still less for imitation. His devious path was so stained with blood, and made so utterly abhorrent and repulsive, by multiplied victims, and by deeds of complicated crimes and wickedness, that we turn with loathing from the contemplation of such a hideous spectacle.

Since the depopulating and desolating wars of Europe have ceased to occupy the attention, and waste the resources of the people, we find them moulding their views and concentrating their energies with fixed designs for the accomplishment of works of utility. Public and private means are wisely applied to the promotion of the arts and sciences; to the opening of those fountains of wealth and knowledge which serve to increase their enjoyments, and disseminate the light of truth. Hence it is found, that not merely in England, so famed for noble schemes, but with the continental governments, magnificent plans for improving and embellishing their respective dominions are in successful progress. The construction of rail-roads and canals, which are of such inestimable value, and which contribute so essentially to the general prosperity, are leading concerns among several of the continental powers, but more particularly with France. The example of such a rich and powerful kingdom must have a controlling and salutary influence among all others; for nothing begets imitation so quickly as example, whether it be for good or for evil. Wise and patriotic rulers will therefore make suggestions and bring forward projects which are at once feasible and useful; and where these are found to be pregnant with advantages to the great body of a community, it immediately touches those finer springs which call forth the latent energies, and set the whole machine in active motion. What adds greatly to the force of these considerations, is the interesting fact, that crowned heads and other dignitaries are found enlisted in the promotion of those schemes which are designed to extend the benefits of trade and intercourse, by opening new channels of communication; thereby increasing the riches of their subjects, and consequently fortifying the strength and extending the reputation of their kingdoms. The French monarch is said to be most assiduous in his efforts to promote these enlarged views, and is prompt to bestow patronage wherever the public welfare requires the aid of his power and influence. And since the restoration of general tranquillity,



and peace has spread her downy wings over those fair regions, a period of little more than twenty years, it has become the prevailing belief that manufactures and the arts have made greater advances, and been rewarded with results more extensively beneficial, than were realized in the preceding half century. Learning and the sciences have kept pace with the arts; and by these united means, France has risen to proud distinction and prèminent rank among her continental neighbors.

But in turning our eye to England, we behold the evidences of enlightened views, of concentrated energies, and of matchless enterprise. Her statesmen, who comprehend the true economy and value of political ascendancy, have been long zealously employed in opening the most durable and fertilizing streams of wealth and distinction. She is marching with giant strides to unrivalled renown. Her projects are as vast as her national strength and resources are wonderful. Such are her combined means, and such her commanding influence, that she seems to move in an orbit which has gathered accumulated lustre, and enables her to spread before the nations a sheen of transcendant glory. In the united agency of agriculture, arts, manufactures, commerce, and naval force, with the aid of 'proud science,' she has made herself an object of admiration and wonder throughout the earth. Over all this, the light of revelation has cast its sacred mantle, while the whole structure rests on the substantial and unshaken pillars of a system of laws and jurisprudence, consecrated by long experience and profound wisdom, every part of which is maintained in its respective relation by the purest freedom. Of Great Britain it may with entire truth be said, that wherever she plants her standard, notwithstanding her many bloody conflicts, there civil liberty, with all its attendant blessings, strikes a deep and permanent root, which soon sends forth luxuriant branches, that bear perennial blossoms. Such are the rich fruits of that happy condition which has taken the place of exterminating and ruinous wars.

In addition to considerations so imposing and gratifying, a new era has suddenly opened upon us. We have been the happy witnesses of a successful experiment, that bids fair to bring about an entire change in the mode of intercourse between nations. Indeed, who can estimate the consequences of the great enterprise of traversing the Atlantic by steam? Who shall undertake to prescribe limits to the combined effects of the arts and sciences? Or what human mind can measure the stupendous results to which we may rationally presume this bold project will give birth? We are wrapt in amazement, as we contemplate the glorious theme, and extend our views to the consequences which are destined to spring out of it. Nor the least of these, will be that unrestrained and free intercourse between people whose residences are in remote countries and distant divisions of the earth. If we can cross the great Atlantic in fourteen or fifteen days, riding the mountain wave in perfect tranquillity and safety, no bounds can be set to the multiplied communications and interchanges that will constantly flow from such facilities and advantages. Nothing can tend more effectually to remove from the mind of travellers and from communities all lurking prejudices, and give expansion to their conceptions and feelings. Light and knowledge

will spread over the earth like the morning beams, and men will reap bountiful harvests from fruitful fields hitherto untrodden and unknown.

The surprising effects which have already been produced, through the agency of steam, are sufficient to bring home to every considerate mind the conviction, that a complete revolution will be effected, both in the operations of war, and the pursuits of peace. Warlike nations will construct steam batteries, not merely for harbor defence, but for distant expeditions. Their susceptibility of prompt movements and unerring certainty, will come powerfully in aid of such a design; for it is easy to see how soon, with a fleet of vessels of this description, a formidable military force could make a lodgment on the shore even of a distant country. Let us suppose a state of hostility between the United States and one of the great maritime powers of Europe. What would be our condition? Would not our whole southern frontier be exposed to the danger of sudden incursions? And would not France or England be ready at any moment for such an enterprise? While lying supinely ourselves, we should probably only be awakened from our sluggish dreams by the appearance of an enemy on our borders. And who does not comprehend the exposed and vulnerable condition of our southern country, and the strong temptation it would hold out to a proud and rapacious foe? Here would be the attack, and here could a hostile force easily get a foothold, and make an impression that might beget fatal consequences.

The prevalence of peace among nations, has paved the way to the introduction and rapid improvement of all those arts which minister so essentially as well to their regeneration as to their gratification. It has afforded them a breathing time, imparting to them new impulses, and inspiring them with fresh conceptions and renewed hopes of future happiness. So far as has depended on individual or local enterprise, America has partaken largely of this energetic and invigorating spirit. The national contributions, however, have been sparing. The nations of the old world will so far profit by the present condition of things, as to renew their wasted energies, and be prepared for any bold enterprise, by providing themselves with the most efficient and ample means. Sagacious statesmen never lose sight of favorable opportunities to fortify and strengthen their resources. And does not as well the voice of experience as of prudence, admonish us to adopt the like means, and make similar preparations? What right have we to look for an exemption from those misfortunes which have been the lot of all other nations? Is it not then the dictate of enlightened patriotism to make a prudent forecast, and by the use of precautionary measures, augment the vigor of the national arm? Why forego a period so inviting and auspicious, and by exhibiting confirmed weakness, provoke the ready aggression of some power who has listened to the suggestions of wiser counsels, and pursued a nobler and more liberal policy? The nation has been heretofore subjected to extreme humiliation, and immense losses, from its inability to meet emergencies which could not be foreseen, but which might have been successfully repelled, had proper means been seasonably provided. How desirable then is it, that we avoid that pernicious spirit of parsimony and petty economy, which is not less

the source of weakness than the parent of misfortune. Bitter experience has demonstrated it to be the worst species of economy that ever found advocates. Very little reflection would suffice to convince the people of this country, that they ought to place themselves in a position that should make them feel as conscious of their strength as they are proud of their freedom. Let us glance, for a moment, then, at the importance and necessity of enhancing our national strength.

With all the physical means required to produce the masculine proportions and strength of a giant, we seem indeed to exhibit but the shapeless stature and impotence of a dwarf. The public arm is completely unnerved, and our empty show of force has become the theme of jest and ridicule. It is a settled maxim, sanctified by truth and confirmed by history, that no nation can either maintain its rights or command the respect of others, whose weakness is such as to provoke insult, or invite aggression. 'There is a rank due to the United States,' says WASHINGTON, 'which will be withheld from the imputation of weakness.' It is not in the nature of things, that a people can preserve their independence and just rank, unless their means are not only adequate to their own protection, but sufficient to enforce an observance of those laws which are based on the principles of eternal justice. Hence the necessity of investing the supreme authority with that degree of vigor that shall operate as a continual shield, as well against the perpetration of wrong, as for the protection of right. The only mode in which these things are to be accomplished, is by increasing the military and naval force to an extent proportioned to the public exigencies and requirements.

As a people, we ought to bear in mind that we are now the second commercial power on the globe, and that in all probability, before the lapse of another generation, we shall be the first. The importance, therefore, of materially augmenting the means of naval warfare, would seem to be a self-evident position. A rich and expanding commerce calls for naval protection, not only as regards individual rights and property, but with a view to the safety of the revenue. And this duty becomes the more obvious and binding, when we take into consideration a line of sea-coast little short of two thousand miles in extent, with bays, harbors, and rivers, almost without number, and of the easiest imaginable access. And moreover, the long train of misfortunes, and the consequent anguish occasioned by hordes of pirates and freebooters, who but recently infested the West India seas, and were continually hovering on our coast, committing murders and depredations of a most revolting nature, ought to admonish us how we again open the door to similar outrages. In the destruction of nearly the whole of our naval strength, and in the introduction of the ridiculous gun-boat system, that memento of folly and stupidity, we behold the vivid picture of our shame and humiliation. We should learn wisdom, not less from the example of older nations, than from the effects of our own sore experience. From an early period, even until the present day, we have felt the evils which spring from an exposed and unguarded condition of our most valuable interests. With the exception of a few intervals, which were as fleeting as the causes that led to them, we have beheld a succession of fluctuations, pernicious, in the highest degree, to

the character, dignity, and prosperity of the country. Millions have been expended to no useful purpose. The noblest specimens of naval architecture ever produced by human ingenuity and skill, have been held up to the gaze of the nation, as if intended merely to flatter their pride and tickle their vanity. This seems to be a fair inference from the fact, that these same splendid models, instead of being fitted out and sent abroad to ride in proud majesty on their destined element, displaying our brilliant banner, and guarding our commerce in distant seas, were seen imperfectly housed under a loose covering, and partially imbedded in the mud, where they rested for a long series of years, until decay had nearly completed their ruin.

But leaving the theatre on which our resolute and hardy seamen have won unfading laurels, and turning our eye to those countless towns and cities which reflect their brilliancy over a boundless domain, teeming with golden harvests, and abounding in riches, what heart can refrain from exulting in the consciousness that we possess so fair an inheritance? Yet with means most abundant, and with irresistible energies, if but wisely directed, we have recently had our soil polluted by a band of foreign mercenaries; nay, our very capitol, the pride of our heart, and bearing the name of our august political father, was sacked, blown up, and destroyed by a mere handful of these same wretched mercenaries! And where shall we seek for the origin of this stinging reproach, this humiliating stain upon our bright escutcheon? I aver, without fear of contradiction, that by far the largest portion of the wrongs submitted to by the nation, both by sea and land, and they have been infinitely great, was occasioned by a want of seasonable precaution, arising from the dread of incurring a moderate degree of expense, which in the end would have proved to be the most prudent economy that could have been adopted. A retrospect of public transactions for forty years past, will abundantly illustrate the correctness of my position. Individuals may find it to their account, and may insure durable respect, by listening to the dictates of sound philosophy and pure morals. Nations must be governed, in a marked degree, by different motives. They must assume commanding attitudes; for they will insure respect and confidence, only in proportion to the measure of their strength.

From the dread of investing the national arm with the necessary vigor to maintain indisputable prerogatives, the government has placed its reliance on such restricted and diminished means, as almost to defeat the great end in view. Our standing force has been so limited in numbers as to be little more than an idle pageant. Had we possessed the requisite power, before the late resort to hostilities against Great Britain, who will not admit that it would have been attended with the most beneficial consequences? Who can doubt that it would have prevented the wasteful expenditure of an immense amount of blood and treasure? Who will deny, that it would have been the means of saving the lives of many thousands of valuable men, who were enticed from their families and private pursuits, to be sacrificed to very little purpose in the field? The painful fact must be fresh in the recollection of the great body of the people.

Not only should we have been exempt from these losses and privations, by a timely application of efficient means, but the conclusion necessarily follows, that signal advantages, with an honorable reputation attendant on our arms, would have been the sure consequence. There was no want of fortitude and bravery, for these qualities could not be exceeded; but there was great deficiency in unity of action and skill.

The whole transactions of the country, as shown in the history of the revolutionary struggle, as well as in the late one, furnish undeniable evidence of the fallacy of relying on militia, until they are well disciplined and inured to the dangers and habits of the field. But there is a wanton cruelty in calling from the bosom of society the most useful citizens, and exposing them to sudden destruction in open warfare. Nothing is more thoroughly confirmed by experience, than that troops can only become effective by means of long practice. War is an art that can only be learned, like any other business, by unremitting study and faithful drilling. But in all countries there are men enough who are willing to resort to it for support, and who give it a preference over every other calling. And let it be borne in mind, that they are generally of that class who are habitually idle, and not unfrequently vicious. By taking such men from the sounder ranks of society, we withdraw from it those whose example is often bad, and whose industry contributes very little to the health and increase of the body politic. And beside, do not such men always expect maintenance and protection, whether at home or abroad? Is it less expensive to the community to maintain them in private families, than it would be in the field? These are considerations which address themselves to every reflecting mind, and yet they are too generally overlooked.

But without special reference to the conflicts with Great Britain, in which our losses and sufferings on land were most severe, arising wholly from the want of a competent and well prepared force, let us direct our attention to the contests with the fearless and wily sons of the forest. Here we find repeated and overwhelming proofs of our utter inefficiency. The frontier settlements, in many instances, have been frightfully ravaged, and subjected to murders and desolations of a most appalling character. Not only were helpless adventurers the victims of savage fury, and their improvements laid waste, but multitudes of noble hearted militia, who generously volunteered their aid from distant districts, have fallen martyrs in fierce conflicts with desperate savages, leaving hosts of sorrowing widows and fatherless children, the surviving witnesses of a most pernicious system.

Among many cases that might be cited, to sustain my position, I will instance only two. One is of recent date; the other, with all its grim and forbidding aspects of slaughter and rapine, has long been, and still continues to be, the cause of inexpressible anguish to thousands, and of deep regret and mortification to the whole nation. My first allusion is to the war with Black Hawk, and the other, of course, to that of Florida. In the history of Indian warfare, it is perhaps difficult to point to an instance which has been the source of so many and such sore afflictions as this. And what adds poignancy to the reflection, is the notorious fact, that very little of military glory



attaches to any of the operations, in any single campaign ; nothing beyond the assurances of a manly spirit of patriotism and determined bravery. Little, indeed, has been gained ; but the sacrifice of several thousand lives, at an expense of many millions, betrays very glaring defects in the incipient stages, as well as in the prosecution of the war.

Military officers of acknowledged merit, and statesmen of distinguished abilities, have admitted, that a single regiment of regular troops, with the requisite equipments, stationed either at Galena, or at any other advantageous position, would have awed the savage tribes into subjection, and prevented all the calamitous effects of the war with Black Hawk. But our weakness was so manifest, and effectual resistance so improbable, that the bloody savage was prompted to mount the deadly rifle and tomahawk, and accordingly bounded forth with a fierce spirit, and a fixed determination to deck himself with those trophies which are obtained by the reeking scalp of the white man, and to load himself with plunder. The result of the contest was the overthrow of the savages ; but not without prodigious loss and destruction on both sides. It has been a very general belief, by those who are deemed competent judges, that if fifteen hundred good troops had been seasonably divided between Tallahassee and St. Augustine, the Florida Indians would never have presumed on a resort to hostilities. But they were encouraged in settled and confirmed resistance, when they found how feeble and contemptible were the detachments sent against them, both in point of numbers and means. This is a melancholy subject on which to dwell ; and when we review its distressing consequences, and call to recollection the noble spirits whose blood has been profusely poured out, and whose bones are left to whiten on the desert sands, the thoughtful mind becomes deeply agitated, and the susceptible heart smitten with sorrow.

Before quitting the subject, let me again advert to that object of terror, a standing army. If, under the first pure and enlightened administration, when our numbers were few, and with most inadequate means, an army of five or six thousand men was deemed small, then surely no reasonable man could suppose that twenty-five thousand would be too strong a force to meet the present requirements. Our position may be somewhat illustrated, by referring to Great Britain. Her standing force, as I am advised, consists of not less than one hundred and ten thousand men. Of this number, fifteen or twenty thousand only are retained at home ; the rest are disposed of in distant possessions. Now I would ask, notwithstanding this formidable array of military power, do the inhabitants of Great Britain feel the slightest dread of a standing army ? Are any people on earth more free or better protected ? Does the light of heaven shine on a country where man is more safe, more exempt from danger and insult, or where wrongs are more promptly redressed ? The inference, then, seems fair, that those who are for ever striking this ungracious chord, have no chord in their own breast that vibrates to the touch of honor, sympathy, or justice.



## A PSALM OF LIFE.

—  
 'Life that shall send  
 A challenge to its end,  
 And when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend.'  
 —

WHAT THE HEART OF THE YOUNG MAN SAID TO THE PSALMIST.

I.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,  
 Life is but an empty dream !  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

II.

Life is real—life is earnest—  
 And the grave is not its goal :  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

III.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destin'd end or way ;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us farther than to-day.

IV.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,  
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,  
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating  
 Funeral marches to the grave.

V.

In the world's broad field of battle,  
 In the bivouac of Life,  
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !  
 Be a hero in the strife !

VI.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant !  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !  
 Act—act in the glorious Present !  
 Heart within, and God o'er head !

VII.

Lives of great men all remind us  
 We can make *our* lives sublime,  
 And, departing, leave behind us  
 Footsteps on the sands of time.

VIII.

Footsteps, that, perhaps another,  
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

IX.

Let us then be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate ;  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

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## RURAL TALES AND SKETCHES OF LONG ISLAND.

## NUMBER ONE.

## THE KUSHOW PROPERTY: A TALE OF CROW-HILL.

EVERY one has become acquainted, either by reading or tradition, with the GREAT SOUTH SEA BUBBLE, so appropriately named, which at one time attracted the attention of the English people, swelled into enormous size, exhibited for a while the most illusory shapes, and gorgeous colors, then vanished in the twinkling of an eye. How many had occasion to remember that magnificent scheme, whose hopes, and fortunes, and airy castles, were mirrored in the beautiful bubble when it burst! How many look back to it as the source of their poverty, who had else been basking in the sunshine of fortune, or rolling in hereditary wealth. Alas! did not the simple 'love simplicity,' and despise every warning of history, the Great South Sea Scheme, with its vast ruin, had been useful to all posterity. But men do not grow wiser as the world grows older, nor are the reproofs of one age remembered by another. The simpletons of this generation are succeeded by fools in the next, and by raving madmen in the third. One bold, one wicked, one disastrous scheme, becomes a challenge to another more bold, more wicked, and more disastrous still. Egyptian-like, we harden our necks, and sport upon the brink of ruin. To behold one madman is distressing; what, when mania extends itself like a contagious disease?

The GREAT LAND SPECULATION is just exploded. Perhaps more have perished by it than by the sea. It is not for us to state the causes which prompted this dangerous spirit, or whence the unusual facilities to indulge in it to excess. Politicians may quarrel about its origin — it is impossible to mistake its effects. Those who were not blind, foresaw them; the marvel is, that they had not sooner arrived. But the crash came; tardily, yet certainly. It was tremendous. It involved every one, high and low, rich and poor. Instead of a bloated prosperity, we beheld want; instead of a healthy vitality, collapse; instead of the promptings of hope, the lamentings of despair. The arm of industry was paralyzed, the grass grew green in the marts of commerce, and every fountain of prosperity was dried up.

The mania began within narrow limits with a few; it extended every where to the many. All classes became smitten with a sudden, criminal passion of being rich. They borrowed moneys, and speculated wildly in lands. They thought no more of the gradual accumulation of wealth by labor, but would escape the curse imposed on Adam. A fortune must now be made in a day. The merchant forsook his regular and sure traffic, for that which promised more than all his argosies could bring him. The husbandman gave up his field to barrenness, and leaving his plough-share in the furrow, turned aback. The schoolmaster neglected to sow the seeds of knowledge, and looked out for a soil which would yield him a more profitable crop. The very children were smitten with a precocious lust of gold, and the old were aroused from the repose of their age, to hazard their little all, acquired by constant sacrifice and toil. It

was difficult to find any one innocent or untouched. Even the ministers of God became unwittingly engrossed in the game. They meditated schemes of personal aggrandizement, and returned to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. And they dreamed not why it was that religion languished, and why men grovelled on earth, and refused to lift their eyes to heaven. The progress of the thing was still onward, and thousands, trusting in the imaginary value of their lands, launched forth into luxury absolutely startling. New men burst from their obscurity, like mushrooms of a night, in all the pomp and circumstance of wealth. Republican simplicity began to be discarded. They consulted books of heraldry; they affected equipage, and coats of arms, and massive plate, and sumptuous living. They pampered their bodies, entertained their friends, cheated their debtors. Splendid mansions arose as if by magic. Lawns, and gravelled-walks, and flower-gardens, and embellished grounds, delighted the eye, and gave the appearance of substance. Villages enlarged their borders, and aspired to the rank of cities; wide avenues intersected the country in all directions, and the wiseacres, with pupils dilated with amazement, exclaimed, 'What a change!' It seemed as if the bubble never would burst. It went on expanding, and expanding, while the palaces and perspective scenes revealed on its surface, stood forth with the distinctness of a solid reality. Avarice cast its far-seeing eye on the prairies; towns on a magnificent scale were founded in the far, far west; the dismal swamps of the south were exposed at auction in our cities, and there was not enough cultivated land for bread.

No true lover of God and his country, who remained untouched by the prevailing spirit, could look upon its progress without fear and trembling. Its moral effect was to enslave the souls already too devoted to riches; to stifle all the virtuous affections; to give nothing in exchange for love; to banish from circulation the pure gold of our natures, producing in the end a stoppage of payment, and bankruptcy of the heart.

But there was another light in which one could not but regard the preposterous schemes of those who made haste to be rich. They were not only culpable, they were ridiculous. And he who would heartily deplore them in the extent, would be disposed to laugh at them in the detail.

During this remarkable phasis of the public mind, Long-Island, in common with other places, was attacked with the rage for speculation. At first, her sturdy farmers, separated like the Britons from the whole world, and little apt to be swayed by popular influences, bade fair to sleep through the revolution. They were too much engrossed in their honest pursuits, to give it any particular attention; and when all the world beside were running mad, retained their sober senses. They drove their long 'arks,' or market-wagons, filled with bleating calves, and bleating sheep, and headless poultry, on a snail's pace to the city, and never had they disposed of their 'truck' at more satisfactory prices. They certainly had 'no reason to complain,' nor did they dream, at first, of parting with the soil which yielded them such rich abundance. But at last, to such a pitch did things arrive, that they could no longer shut their minds to

conviction. They became sensible that a great revolution was going on; that a 'tide had set' in the affairs of men, which, 'taken at the flood,' would 'lead to fortune.' Then they woke up, rubbed their eyes, looked round in amazement, and exclaimed, that the sun had risen, that they must be up, and doing, and 'make hay while the sun shone.' Rumors reached them, and a confirmation of rumors, that their former friends and neighbors, who possessed more enterprise than they, had dashed boldly forth, and were now placed handsomely above the reach of the world. Hardly an effort seemed to be required; and 'if a man would not lift his little finger to make a fortune, he deserved to be poor all the days of his life.' And now commenced the same eager haste, and scrambling for riches; the same dismembering of estates, and the same partitioning of lands. The plough was laid aside; husbandry was neglected, and the spirit of speculation arose and breathed over the tranquil life of the island, disturbing its waters, as the moon influences the beating pulses of the sea. Men were changed in their natures, and became lunatic. The slothful exhibited a distempered energy; the poor now abhorred their poverty, and the rich were not satisfied with their wealth. The benevolent had nothing to spare, and the miser's hand, which had grown stiff and rigid in holding, was relaxed to grasp at more, while the deep and corrupting waters of his wealth rose and throbbed with a tide which threatened to break their barriers.

First of all, the little bustling city of Brooklyn caught the infection. This was not to be wondered at, situated as she is with respect to the commercial metropolis, the great centre of life, and heart of the country. The sand-banks and hills in her suburbs were cut down, meadows and mill-ponds filled up, lamp-posts were planted far into the country, and paving-stones concealed the soil so lately covered with verdure. The nurseries and kitchen-gardens in that vicinity, the flower-beds and green-houses, whence so many sweet *bouquets* were culled for the maidens of Gotham, were all laid waste, and every foot of land was in request, from the Wallabout to Gowanus.\* Then the Dutch farmers of New-Utrecht, Flat-Lands, and the Narrows, became possessed, and cut the most 'fantastic tricks before high heaven,' selling their hereditary estates and implements of husbandry, so that could their sires have risen from the grave, they would have broken their very pipes with astonishment.

Three miles beyond the suburbs of Brooklyn, there is a piece of ground which was a few years since completely covered with rocks and briars. So unpromising was its aspect, that human industry had never attempted to redeem it. Before the times of speculation, a Frenchman came there, and bought the whole of this wild spot, and no one could conjecture his object. He might have been one of that class of his countrymen who are sometimes met with in retired places, driven from home by domestic troubles, or broken fortunes, who live in obscurity, and retain some scanty elegancies of life. For while other men, crushed or broken-hearted, prefer to lie down and die in

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\* THE Dutch settled the south end of Long Island, and some of them, called Walloons, fixed themselves about Brooklyn; and it is said, from them comes the name of Wallabout, where the Navy Yard now is.

their own land, the sanguine Frenchman goes cheerfully into banishment, bearing with him an 'invincible armada' of choicest spirits, buoyed perpetually above misfortune, a model of contentment to the world.

It is easy to find Frenchman in our cities who have known better days, fulfilling some very humble occupation with an undaunted gayety, laughing, and dancing, and setting melancholy at defiance ; while in the agricultural districts, the more advanced in age may be seen tilling the soil, or nurturing the grape, and laboring contentedly until the end of their days. Such an one purchased, and did not despair of, this miserable spot. He shattered the rocks to pieces, and digging pits, some he sank deep into the earth, others he carried far away, and with the rest constructed a high and substantial wall. And he enriched the soil, and planted trees and shrubbery, and laid out the whole in a garden. Never did human industry achieve a more certain victory, or the 'stony ground' repay more generously for culture. So admirably was it arranged, that instead of a few, you would have thought there were many acres. He disposed of it according to his own peculiar taste ; not with an apparent, stiff design, but with an agreeable, graceful negligence, causing every part of it to be intersected with meandering walks, imitating nature, and artfully concealing art. It was like some wild place in the God-made country, where the hand of man has not intruded ; where nature pursues her own course, and the birds sing their own songs, and the water-brooks rush in their own channels, and every new turn reveals some sudden charm, and unexpected beauty. The wood-bines and sweet-briars rambled wherever they willed ; the parasitic plants were trained as with a gentle government, and the roses, like children escaped from control, sprang up every where smiling. And there were bowers, and rustic seats, and ponds of golden fish. The Frenchman had a wife and daughter. Charming ! It was pleasant to go out of the crowded town, and walk abroad with these 'pardonnez-mois,' so kind, so amorous, and so entertaining ; plucking for you the plants with generous haste, and telling you their names botanical. But a company came there, and bought the garden for money, and levelled the stone walls, and tore down the green-houses, and rooted up all the trees, and produced a worse confusion than when the place was covered with rocks. And the old Frenchman died, and the wife and charming daughter retired to another seat, the very image of the first. It was full of grapes — a little vineyard of Engedi. And there they lived, and they called it *Chartreuse*, and much good may it do them. But what of those who committed sacrilege for lucre ? Did they satisfy the cravings of their greedy souls ? No. They met with their just deserts, and so it will be with all those who turn a smiling garden into a howling wilderness.

A few miles from this place, in the heart of the country, the speculators have founded a magnificent city, fondly cherishing the hope that in some future time the richer classes would bring thither 'their arms and their chariots,'

'Samo posthabita,'

preferring it even to New-York. They laid out four-and-twenty

avenues, called after all the States of the Union. They addressed a circular, couched in handsome terms, to all classes of citizens in the metropolis. They invited the artizan, the mechanic, and the manufacturer, who could there pursue their arts more easily, and be free from the exorbitant rents and charges of the town; and the man of leisure, for the site was unequalled for country-seats, and the air came pure and fresh from the bay. Indeed, there was no interest crushed or languishing in the city, which would not be promoted in **EAST NEW-YORK**. The enterprising founders, to give an impulse to 'improvements,' built a tavern; I should have called it a hotel. They got a post-office established, which will be a great convenience to the future population. It yielded four-and-sixpence during the last quarter, and should letters become more abundant, will, in time to come, return an important revenue to the general government. With respect to this place, there is every thing to hope for; the water is good, the avenues are wide and beautiful, and nothing is wanting but houses and inhabitants to make East New-York a very great town.

The speculating spirit at last invaded all the ancient towns and villages on the island. Flatbush and Nyack, Newtown and Hell-Gate; Head-o'-the-Fly and White Pot, the Alley and the Bowerie, Black Stump and Buttermilk Hollow; Flushing, noted for its Princely gardens, and the rural Jamaica, abounding in beautiful maidens, and the sandy Rockaway, and the barren Springfield; Great Plains and Little Plains; Bog Lots and Drowned Meadows; Cedar Swamp and Crab Meadow; Hempsted, occasionally called Clam-Town, Mosquitoe Cove, now called Glen Cove,\* Success

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\* I INCLINE to think there is much, very much in a name; and have heard it most ingeniously denied that 'a rose by any other name' would smell so sweet. The Long-Islanders, for instance, have refused to admit this principle. The growth of their pleasant hamlets, whose original Indian appellatives have been changed for such barbarous ones as the abovementioned, has been, in consequence, very much retarded. For although Mosquitoe Cove is a 'rose of Sharon' among villages, with such a name it could never 'smell sweet' in the nostrils of the age. That literary seedsman, Lawrie Todd, who lived for many years in his museum in Liberty-street, surrounded by tulip-beds and singing birds, and every thing else that looked, or smelled, or sounded sweetly, removed at last to Mosquitoe Cove, to spend a contented old age. There, amid

' Charms which Nature to her votary yields,'

he found ample scope for a correct taste, and was acknowledged by the inhabitants as a legislature and reformer. He changed the name of Mosquitoe Cove into Glen Cove, which was the beginning of a revolution in names all over the island. This we are sure will be attended with advantage; but the people of Cow-Bay are at present in a very bad box. Town meetings have been held to 'consider the propriety' of altering the name of that place, but there is too much 'halting betwixt two opinions.' Many wanted to call it Robinia, from a plenty of locust trees in those parts, but the multitude had a jealousy of a Mr. Robbins, and so after much disputing 'concluded' that the present name was 'about right,' and got Robinia into such bad odor, that nobody ever spoke of it without snuffing. What is now to be done is uncertain, but if they persist in their obstinacy, and 'seek no change,' and 'least of all such change' as Mr. Robbins would give them, the place will never be frequented by those contemplative persons who go 'a-angling.' I assure you, good people, that 'a rose by any other name' wont 'smell as sweet.' 'Good name' in man or woman, or in any thing else, is 'the immediate jewel of the soul.'

It is to be regretted, that the whole country will not follow the example of Long-Island, at least in this respect. We would blot out Homer, Virgil, Seneca, and Ovid, from the map, and all such names, but the immortal one of **WASHINGTON**. They are as little appropriate as that of the poor wretch of the Baybone brotherhood, who called himself Mesopotamia. Let the old Indian names be restored. They are, for the most part,



Pond, now called Lakeville,\* Sand Hole and Hungry Harbor, Patchog and Sweet Hollow,† Jerusalem, Babylon, et Cow-neck, Mount Misery, Jericho, Buckram, Great Neck, Little Neck, and Horse Neck, Old Man's Fire Place, Shinnecock, Mattatuck and Letauket, Canoe Place, Speonk, and Good Ground, Poverty Hollow, Hard Scrabble, and Skunk's Manor, Stepping Stones,‡ Oyster Ponds, now called Orient, and so all along shore down to Ram Island, and Montauk Point.

What gave an additional impulse to speculation, was the construction of a rail-road, intended to pass through the island, a hundred and forty miles, to Greenport, making Long-Island a connecting link in the chain of communication between New-York and Boston. The consequence was, that lands 'riz' extravagantly along the whole line of the road. Those who would have given their own without price, 'rather than not have the road come,' were now thrown into the

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harmonious and beautiful. *Fiat Justitia.* Let this justice be awarded. To have exterminated a noble race from the whole land, and to have pursued their miserable remnants, too feeble to lift up the war-cry, with blood-hounds and extortion, is guilt enough for any people; but to banish their memory and their names, is the very 'crowning point' of our baseness.

\* Success Pond is a handsome sheet of water, a mile in circumference, without outlet or inlet, and of a very great depth. If you are curious, or a lover of nature, a few hours may be spent there delightfully. On some pleasant afternoon in Summer, take a carriage at Jamaica, and having invited some ladies to accompany you in the excursion, you travel eastwardly a few miles over the Plains, then strike to the left into a hilly, picturesque country, passing by the mansion where Cobbet resided. When arrived at the pond, you find a good house, an obliging landlord, lines and tackling, and plenty of pickerel, perch, and sunfish, in the lake. Lounge about until the sun is pretty well down, admiring the place, then having unmoored one of the well-caulked boats, strike directly into the shadow of the opposite woods, to some such tune as 'Rise, gentle moon,' but pull your oars gently, and don't spatter the ladies. In one hour, you will take more fish than you know what to do with, and go away much gratified with Success Pond.

† This is what its name imports, a little 'Happy Valley,' scooped out by the hand of nature, and full of warm-hearted inhabitants.

‡ 'The Stepping Stones are rocks projecting from the Long-Island shore into the Sound, whose tops are bare at low water. An Indian origin is asserted for this name, and a tradition, heretofore repeated by the Suffolk county men to their neighbors of Connecticut, in retort for the jeer, that the eastern part of the island is so poor as to produce only meagre hills of Indian corn, and that being the chief food of the inhabitants, it was not uncommon in a calm time, to hear the samp mortars a-going quite across the Sound. Some years ago, it is said, the Evil Spirit set up a claim against the Indians to Connecticut, as his peculiar dominion, but they being already in possession, determined to hold their own. The surfaces of Connecticut and Long-Island were then the reverse of what they now are. Long-Island was covered with rocks, Connecticut was free from them. The Indians were sensible of what they had to dread from such an enemy, and betook themselves to a course not uncommon in times of difficulty or danger. They referred the case to the squaws, the mothers of the tribes, whose mediation, however, proved unavailing, and the parties, foreseeing there would be war, prepared for it as behooved them. The renowned arch-leader, a host in himself, took the field alone, and being an overmatch for the Indians, in skill and spirit, advanced first upon them. But they, receiving continual reinforcements, and keeping their corps entire, harassed him day and night, and compelled him to fall back. He retired, giving up the ground inch by inch, still presenting a front wherever an attack was threatened. He kept close to the Sound, to secure his flank on that side, and reaching Frog's Point, where the water becoming narrow, and the tide being out, and the rocks showing their heads, he availed himself of them, and stepping from one to another, effected his retreat to Long-Island. At first, he betook himself, sullen and silent, to Coram, in the middle of the island; but his nature did not permit him to be idle, and rage superadded, soon roused him, and administered the means of revenge. He collected all the rocks on the island in heaps at Cold Spring, and throwing them in different directions across the Sound into Connecticut, covered the surface of it with them, as we see it now. Whether he ever visited Connecticut again, is not known; but if so, it was in a borrowed form, and his stay short, for no state in the union can vie with her in an habitual, steady effort to keep the demon out.'

greatest perplexity, from not knowing when they had asked enough. Their eyes swelled out with greediness, and if their great demands were acceded to, they reproached themselves, because they might have got double, 'just as well as not.' Others who were ill satisfied, harassed the company by laying the most exemplary charges and damages. Never, in a public enterprise of this kind, did the nature of the route offer fewer obstacles, or the nature of men more. On the one hand, it required little trouble to make the 'rough places smooth,' or the 'crooked places straight;' on the other, avarice was heaping up impediments which were not to be got over, but removed. It was a proud day for landed proprietors, when the cars first passed over a part of the route. Every man who owned a cabbage garden, or an acre of ground, and those attracted by curiosity alone, were assembled at a convenient place on the Big Plains, a great multitude, waiting in breathless anxiety 'for the ingine to come along.' Then might have been seen a fair representation of nearly every part and corner of the island; the Hicksite Quaker, with placid countenance, reposing *subtegmine fagi*, under the shadow of a great brim; the inhabitants of Babylon, Hempsted, and the Plains; the wreckers and fishermen of the south side, and the cultivator of the fertile fields on the north. And there, too, stood the laborer, with hoe in hand, and the bonneted dames who had left their strawberry-patches, and little baskets, and the bright-eyed girls of Long-Island, with their tapering fingers and their sweet lips tinged with the berry. And they all stood unanimously stretching their necks in vain. Every shadow and fleeting cloud is mistaken for the train. At last, a positive fellow, shutting up one eye, and looking through his fingers with the other, swore that he saw 'the ingine a-coming.'

'Nay, friend, thou art mistaken,' replied a Hicksite. The positive fellow persisted.

'No, no, that ar n't it, that ar n't it,' rejoined a thick-set man, in a peremptory, nasal tone, which set the matter at rest. A half an hour passes away, and a sensation thrills through the crowd. The monster is descried, at first a speck, a cloud in the distance, then rapidly developing, with all its polished furniture, and brazen pipes, and long train; it approaches, it has swept by — a sublime sight, throwing up great volumes of smoke, and rumbling over the earth with the swiftness of a thunderbolt. You scarce look at it, when it is gone, and scarce gone, when out of sight, making your head whirl round. The cars are filled with *gratis* passengers, all anxious to make a trial of this new method of going ahead. What a strange contrast with those long, low stages of Patchogue, or Musquitoe Cove, which used to creep along mechanically over the turnpike, and through the toll-gates, the horses asleep, the drivers asleep, and the passengers all asleep. The rapid motion of the cars exhilarates like wine. Now they are borne over the level plain, and now through embankments which reverberate the roar of the steam; and now they rush through the whole extent of a forest, and emerge as from the cooling shadow of a cloud. So rapidly are the scenes shifted from the sight, and the landscape goes round as if on a pivot.

It is impossible to conceive the effect of the engine on the animals of the Big Plains. Grazing year after year in an habitual quietude,

and lulled into sleepiness by the distant rumbling of the surge, they knew not what to make of the terrible course of this living, moving, fire-breathing machine. The meek-eyed horses, worn out with old age and the plough, who stood hanging their long, straight necks over the rails, with a forlorn expression of countenance, or breathing in long-drawn sighs over the grass, threw off at least a dozen years of their age, and became colts again. Their eyes blazed like fire, they curved in their necks, pricked up their ears, looked on for a few seconds attentively, then snorting and rearing up, dashed into the fields, as if they had heard a trump of war. But the cows lost their senses altogether. In vain the bell rang, and the whistle whistled. They crouched down on their hind legs, awkwardly tumbling around in a circle, in a vain attempt to rise, or throwing out their long tails, with a vast muscular energy, stupidly galloped over the track, cracking their shins as they went, and turning neither to the right hand nor to the left. The spectators were not less astonished than the beasts. They could liken the whole scene to nothing else but hell. They saw the flames blazing, and heard the chains a-clanking, and the beast a-roaring, and some of them swore that they could smell the brimstone.

Should this great public work, which has for the present faltered and stopped in the middle of the plains, be carried to a completion, in more prosperous times, the eastern and central parts of Long-Island will undergo such a change as they have not known since the days of the Puritans. As it is, some of the ancient men, who remain fast anchored to their prejudices, deplore the existing bias of the public mind, and tremble for the result. They prophesy evil things, and perhaps with some foundation. Alas ! the time is at hand, when no man shall call his hereditary bounds his own ; when his lawns shall be cut and severed by iron rails, and the very recesses of retirement be made to echo with the noises of Pandemonium. The time is at hand, when every pleasant nook and corner, locked in the bosom of nature, shall be open to the intrusion of the world ; when native simplicity shall yield space to heartless fashion, and every hamlet become the resort of cockneys, and there shall be no such thing as solitude on earth. Shade of Zimmerman, defend us from that day !

Having indulged in these preliminary remarks, intended to illustrate the temper of the public mind on Long-Island, I shall beg leave to introduce the subject of the following sketch.

ROBERT KUSHOW, familiarly called ' Bob Kushow,' inherited from his paternal uncle, Simeon Kushow, a man very much respected in the parts where he lived, a piece of land, situated on the borders of a great marsh, near Crow-Hill, Long-Island. This was a rough, irregular patch, of about eight acres, up hill and down hill, a part of it desperately submerged in water, or covered with bogs, stumps, and cranberry-bushes. Almost any one would have despaired of such an intractable spot, and indeed have thought it not worth having ; but Bob, who was of a raw, bony, wiry make, and ' tough as a pine knot,' looked upon it as a great windfall, and no sooner came into possession, than he began to clear and improve the ' estate.' He dug dikes and ditches, to let off the water, rooted up the stumps, ploughed the uplands, and put the whole in good fence. He set about this difficult work with an unremitting industry, tugging from morning till night,

and his 'Gee—who—a—buck!' might be distinctly heard from Crow-Hill to the turnpike. Nor did he labor in vain, or spend his strength for nought. In the second year, he obtained an ample maintenance for his family, and not one of the old farms in the neighborhood put on a more flourishing aspect. The brush-wood lay neatly piled in faggots, and the stones which were strewed about the place, in as much profusion as if they had fallen in a shower from heaven, were heaped together on a large rock. The soil which lay at the bottom of the marsh served very well to enrich the land, and when the season of harvest came, his golden crops waved luxuriantly on the hill side. These were protected by numerous scare-crows from marauders. In one place might be seen a wind-mill, on a diminutive scale, in another his old breeches, stuffed with straw, and the arms of his old coat, extended oratorically at right angles. Crow-Hill had in former days received its name from being a sort of rendezvous for carrion-birds. But now they durst not so much as pick up a grain of corn, but hung high in air, shrieking 'Caw! caw! caw!' and sheered off to the neighboring corn-fields. Now and then, Bob picked off some of the ring-leaders with his long rifle, and hung them up on a high pole, as an additional terror. Were all land-holders as strict as he, these long-lived birds would be starved out of the whole land. As his means increased, he erected barns and granaries, and a cider-press for crushing some very vicious apples, which grew upon the place. In short, he had about him all the paraphernalia of the long-established farm-house. Ducks and geese, with their numerous broods, waddled down the green bank to a fine pond which he had reserved for them, and plumped one by one into the water. Cocks crowed in his barn-yard, pigeons cooed under the eaves of his barn, and a nest of martins were provided with a mansion, having doors, windows, and a chimney.

The garden, which contained a pig-stye at the lower end, was somewhat precipitous, but the well-weeded beds produced an abundance of vegetables in their proper seasons. Nor was there a lack of delicate fruits. There were currant-bushes, a strawberry-bed, and some choice peach-trees, the whole protected by a sharp, nervous, choleric little dog, who shrieked out if you did but look at him. The little mansion, of one story, clap-boarded, and cheerfully white-washed, completed the account of all this comfort and crowned the very summit of the Crow-Hill. The prospect from thence was picturesque and charming, being the highest of those peaks which shoot up at intervals from that range of hills, called the 'Backbone' of the island. In one direction, through an opening in the woods, you overlook the Sound, the fertile shores of West-Chester, and the Highlands of New-Jersey, stretching far, far away in the blue outline; in another, the land slopes away gently into a champaign country, grazed by a thousand herds, dotted with villages, farm-houses, and ambitious mansions—a wide prospect, whose horizon is terminated by the boundless blue ocean, studded with innumerable sails. Take a more accurate, telescopic glance, and you behold the intervening bays and meadows, the small boats winding through tortuous creeks, the great Pavilion on the sea-shore, the white glistening sands, and the porpoises bobbing their noses from the brine, and revelling in

the 'honey of sea-love delight.' In short, this is a very pretty, perfect landscape, deserving a more finished pencil than mine. It is capable of soothing, if not of elevating the mind, and of inspiring the Beautiful, if not the Sublime. It has in it all the ingredients which a painter or a poet would fancy, for there is just a sufficiency of hill and of valley; of wood, orchard, and green field; of cultivated land, and barren plain; of village, and country-seat, and hamlet; of clear, unbounded sky, and of distant ocean, to create the most agreeable *tout ensemble* in the world.

As Bob Kushow, with folded arms, sometimes contemplated this scene, on a brilliant summer evening, when the labors of the day were quite completed, and the sun's golden disc just rested on the edge of the sky, rustic as he was, his heart swelled with emotion. When the tumults of the day insensibly subsided into those hushed murmurs which betoken its decline, into the lowing of herds, as they wound up the defiles of the hills, and the drowsy tinklings of bells, you might distinctly hear the chafing of the surf. But the place was not wanting in a variety of sounds. The mosquitoes, wheeling in circlets, kept up a continual serenade; the watch-dogs bayed in the distance, and ten thousand bull-frogs, in the surrounding marshes, croaked in their ancient nightly song:

Brekekekex koax koax,  
Brekekekex koax koax.

If you entered the house, all things were correspondingly pleasant. It was well 'worth your while' to look at the internal arrangements; for, to the lover of peculiar neatness, there is something in the appearance of homely furniture, and well-scrubbed floors, sprinkled with the white sand of the sea-shore, more grateful to the eye than luxurious couches, or than the richest carpets of Turkey. The true secret of Robert Kushow's prosperity lay in having for his wife as 'nice' a woman as ever a man was blessed with. Her domestic creed was comprised in that old maxim, 'a stitch in time saves nine.' She encouraged her husband when he might have desponded, 'held up his hands,' and while he labored diligently without, she was not wanting in the affairs of the household. She kept the family together, gathering up the fragments, not wasting his substance, delighting in apparel, or puffed up with an unseemly pride. Her children were 'a great credit to her,' and were never seen to go in rags. If they did not always look 'as tidy as they might,' it was rather owing to their mischievous habits, than to any want of care. She laid hold of them, in spite of twisting and squirming, at least a dozen times a day, and wiped their faces with a wet cloth. But they did not stay clean, for 'boys are boys,' and there was some consolation in the thought, that 'the dirt made them grow.' They were hale, rugged urchins, six in number, rising above each other like a regular flight of steps. Their hair was as white as the driven snow; they had faces freckled all over, and their eyes were twinkling with deviltry, and black as a coal. They spent their time in swinging on the cedar bushes, throwing stones at the birds, plunging up to their knees after mud-turtles, or building 'housen' in the sand.

Bob Kushow had a boat well caulked at Bayside, and when more



important business did not call him, taking two of his boys, one to pull at the oar, and the other to direct the helm, he went a-fishing, or spent a day very profitably in taking those large, chicken-white, and delicious clams, growing in the northern waters of the island, which the epicurean palate knows how to value, and which are as much better than clams that grow elsewhere, as the Lucrine oysters were than those of Baia. Ask any alderman of the council, with respect to their qualities, and he will tell you that they are choicely good.

Thus blessed with wife, children, property, and the means of subsistence, what more was wanting to fill up the cup of his happiness? Before that happy bequest, for which he never ceased to bless the memory of his paternal uncle, he had been but a day-laborer, having no settled habitation, and doing drudgery for others. Since then, he had sat under his own vine and fig-tree. There is a charm in possessing something which we can call our own, be it ever so paltry in the eyes of others; be it only a diminutive plot of ground, the few acres and well-spring mentioned by the poet, or the miserable dwelling of a poor man. The landholder on a small scale feels a complacency not surpassed by the owner of tens of thousands, whose gilded chariot, full of himself, rolls over the embellished grounds of his villa. He experiences a grateful sense of equality, and indulges in a pardonable pride. For he may be ranked with the latter in the same class, be dignified with the same title, perform the same functions, pay a tax to the same government; and be protected in the same rights. He is a good citizen and an honest man, for he has something palpable to lose. At the same time, while performing rightly the functions of a landholder, he is building up a more stable character, and improving the virtuous qualities of the heart. The affections never move in more undeviating harmony, than when they revolve around the centre of a home. Who that could avoid it, would possess his unconverted wealth, or rove like Harold, homeless, having an affection for no one spot, and attached by no bond or tenure to his country's soil? To return at night-fall to one's own hearth, to sleep under one's own roof, and to enjoy beneath it the protection of a sacred temple, these are dear consolations to the weary laborer, and enough to repay for the hard condition of life.

‘Happy the man whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound,  
Content to breathe his native air,  
On his own ground.’

Eight years had passed since the marriage of Robert Kushow, and five since his entering upon ‘the estate,’ each successive year bringing with it an increase of prosperity. Crow-Hill bloomed more and more, and he was rapidly verging to that wealth and consideration to which honesty and industry infallibly lead, when all of a sudden he got ‘a kink in his head,’ which came nigh doing him an irreparable injury, and the effects of which I am now to describe.

One cold, blustering evening in the middle of the month of March, the ground yet covered with snow, and reduced to a disagreeable consistency by recent rain, Robin entered his dwelling. A hickory fire blazed upon the hearth, and cast its bright light against the polished utensils on the dresser,



'Cold!' said he, with a convulsive shudder, as he sank into a rush-bottomed chair, and struck his boots upon the hearth-stone, with a clank like iron. Then leaning forward upon his knees, he warmed his palms at a prudent distance from the flames, and drawing his breath between his teeth for a few minutes, until he became completely comfortable, sank into a profound reverie.

'Wife,' said he, at last, arousing himself with a sudden energy.

'What?'

'Do you remember Dirk Van Bokkelen?'

'Do I remember Dirk Van Bokkelen? Yes. Why do you ask that question?'

'He's rich.'

'Why, Robin, you surprise me!'

'It's as true as I sit here. A month ago, and he was not worth a dollar; and now he's rich. He owned a sand-bank in Gowanus, where nothing would grow, not so much as a radish. He sold it to Willoughby for seventy thousand dollars, and Willoughby sold it over his head again for a hundred and twenty thousand, and now the man that bought it won't take double that money. Poor Dirk has lost over a hundred thousand dollars by the bargain. He grows quite melancholy when he thinks of it.'

'Why, sure now! He has lost and gained both at the same time. Dirk's head will be crazed. What will he do with one half that sum? He can't spend it, and hasn't sense to keep it. But do tell! — where does all this news come from?'

'Oh! it's straight enough, I warrant you. I have it from Barriger, the butcher, who has just come from Bull's Head, bringing with him a couple of fat beeves.'

'Well, this puts me in mind of the old saying, 'Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouth.' Our spoon is pewter, Robin.'

'Don't know about that, wife: I'm a-thinkin' ——' Here he stopped short, and fixing his eyes on the coals, relapsed into reverie. Five minutes elapsed before she accosted him:

'What are you a-thinkin', Robin?'

'I am a-thinkin' that there is more ways to get a living than one, and that some folks may be rich as well as others.'

'Bless my soul! — you don't mean to turn highwayman, do you?'

'No, no, no, — not I. You don't understand me, woman. Did Dirk make *his* money by highwaying? Hav'n't you heard of *spekulation*? It's a new way to get rich by. To reap without planting, and get your bread without sweating. Is n't that better than toilin' year in and out, and gettin' a bare livin' after all? Wife,' said he, with a solemn tone, as he approached the climax of his subject, 'I have concluded to part with Crow-Hill.'

At this announcement, the wife of his bosom suddenly dropped her knitting, bit her under lip, lifted up both hands, and stared at him in silent astonishment; but at last acquiescing: 'Well,' said she, 'we have hitherto lived contented, and contentment is a great virtue, Robin. I have, it is true, an affection for the hill, but there's no harm in trying our luck, and if *spekulation* be what you say it is, who knows but what it may be the making of us?'

'Ay, ay, why shouldn't it be? It's the making of hundreds now-a-days. I am getting tired of my slavish life. There are the rich, with more than they know what to do with; here am I, a poor man. The more I think of it, the more it don't seem to be right, that one man should have so much more than another. But I'll try this new way before I'm a month older, I'm be goy-blamed if I don't!'

Here the conversation dropped. But the next morning, bright and early, without saying a word to any one, what does he do, but get up his one-horse wagon, and drive post-haste, four miles to the village of Flushing. When he came back, in a few hours, his beast was 'in a perfect lather,' and somebody was with him. This was one who gloried in the imposing title of 'Attorney and Counsellor at Law,' a man very much known and distinguished throughout the county. He had for many years practised at the bar, and possessed many qualities essential to the profession. When he lifted up his voice in court, he roared like thunder, mingling heaven and earth together, and making up in wind what he wanted in argument. His style of speaking was such as to take the popular ear. He culled the noblest words, and most high-sounding expressions, and made a cheerful sacrifice of sense, if so be that he could wind up with a roaring cataract. When equity so much abounded on the island as to leave little foot-hold for law, he resorted to the respectable and lately very profitable calling of a surveyor of lands.

This stranger had not arrived three minutes at the place, before Mrs. Robert Kushow was informed of it, by a general irruption of the children into the kitchen, who came to say, 'that a great gentleman was a-walkin' with daddy.'

'My sakes alive!' said she, going hastily to the window, 'I guess Robin has sold the Hill.' And with that, drawing the curtain aside, she narrowly scrutinized their motions. At first they stood stock still, for about five minutes, on the top of the hill, as if to take a bird's-eye view of the premises. Then they walked round and round the house. Then they went down to the foot of the garden, and looked into the pig-stye. Thence they proceeded to the hollow by the duck-pond. Here they appeared to enter into animated conversation, and the surveyor began to saw the air with his right arm, as if he were indicating the probable direction of an avenue or street. Then, with long strides, he paced off the ground. 'I wonder what all this means,' thought she; 'Robin has got a kink in his head, that's certain.'

'A very pretty property,' said the surveyor, when he entered the house, a half an hour afterward, and at the same time he nodded his head frequently, and smiled in a complimentary way, 'a ver-y pret-ty prop-erty, and we'll see what can be done with it. I am much engaged at present, and shall be for some time to come. I am at Salt Meadows, with all my hands, for two weeks, and then I am to lay out the little plains, and then the bog lots. After that I shall be at your service. A very pretty property, Sir, and as I said just now, we'll see what can be done with it.'

From that time, Robin looked steadily forward to the sale of his land, and directed all his movements accordingly. He forbore to

put any seed in the ground, which would be throwing away his labor upon others, and would not enhance the value of building lots at all. He disposed of some of his live stock, and the least valuable of his farming utensils, and what was worse than all, with a mercenary ingratitude, he sold his bay mare, now far gone in the vale of years, which had done him so much service, and carried so many bags of corn to the mill to be ground, to be ground up herself into bone manure. He scraped all the manure off the place, being wisely determined to make what he could of it, before he delivered it into other hands. This he was now ready to do at a moment's warning.

The surveyor came at the appointed time, bringing a couple of 'hands' with him, beside chains and apparatus, and set himself busily to work, having first ordered the children away, because they 'bothered' him. He disposed of the whole farm in the following manner. He divided it into two hundred lots, of all manner of shapes, oblong, triangular, and rhomboidal. These lay on either side of a great avenue, called Allegany Avenue, which commenced at the house, on the summit of the Crow-Hill, descended and crossed over the duck-pond, passed through and through the barn, and pursuing its uninterrupted course, came out at last in Hell-Fire Lane.\* Robin had some objections to this route, and had a good deal rather that the avenue would 'kind o' edge round the barn, without smashin' right into it.' But the surveyor said it *must* go straight; that whoever bought the duck-pond, it was their look out, not his; that they could fill it up, or build a bridge over it, or do whatever they pleased with it. As for the barn, it could easily be turned round, and converted into a respectable two-story dwelling. The surveyor laid out the lots on a chart, in a 'first-rate style,' putting a beautiful arrow in the corner, to show the points of compass, laying down a scale of inches, and printing the title of the property in German Text characters, so that it did the eye good to look at it, and Mrs. Kushow could not but acknowledge that it was 'beautifully drawed.' Finally, he computed the value of the lots, and having put tens under tens, hundreds under hundreds, and thousands under thousands, 'Now,' says Bob, 'jist cast up, and see what it all comes to.' He did so, and wrought out the amazing result of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety odd dollars.

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\* This is so called, from intersecting grounds which have been the occasion of 'never-ending, still-beginning' strifes betwixt two brothers, and the matter is not, nor ever likely to be, disposed of, to the satisfaction of the parties. This unnatural wrangling and litigation, and the bandying of unchristian epithets to which it has given rise, beside the looks of the place, are sufficient to justify the name, and to be an apology to 'ears polite.' For the thick-set hedge of furze and cedar, which skirts it on either side, matted and locked together, and interwoven over head, utterly refuses to let in the sun-beams, and the rugged lane is so full of sharp rocks and rude projecting briars, that a load of hay or a flock of sheep can with difficulty squeeze through, without leaving the greater part of themselves behind. The apples which hang over this lane are as red as fire, and sour as vinegar. The good taste of the surveyor suggested that the name of it be altered, not only for the sake of euphony, but for the better reasons, that it would ruin the speculation altogether; that they should burn their fingers, and that it was hard that a road which had persevered in a straight course through so many obstacles, should come out in Hell-Fire Lane after all. An ill name, however, deservedly acquired, cannot be shuffled off at any time for a new one, any more than a thief can christen himself an honest man at leisure. Hence this lane is called by the neighbors, and all who have occasion to speak of it, Hell-Fire Lane unto this day.

'Guy!' exclaimed the delighted owner, 'it come pretty nigh mountin' up to ten thousand!'

'I think it will be more likely to exceed that sum, Sir, when the lots come to be sold.'

'Well then, s'posin' we split the difference, and say, in rëound numbers, ten thousand?'

'Very well, Sir, we 'll say ten thousand.'

'That,' continued Robin, 'is as fur as I dare go; but lands is risin' all the time, and if this state of things goes on, before the day of sale comes, there is no tellin' how wallable them lots may become.'

'That's all very true, Sir; a very pretty property — a very pretty property.'

With the exception of a little flutter of the spirits, occasioned by several persons calling to look at the place, Robin now kept his mind as calm as he could, and patiently bided his time. But in order to leave 'no stone unturned,' one thing more, which suggested itself, was put into execution. He got hand-bills struck off at the printing-office, in the adjacent village, which he had pasted on every tree from Crow-Hill to Brooklyn on the one side, and from Crow-Hill to Jericho on the other. These were to the following effect, and headed in large characters:

#### **'REAL ESTATE!'**

'A GREAT chance is now offered to capitalists for investment. On the tenth of June, will be sold at auction, at the Merchants' Exchange, New-York, the whole of that valuable property known as the Estate of Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island. No pains nor expense have been spared in improving the premises, which possess a commanding prospect, and are admirably adapted to country seats. Such an opportunity rarely offers. Ten per cent. must be paid down on the day of sale. Lithographic maps may be had on application.'

'N. B. Crow-Hill is only two and a half miles from the Rail-Road.'

Thus had Robin fairly committed himself, and engaged with his whole soul in that dangerous spirit, which having tardily visited the island, and almost spent itself, arrived last of all, to inspire new hopes and loftier expectations among the once contented inhabitants of Crow-Hill. Mrs. Kushow did not indeed possess the sanguine nature of her husband, but her mind had lost its balance, and she had not any more that tranquil spirit, which, rejoicing in food and raiment, has learned therewith to be content. What marvel is it that Robin, unaccustomed to reasoning, and imposed upon by the false appearance of things, should have been persuaded blindly to 'take his chance,' when the example of all around him went to promote the spirit of gambling? Hundreds of reasonable men, whose first speculations had been founded on correct principles, and who then played, at least with judgment, had become infatuated, plunging lower into operations, which were essentially gaming, and with which reason had nothing to do. When the intelligent and educated permit themselves to be beguiled, it is easy to find an excuse for the ignorant and simple-hearted.

One evening, in the month of May, a little before sun-set, about three weeks before the appointed day of sale, Robin was negligently sitting, or rather reclining, on the sill of his door, in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe. The wife, in a clean cap, sat knitting in the entry, and the young Kushows lay flat upon their backs on the grass, kick-

ing up their bare legs in the air. The wicker gate gradually opened, and an aged man, with white locks, approached, leaning on the top of his staff. 'It is father Williams,' said Mrs. Kushow, and with a kind alacrity, ran to place a cushioned chair in the porch.

'Young folks think old folks fools,' began the patriarch, with difficulty, bending, and fetching a sigh in the interim, 'but old folks *know* young ones to be so;' and he immediately began to caution Robin against selling 'the estate.' He said that he had lived fifty years in the neighborhood of Black-Stump, and had not lived all that time for nought. That he had seen such 'carryings-on' before, and that the end of them all was — ruination. He did not say that Crow Hill might not be sold for ten thousand dollars, but he did say it would be the worst thing that could happen to its owner. For those whom Fortune favors with her golden smiles, are most likely, in the end, to be irretrievably ruined. He told him to 'let well enough alone;' that 'all was not gold that glistened,' and in many a homely adage and proverb, 'none the worse for wear,' went on to caution him. But it did not produce the good effect intended. His mind was 'made up.' The more he listened to reason, the more stiff-necked he became; and when he found no answer to argument, his mind took refuge in unalterable resolution. The old man gave up disputing with him, and told him to take his own way.

On the eve of the expected day of sale, Robin retired to bed at an early hour, but could not for a long time sleep, for thinking. He lay on his back, smiling in the dark, carried away with sweet anticipations. At last, nature could hold out no longer; his eyes grew heavy, and he slept. But it was a disturbed repose, not like the well-earned reward of toil. He muttered like a guilty man, threw his arms wildly about, started up, snorted abruptly, and nearly kicked his wife out of bed. In the midst of his slumbers, he had a dream. He dreamed that the trial was past, that the long agony was over, It was even as he had predicted, and he was rich. No more ploughing, no more sowing, no more earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. He delivered the homestead to strangers, and turned his back upon the hill. He set out on a long journey to visit his parents. They were old and decrepid, and he wished to see them before they died. A year passed away, for in dreams time is nothing, and he returned to his old abode. He did not know the place. The spirit of change had been busy. A great town had sprung up. Instead of the voice of the bird, he heard the hum of men, and the rattling of wheels, instead of the croaking of bull-frogs. The duck-pond was become a beautiful lake, and the clap-boarded hovel a stately mansion, colonnaded, and with windows down to the floor, the future residence of Robert Kushow. He was revelling in the very clover of this dream, when he awoke.

It was morning, a beautiful morning. The unclouded sun was brilliantly rising, as if to give earnest of a bright and prosperous day. Robin sprang from his bed, threw up the sash, and looked out. The refreshing breath of the morning met him, and the sweet song and carol of the birds. He heard the dear familiar voice of the quail, distinctly aspirating from the distant fields, '*B..o..b Wh-ite! B..o..b Wh-ite!*' He plunged his whole head into a basin of water, dressed

himself expeditiously, and with the most buoyant spirits, hurried forth to attend to his necessary affairs, and to make his arrangements to go to the city. I shall record his subsequent adventures and successes, in another and concluding number.

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THE HURON WIDOW'S FAREWELL.

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'If a Huron woman dream thrice of her deceased husband, she believes that he requires her presence in the 'land of souls,' and immediately obeys the summons by a voluntary death, commonly putting a period to her existence by a dose of poison.'

OLD NEW-YORK MAGAZINE.

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We have met! — we have met! — I have seen him now,  
With his stately step, and his lofty brow;  
We have met in the beautiful 'land of dreams,'  
And he ro'ed with me there by the still blue streams,  
'Neath a brighter sun and a purer sky  
Than hath ever yet beamed on my waking eye.

In the beautiful land of dreams we met,  
And I heard his voice — I can hear it yet!  
With its deep, rich, musical tones, that stole  
Like a spell of enchantment, o'er my soul;  
And how did my bounding heart rejoice  
At the long-hush'd sound of my warrior's voice!

Farewell! fare ye well! I have heard his call —  
Earth, sea, and bright sky! I must leave ye all;  
No more shall I dwell in the hut of my sire,  
Or move with the dance, round our council-fire;  
I must leave the green earth, which methinks never wore  
An aspect so fair in my fancy before.

And fare thee well, also, my warrior's son;  
We are parting for ever, unconscious one;  
Dost thou laugh my boy? — for the last time thou  
Art clasp'd to a parent's bosom now;  
Thou wilt sport on my grave at eve, nor know  
That the heart which most loved thee, lies mould'ring below.

Thou hast tortures to bear, a proud fame to be won,  
And the death of thy sire to avenge, like *his* son;  
May thy name be the dread of our foeman's ear,  
Son of a race that are strangers to fear!  
But I shall not hear, with a mother's joy,  
Of thy deeds on the war-path, my Huron boy!

And to thee, oh my sire! must another bring  
Thy drink at eve from the crystal spring;  
No more shall the hand of a daughter guide  
Thy light canoe o'er the clear blue tide,  
Nor again shall I join the choral throng,  
When the deeds of my sire are the theme of song.

Farewell to thee, father! I know that thou,  
'Neath the weight of years, art bending now;  
Yet I go from thee, father! I must depart,  
And childless I leave thee, all old as thou art!  
Thine eyes must be clos'd by a stranger's hand,  
When thou wingest thy way to the 'spirit land.'

And fare thee well, mother! I grieve for thee —  
Lonely and sad will thy dwelling-place be;  
Thou hast wept o'er the fall of thy valiant sons,  
And I only am left of thy cherish'd ones!  
Thy grief will be such as time softeneth not,  
For the heart of a mother hath ne'er forgot!



Yet my smile at thy waking must cheer thee no more,  
 Nor my song when thy daily toils are o'er;  
 There is none, oh my mother! I leave thee none,  
 To sooth thee in sorrow, when I am gone;  
 But the summons hath come, and I must depart,  
 Though unsolaced I leave thee to anguish of heart.

Yet lament not, my mother! our souls shall greet  
 In that land where the dead and the living meet,  
 Where the friends we have wept come around once more,  
 With the smiles which their living features wore,  
 Oft my spirit shall come, by the calm moonbeams,  
 To gladden thy soul in the 'land of dreams.'

But farewell! — for I hear the rejoicing sounds  
 That come from the 'happy hunting-grounds';  
 And the voice of my husband hath met mine ear,  
 Yet I still am a faint-hearted lingerer here;  
 Farewell! fare ye well! — I have heard his call —  
 Son! mother! and sire! I must leave ye all!

*Newport, (Rhode-Island,) July, 1838.*

A. B. C.

## THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

ITS MORAL AND SOCIAL INFLUENCE ON AMERICA, AND THE WORLD AT LARGE.

BY J. R. TYSON, ESQ.

THE state of Europe, at the period of the American Revolution, is too well known to require elucidation. On the continent, despotism was personified in the sovereigns, and servitude in the people. Political writers declaimed about liberty in the abstract, but popular equality was not supposed to constitute a part of rational freedom. Religion, over all Europe, wore the frowning aspect of intolerance. That atrocity, known as the African slave-trade, received the countenance and favor of princes. Papal supremacy was sought to be perpetuated in Spain and Portugal, by the cruel tyranny of the Inquisition. The doctrines of jurisprudence were perplexed by the subtlety of feudal dialectics; and the very *forms* of legal proceeding, embarrassed by conflicting authorities, or confounded by opposing principles, were more intricate and complicated than the ultimate question to be decided. 'Wager of Battel,' that barbarous remnant of a barbarous age, famous at least as the parent of modern duelling, was permitted to deform the boasted system of English law. Europe presented, in her penal codes, a spectacle of cruelty, only equalled by the remorseless spirit in which they were administered.

Morality and virtue could scarcely flourish in a soil so unpropitious to their vegetation. France, during the reigns of Louis the Fourteenth and Fifteenth, presented the lowest condition of moral feeling which can characterize a nation at large. In the eloquent language of Sir James Mackintosh, a great part of that period was 'the consummation of whatever was afflicting and degrading in the history of the human race.' 'On the recollection of such scenes,' says he, 'I blush as a scholar for the prostitution of letters; as a man, I blush for the patience of humanity.'

But Europe had something to expect from a country upon which she had bestowed all the benignant influences of her genius, refinement, and knowledge. The world had something to hope from the recognition of a new principle, on a new theatre. It might naturally be expected that human nature, incited by more powerful motives of action, surrounded by new objects, and less shackled by the restraints and prejudices of older systems of society, would exhibit itself in more interesting and striking aspects than before. Let us then briefly examine how these expectations have been fulfilled, and what contribution has been made in payment of the debt, which, as a nation, we owe to the common cause of science and humanity.

The experiment of self-government, that is, the competency of man to govern himself, was the great problem which we solemnly engaged, in the eyes of all Europe and the world, to solve. We assumed this task in adopting a form of government which Montesquieu and other speculative philosophers had denounced as impracticable, in a large community. History presented no instance of success in a republic, and no example whatever, upon the basis of representation. In the democracies of Greece, the people were not numerous, and the territories were small. They assembled in a plain, and performed those acts of legislation, which, in larger and more populous districts, could only have been accomplished through the agency of representatives. The government of the United States, therefore, presents the example of a political structure, which in its extent and machinery, is wholly *new*. It is daring enough to challenge a prototype in the long history of ages. In an age of paganism or ignorance, without the aids of the press, and the enlightening influence of Christianity, such an effort would have proved more visionary than the Eutopia of Plato. But with these auxiliaries, happiness, prosperity, and enterprise, moral advancement and intellectual vigor, have been the results. It has quickened mind into action, in every department of life. It has given to it the wholesome direction of a more ardent pursuit after new and beneficial truths. It has turned the attention of the human mind from the busy idleness of a vain erudition, into channels more conducive to sound science, and the exaltation of the human race.

Let us mark the course of this principle, in its onward movement, and trace its diffusive and beautiful career in this country and abroad. Religious freedom was too intimately blended with political liberty, to be overlooked in the category of human rights. A free-born conscience demanded that religion should be purified from the taint of intolerance, and that no man should be excluded from office, nor rest under civil disability, on account of his religious belief. The principles of Coddington, Williams, Lord Baltimore, and Penn, were at once engrafted into the constitution of the government established at the revolution. They found in their adopted trunk a soil prepared for their reception. They sent forth their heaven-directed branches high into the air; offering to the bereaved and outcast sectary, of every creed, a shade and security from the heats of persecution. What but these have removed the legal burthens of the Jews in Maryland, and the Catholics in North Carolina? What but these were the means of proclaiming Catholic emancipation in Great Britain; and exciting in that kingdom the recent though unsucces-

ful attempt in behalf of the Jews? What but these have proclaimed religious freedom in the kingdom of Denmark, and the cantons of Switzerland? And what but these are sundering the fetters imposed by bigotry and superstition in other parts of Europe?

From the recognition of political and religious liberty, as the proper attribute of man, it might be inferred that the destruction of legal servitude would follow. But that burthen, which was imposed by Elizabeth, has not been removed in the age of Victoria. Though the acclaim of 'universal emancipation,' which burst from these shores, has resounded in the dull ears of despotic Austria, and penetrated to distant India, the anomaly of existing bondage is exhibited under the freest form of government, and amidst the contagion of the most liberal ideas, which prevail upon earth. Aside from other considerations, it offers to the philosophic mind a subject for reflection, under the weight of which Philosophy herself must stagger. It shows at least how hard it is, by the mere potency of an abstract doctrine, however aided by policy and humanity, to break down the prejudices which have been nursed by time, and strengthened by interest. Though the early and signal effort of colonial Pennsylvania to abolish the slave trade in 1712, and that of South Carolina in 1760, were frustrated by the cupidity of the British merchants, yet the effect of the great idea adopted at the revolution, was soon afterward felt. The slave trade was carried on in England with unexampled rapacity, and under the protecting guardianship of her laws, at a time when Pennsylvania abolished servitude itself. In surveying the progressive effects of the doctrines of the revolution, let it not be forgotten, that in eleven years after that epoch, was formed a memorable association, by whose benevolent instrumentality the African slave trade was uprooted in Great Britain. Notwithstanding the power of this combination, and the determined vigor by which it was animated — an union composed of the friends of freedom and humanity in America and Europe — it eluded their pursuit, and resisted their perseverance, for a period of twenty years! Such a truth conveys a mortifying but impressive lesson. How great must have been the tenacity of interest, how dull the insensibility of habit, to require a period of twenty years to abolish a traffic, which is now, by the united voice of civilized states, denounced as inhuman, and punished as piratical!

The natural aliment of that freedom which the national independence secured, is intelligence among the people. Knowledge is not merely the parent of liberty, but constituting an element of its nature, is as essential to its existence as the air is to animal life. The child of mental light, each new idea must impart to it nourishment and strength; and its growth must be in exact proportion to the inlets of science. If science be erroneous or impure, so must that essence be diseased or healthy, which depends upon it for vitality and nurture.

Perhaps no country can present a population more intelligent and informed than the United States. No longer confined to the professed scholar, or the cloistered clerk, knowledge is distributed over the community with the undistinguishing profusion of the breath of heaven:

'Her handmaid, Art, now all our wilds explores,  
Traces our waves, and cultures all our shores.'

The sources of this mental cultivation may be found in the munificence of the public provisions for schools, and in the cheapness and multiplicity of newspapers and useful books. The common mind has thus been improved and enlarged, to an extent to which it is vain to seek a parallel in any other nation of the globe. Those curious topics of bootless inquiry which do not contribute to the practical benefit or moral exaltation of man, have employed but a superficial attention. The powers of America have been exerted in the formation of good citizens ; in stimulating industry ; in arresting the progress of vice and crime ; in bringing into closer affinity places which nature had widely separated by distance ; and in extending the boundaries of social and moral science. Let us leave to the dreaming fanaticism of French philosophy those sublimated visions of speculation, so fruitful of commotion, anarchy, and misrule. In the poetical language of Denham, may

‘ Our streams of knowledge flow,  
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.’

This general diffusion of knowledge, this propensity of America for what is subservient to a practical use, has had an important effect upon the mind of Europe. It has turned the attention of the learned from the pedantry of their pursuits to the ultimate end of science ; it has incited inquiry among the people ; led to the dissemination of books and periodicals, suited to the popular wants ; and introduced a more just appreciation of the benefits of knowledge. These are effecting a change upon the intellectual face of Europe, which shall prepare it for those bolder reaches and higher ascensions, which the spirit of freedom and christianity cannot fail to inspire.

‘ These shall restore the light by nature given,  
And, like Prometheus, bring the fire from heaven.’

These are undermining the censorship of Spain and Italy ; these have produced the fermentation which is so observable in the national minds of Austria and all Germany ; and it is these which have had such wonderful effects upon the popular tendencies of England, Ireland, and France.

The government adopted at the national era, was founded upon the supposed virtue of man. This virtue was to be cultivated less by seminaries of learning, than the predominance of moral and religious feelings over the baser proclivities of human nature. The government implied a connection between morals and politics ; an union of the philanthropist and statesman in the same person ; a dominion of the higher impulses of the heart, and the purer results of the intellect, over the sensual and animal instincts. Hence we find associations of benevolent persons, with a view to guard against vice and crime, and to promote a higher standard of social morality. I do not here refer, singly, to any one of the objects which these associations have in view ; but the *purpose* to which they have contributed, in the melioration and refinement of man. Every philanthropic effort that is made, every peaceful act that is done, for the regeneration of man, lifts him in the scale of improvement, and advances him to that state in which moral force shall triumph over that which is physical and animal.

‘Mind, mind alone,  
The living essence in itself contains  
Of beauteous and sublime.’

The establishment of Peace and Bible Societies in this country, and the influence of associated effort against that vice which peopled the alms-house and the penitentiary, have not only purified the American atmosphere, but extended their multiplied blessings to the most barbaric shore of the eastern continent. The principles of the peace societies, though cœval with the rise of Quakerism, became more active at the revolution, and have diffused the mild benignity of their spirit into the counsels of every court in Europe. The Bible has unfolded its sublime doctrines, and kindled animating hopes, in regions hitherto unvisited by a gleam of gospel sunshine. In Jerusalem, amid the darkness of heathenism, infidelity and superstition, in the very heart of Palestine, the missionary of the western world teaches the simple doctrines of the Redeemer of mankind, and in those very spots which mark his nativity, miracles, and death. On the summit of the Himalaya mountains, which separate Hindoostan from Chinese Tartary, an American clergyman preaches the glad tidings of Christianity; hoping, with a noble but romantic enthusiasm, to redeem Asia from the sceptre of Paynim. In Greece, the former home of philosophy and song, the only schools of instruction are those of American missionaries. How refreshing and beautiful the thought, that after ages of ignorance, tyranny, and unbelief have blighted, as with a pestilence, those celebrated districts of the globe, those cherished spots, consecrated as the cradle of religion, of refinement, and liberty, it should be the task of the new world to renovate their decayed systems, and to reinfuse a portion of that vitality and vigor which it derived from themselves!—that it should thus give back to Palestine the Christian faith, in its original purity, and to Greece a knowledge, well husbanded and improved, which it received from her Platos and her Aristotles!

The idea once introduced of combining numbers in the promotion of a benevolent enterprise, was extended to a great variety of objects. In the wide circle of human action, which these bodies superintend, some have been devoted to the prevention of a particular vice, while others have assumed a higher attitude, in exposing the effects of erroneous legislation. It is thus that good citizenship is enlisted in the service of the state, by the Argus eyes which are distributed in the various departments.

The effect of these institutions has corresponded with their design, in elevating the standard of social rectitude. Society is thus purged of many of those vices that exist in communities, which are sustained by the hand of power. A republic wanting the chief element of its cohesion, would separate into fragments, or resolve itself into chaos.

Among the abuses which hoary error has handed down to us from the earliest ages, is the treatment of offenders against the laws of society. Since the epoch of the American revolution, our penal codes have been undergoing revision and amendment. The law no longer wears the visage of a blood-thirsty tyrant, who is impatient to visit upon each moral infirmity an ingenious and vindictive torture. In these mitigations, and above all in the adoption of an improved

theory of penitentiary discipline, Pennsylvania has been the great pioneer. The fame of her penal institutions has crossed the Atlantic. They have engaged the attention of the European legislatures, who are willing to be instructed by our discoveries, in the wide domain of penal philosophy. France, England, Lower Canada, and Prussia, have shown a commendable anxiety to avail themselves of the results of these labors. Their agents have visited these shores, not ministers to our government, but ambassadors to our people. They carry back with them a part of those returns which America, in becoming a nation, had pledged herself to make to the cause of human science.

But the agency of the revolutionary principle is discernible, not merely in laying deep and broad foundations of moral and intellectual superiority, but in imparting activity, enterprise, and energy to the human character. All the departments of life bear witness to its inspiring effect. It may be seen in the hum of the metropolis, where the instinct of busy life is visible in the stir and bustle of the jostling world. It may be seen on the river, the railway, the canal; the humble village, just rearing its aspiring head into a fancied importance, and in the solitude of rural life. These all pay homage to the principle of the revolution; they all display the effect of unfettered enterprise, and the consciousness of untrammelled freedom. Commerce has spread her sails in the remotest seas, and brought to our doors the luxuries of the most distant and opposite regions. The distant parts of a territory unexampled in extent, have been approximated by the locomotive engine and the steam-boat. Rivers presenting untoward impediments for the one, have been rendered navigable for hundreds of miles; for the other, mountains have been levelled, and valleys bade to rise, as if by the wand of an enchanter. Nature has been penetrated in her wildest recesses, and made to yield her hidden stores. The genius of Fulton could scarcely have foreseen the wonderful effects of his discovery, in ministering to our comforts, in tightening the bonds of human affinity, and knitting together, as one family, the various districts of the globe. It could scarcely have descried in the future, the navigation of the Atlantic and Pacific waters; the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean; nor the impelling power of steam over the trackless wilds of the Mississippi, and the sandy desert of Suez. Yet of these, some have been realized, and of the others, time will soon witness their accomplishment.

The success of a new order of sentiments in a new hemisphere; the correction of ancient traditional abuses; the rapid strides of science; its universal diffusion by means of the press; and the multiplied facilities of intercommunication; all announce a new era in the history of the world. The influence of these is seen in the altered condition of nearly the whole face of Europe. Calmness and repugnance to change, have been succeeded by a restless and innovating spirit. New ideas of knowledge, improvement, and right, have been awakened. These are teaching to absolutism the proper dignity of human nature; they are teaching the futility of transmitting office, and rank, and privilege, by descent, without relation to merit; they are teaching that the first right of man is to be free, and the first principle of freedom is political equality.

An observer of the events which have occurred on this continent



and in Europe, during the last sixty years, would ascribe to some cause the mighty effects which have been produced. He has seen the downfall of despotism in France, succeeded by a brutality of crime, and a fierceness of cruelty, which fill him with dismay. He has beheld that same France pass through many tribulations to an elective monarchy ; and now exempt from domestic disquiet, sitting down in the enjoyment of security and peace. He has seen Greece and Belgium taking their rank as nations, under liberal forms of government. He has beheld the political agitations which have shaken the rest of Europe, in the contests for freedom. He has seen the time-honored institutions of venerable England made obedient to the spirit of the age, and the practice made conformable to the theory of her government. He has beheld, in the American hemisphere, a succession of republics, modelled upon the same principles with our own, rise into existence. He beholds, even now, others attempting to throw off the European yoke, and struggling for independence. Where will the inquirer look for the origin of these stupendous events ? Where will he seek the springs of that impulse which has given to the human mind a velocity so increased, a tendency so upward ? He will seek it in that potential influence which has opened the rich fountains of personal and civic virtue ; which has vivified and expanded the principles of knowledge ; which has quickened the spirit, by enlarging the means, of international commerce ; in a word, he will seek it in the revolution of 1776. I cannot more beautifully portray the expansive influence which America is destined to exert in the moral regeneration of man, than by concluding in the glowing lines of her own BRYANT :

‘ Here the free spirit of mankind, at length  
 Throws its last fetters off ; and who shall place  
 A limit to the giant’s unchained strength,  
 Or curb his swiftness in the forward race ?  
 Far, like the comet’s way through infinite space,  
 Stretches the long, untravelled path of light,  
 Into the depths of ages ; we may trace  
 Afar, the brightening glory of its flight,  
 ‘Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.’

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‘ THERE IS ONE GOD.’

WHAT speaks the thunder, when its midnight cry  
 Rolls through Heaven’s vast and cloudy palaces !  
 What writes the lightning on the ebon sky,  
 When the fierce tempests, wrapt in sackcloth, rise  
 From their huge cradles on the roaring seas !  
 What shout the gaunt and time-defying trees,  
 That toss right royally their arms on high,  
 When from the hills the cold north-western gale  
 Calls to the torrent in the misty vale,  
 And the air rings with heaven’s artillery !  
 ‘ THERE IS ONE GOD !’ — to Him they lift their prayer,  
 He framed them temples, and they worship there —  
 Storm, wind, and howling thunder ! Go, vain man,  
 And think their mighty creed a false one, if you can !

## THE DEFEAT OF KERBOGA.

## A LAY OF THE FIRST CRUSADE.

THE period to which the following poem relates, is the latter part of the eleventh century. The renowned leaders of the first crusade, with an army diminished more than half, in its disastrous march from Byzantium, had obtained possession of Antioch; but, with their usual improvidence, the Croises had wasted in festivity and excess the stores which had fallen into their hands. In this situation, they were besieged by KERBOGA, the Persian vizier, with the combined hosts of the Moslem world. The equipments of this immense army were on a scale of magnificence extraordinary even in the East; its numbers countless; and yet it was discomfited and utterly destroyed by comparatively a handful of half-starved Christians, animated by the religious enthusiasm which formed the grand feature of that chivalrous era, and the effects of which were sometimes almost miraculous.

BEFORE stern Antioch's stately towers,  
Were camped the Orient's banded powers,  
Beneath Kerboga's sway.  
Where lodged the Emir and his train,  
A silken city graced the plain;  
Pavilion rich and gleaming mosque,  
Flaunting bazaar and gay kiosk,  
And sumptuous serai.  
Broad avenues of living green  
Wound the light rainbow walls between;  
For on the pastures smooth and wide,  
Through which Orontes pours his tide,  
Gleamed up that bright array:  
While backward from the gorgeous van,  
Far as the keenest glance might scan,  
The tented myriads lay.

Amid his bearded satraps throned,  
His Emir's robe with rubies zoned,  
The Persian banqueted:  
Spoils of the forest, stream, and fold;  
Burdened the trays of massy gold,  
Foamed the sherbet in goblets rare,  
While burning spices on the air  
Voluptuous incense shed.  
But little recked the fierce vizier  
Of sparkling bowl or smoking cheer;  
In thought, his arm was hurling death  
Among the ranks of Nazareth,  
And 'neath his scowling brow  
The fire of vengeful triumph shone,  
As if upon the cross o'erthrown  
His feet were planted now.  
And, if his spies had spoken sooth,  
Well might such thoughts seem types of  
truth;  
Well might he trust, ere long, to see  
The beacon of Mount Calvary  
Before the crescent bow.

And how the while, in Antioch, fared  
Th' enduring remnant fate had spared,  
To garrison her walls?  
As fares the grass a torrid sun  
Glares with unshadowed brightness on,  
While falls nor dew nor blessed rain,  
Its withering fibres to sustain—  
So they in Antioch's halls.  
Some died by famine's lingering throes,  
Some the black pestilence laid low,  
And some, in pangs too fierce to bear,  
Fell on their falchions in despair,  
And died a death like Saul's.

Men fed upon the reptiles' brood,  
The warrior slew his steed for food,  
Some on the dead brake fast:  
Yet though the strongest 'gan to fail,  
Though scarce the knight could lift his  
mail,  
And hope was well nigh past,  
The knightly spirit soared untamed,  
No craven voice surrender named,  
Waved the red cross, triumphant still,  
The Christian clarion, wild and shrill,  
Answered the Moslem blast!  
And every champion vowed his doom  
Should be, in Antioch's walls a tomb,  
Or victory at last!

From what ignoble germs may shoot  
The growth of honor and renown;  
And men forget the noxious root,  
Shaking the golden fruitage down.  
'T was thus in Antioch; rescue, fame,  
By fraud and superstition came,  
And good grew out of ill.  
The nobler chafed with inward scorn,  
Yet felt that strength of falsehood born,  
Might lead to glory still:  
They saw the hands uplifted high,  
They heard the wild fanatic cry,  
That shook the air, when fraud revealed  
The spear\* by priestly craft concealed;  
They knew 't was free from sacred blood,  
They knew 't was Norman steel and wood,  
And felt in spirit shamed;  
Yet deemed 't were well assent to yield,  
While blindly superstition sealed  
What policy proclaimed.

'Tis dawn! Assyria's radiant dawn!  
How Eden-like the scene appears,  
As daylight, with a blush, is born,  
And earth, that night had caused to mourn,  
Looks smiling through her tears!  
And now, his golden course to run;  
From the red desert, bursts the sun;  
A flood of crimson light is sent  
Far up the cloudless orient;  
Antioch's gray bastions catch the glow,  
The Persian banners flash below,

\* DURING the siege, it was pretended that the spot where the lance which pierced the Saviour's side was deposited, had been pointed out by St. Andrew, in a vision. It was of course found, according to the saintly direction.

And far o'er all the listed field,  
From twinkling spear and flaming shield,  
The blinding beams are flung :  
The while Orontes in his flight,  
Seems like a messenger of light,  
Shining the groves among.

Why doth yon tower, like eagle's nest,  
Built on the mountain's barren creat,  
That banner dark display ?  
That tower is Antioch's citadel,  
And 'neath its walls impregnable  
Are gathered all who 'scaped the fight,  
When their strong city fell by night  
To treachery a prey.  
Yon signal streams aloft, to show  
The Moslem myriads camped below,  
That even now, the Latin foe  
Are mustering for the fray.\*

The gathering's o'er; a marshalled band  
Behind the northern rampart stand,  
Sheathed in their shining gear.  
There knighthood towers, with ample  
plume,  
O'er light-armed squire, and half-armed  
groom;  
There stalks the priest, with armed heel,  
His white robes doffed for twisted steel;  
There, wrapped in many a costly fold,  
Of brodered silk and cloth of gold,  
Is borne the sacred spear :  
High over all floats broad and free,  
St. Peter's bannered blazonry.  
What warrior draws his beaming blade  
Beneath its apostolic shade ?  
Count Hugh of Vermandois !

Around him stand a princely throng,  
Raimond, Boëmond, Bouillon,  
Tancred, Saint Paul, Bold Normandy,  
Stars of a nightly galaxy,  
The brightest earth e'er saw !

Stars, but alas how dimmed and pale !  
Phantoms of heroes cased in mail :  
And for the vassals, though each eye  
Gleams with fanatic ecstasy,  
How must those shadowy columns reel,  
When on them, like a storm of steel,  
The Arab horse break down !  
They feel no dread — they know no doubt ;  
Hark ! to their loud defying shout !  
It drowns the distant Moslem drum :  
' Dogs of Mahound, we come ! we come !  
Before us is Jerusalem !

Above, the martyr's crown ?  
The giant gates were backward cast,  
But ere a foot the barriers past,  
Ere yet the bugle's fateful breath  
Sounded the signal trump of death,  
Forth from the ranks Bouillon rode ;  
Oh ! ne'er was warrior's heart bestowed  
In more majestic form.  
And though that form was wasted now,  
Want, its high bearing could not bow,  
Nor tame those orbs, so bright, yet deep,  
Where, amid sunshine, seemed to sleep  
The grandeur of the storm !  
His broad chest heaved, and blazed his eye,  
As from the star of victory  
It caught reflected light,  
As thus, while all the host was stilled,  
In tones that every bosom thrilled,  
He cheered them to the fight :

' Christians ! your title, the proudest on earth,  
Here, where ye stand, had its glorious birth :  
Forth then, and strike, for the home of your name,  
Death to the dogs that your birth-right would claim !

' Nobles and knights, the keen swords ye unsheath,  
Render ye up to no victor but Death ;  
Live ye enwreathed, or, with glory illumed,  
Die ye like warriors, spurred, harnessed, and plumed !

' Vassals, as warm runs the blood of the west  
' Neath your jerkins of buff, as the Paladin's vest ;  
Deeds may ennoble the meanest that live,  
Deeds shall this day mete the honors we give !

' Smite, though your arms be less strong than of yore,  
God, in the conflict, their might shall restore ;  
Spears shall by Him be like thunderbolts driven,  
Swords shall leap down like the lightning from heaven !

' Winds from the East spread our standard abroad,  
Think ! they have swept o'er the city of God !  
Blasphemous banners are fanned by their wing,  
Shadowing the tomb of your Saviour and King !

' City and tomb shall be ours, and the way  
Lies o'er the host ye shall conquer to-day ;  
Forward ! and shout, above trumpet and drum,  
Hosanna ! THE LION OF JUDAH IS COME !

\* WHEN Antioch was sacked by the Crusaders, a few soldiers of the Moslem garrison escaped to the citadel, which held out until the defeat of the beleaguering army under Kerboga. Notice of the attack was given in the manner described.

One mighty voice from all the crowd,  
 Answers with plaudits long and loud,  
     That warrior-like appeal.  
 Then the long lines, in solemn march,  
 Defile beneath the spacious arch,  
 Are, for a moment, shadowed there,  
 Then forth emerge in outer air,  
     A stream of silk and steel !  
 As Afric's serpent from its den,  
 In the bright sun to coil again,  
     Unwinds its skein of gold,  
 So from those walls the columns sweep,  
 To coil, to close — but not to sleep ;  
 No ! rather for the fatal leap,  
     They gather, fold on fold !

Yon bridge that spans the Orontes o'er,  
 Sole passage, must be forced, before  
     The hosts in battle close ;  
 And there all marshalled, sword in hand,  
 Three thousand mounted Paynims stand,  
     The Croises to oppose :  
 Down the long slope from Antioch's moat,  
 At speed, the Latin lances charge !  
 The post is won ! their steel has smote  
 Through tempered helm and silk surcoat,  
     Linked mail and painted targe !  
 The bridge is choked with Moslem dead,  
 The stream beneath, in ripples red,  
     Breaks on its velvet marge.

'Tis scarce a bow-shot from the stream  
 To where the spears of Islam gleam :  
 On, dreadful as the red siroc,  
 Spurs that dense phalanx to the shock ;  
 One moment lasts the fearful race,  
 One moment, and the bow-shot's space  
     Is passed, as 'twere a span !  
 'God for the Cross!' the Latins cry,  
 'For Mahomet!' the foe reply ;  
 Spears meet, swords flash against the sky,  
 And Europe's peerless chivalry  
     Are on them, horse and man !  
 There are a thousand lives the less ;  
 A thousand chargers, riderless,  
     Leap from the Persian van !

Have ye not seen the waves divide,  
 When some huge ship, a nation's pride,  
     Was launched into the deep ?  
 So smitten, did that vast array  
 To Christian valor yield a way ;  
 But, as the liquid hills rush back,  
 Tumultuous, on the war-ship's track,  
 Even so, upon the Latin rear,  
 With bow, and scimeter, and spear,  
     Recoiling thousands sweep !

At every blow Earl Godfrey deals,  
 Dead, from his horse, a pagan reels ;  
 Buckler and casque alike are vain,  
 Where Raimond's lance comes down  
     amain ;  
 And where young Tancred's falchion  
     cleaves,  
 The fall'n lie thick as perished leaves  
 In autumn's fading bower.  
 'Tis vain ! 'tis vain ! where hundreds die,  
 Fresh thousands still the loss supply ;

*New-York, August, 1838.*

And flight on flight the arrows crowd,  
 Like snow-flakes from a northern cloud :  
 Harmless they turn from knightly helms,  
 But heaps on heaps, the half-armed  
     Schelms

Fall 'neath the feathered shower.  
 Wounded, o'erworn, by myriads pressed,  
 Droop the bold warriors of the west :  
 Weak fall their blows, and now the strife  
 Is not for conquest, but for life.  
 Weep ! weep ! unhappy Christendom,  
 Weep ! for Christ's unrecovered tomb,  
     Weep ! for thy knighthood's flower !

What means that shout ? Again it swells !  
 Surely of hope the clamor tells :  
 Louder goes up the joyous sound,  
 Its echoes thrill the mountains round ;  
     Hark to its burden wild !  
 'The saints ! the blessed saints are near,  
 We saw them on the heights appear !  
 Bend, bend the bow, and couch the spear,  
     The saints from heaven have smiled !'

'T was but a mist-wreath in the blue,  
 With the bright sunbeams streaming  
     through,  
 That thus the host deceived.  
 To them the wavy vapor seemed  
 The pure white robes of the redeemed ;  
 And what excited fancy dreamed,  
     Faith, with glad tears, believed.

The blades, so feebly swayed of late,  
 Are wielded now in giants' hands,  
 And, like the very swords of fate,  
     They cleave the Moslem bands.  
 The camp is won ! — the Paynim host  
 Yields, wavers, breaks — the day is lost ;  
 That mighty army, Islam's boast,  
     Flies scattered o'er the sands !

'Tis night ! — and from 'the heavens  
     aboon,'  
 Looks calmly down the solemn moon,  
     On what a solemn scene !  
 For circling leagues her beams beneath,  
 Is one vast crimson field of death !  
     Where is the morning's green ?  
 Where is the river, pure and free,  
 That swept along so brilliantly ?  
 What ! is yon dull, discolored tide  
 The stream the sunbeams beautified ?  
     Where is its morning sheen ?  
 Where are the banners, gorgeous tents,  
 And all war's glorious ornaments ?  
     The foeman's spoil I ween !  
 Where are the men, the proud, the strong,  
 Where is the mighty mail-clad throng,  
 Noble as light e'er looked upon,  
 That stood beneath the morning sun ?  
 Pale as their plumes, and cold they lie  
 As their dew-silvered panoply !  
 Earth's proudest, what is all their fame ?  
 Time flies, where is their very name ?  
     Men know not they have been !

## A HOTEL DINNER.

FROM NOTES IN PENCIL, ON THE BACK OF A BILL OF FARE.

How startling is the sound of the dinner-gong! The tympanum suddenly recoils beneath the swell of the brazen instrument, and echoes the alarm to its fellow member of the lower house, of which Appetite is the speaker. In a large hotel, the effect is magical. What a rush from all quarters of the house to the dining-room! Chambers, offices, and closets, are hastily deserted by their occupants, that the elements of an unspeakable hurly-burly may mingle at the *table-d'hôte*. Loungers in the street catch the sound with wonderful acuteness, and hasten homeward to the hotel. The boarder under the barber's hands frets at the practitioner's slowness, gets cut, while uttering a violent oath, starts up, looking daggers, and wiping the soap hastily from his half-shaved chin, seizes his hat, and rushes to the place of feed.

In one dense crowd, they pour in at the door; pushing and squeezing, jostling and swearing, as if life itself depended upon the celerity of their entrance. Dignity is nothing, decency is nothing. A choice seat at the table is every thing.

The twenty or thirty individuals who are already seated at the head of the board, and in the immediate vicinity of the choicest eatables, are 'old heads;' they have 'cut their eye teeth;' they are 'up to snuff;' or, to cut the classics, and descend to homely English, they know how to live in an American hotel; an accomplishment by no means to be lightly regarded. Every day, about half an hour before the dinner-hour, they station themselves near the door of the dining-room, and with a patience worthy of Job, await its opening. Barely does John, the waiter, have time to sound the gong, the notes of which I have said are so magical, before they dart by him, and the last vibration of the brazen monitor finds the men of brass seated at the table. Some unsophisticated persons may think this a contemptible subserviency to the appetite; if so, they do the worthies much injustice. Their motives are of a high order; an honor to themselves, and a great light to the world. Example is every thing. Punctuality is a jewel. WASHINGTON said so, and he was a man of veracity. The hour to dine, as specified in the rules and regulations, posted up in the 'office,' was three. Not one minute before nor after three, but three precisely. Some inconsiderate man may think that a minute or two out of the way could make no material difference. Don't trust such an one with the conveyance of your wife and five small children to a steam-boat pier! Ten chances to one he misses the boat. 'Time is money,' and two minutes lost daily, is seven hundred and forty minutes per annum. At this rate, supposing a man to live seventy years — a fair computation when we consider the caoutchouc case of Joice Heth — thirty-five days, eleven hours, and four sixtieths, are wasted in a life time, by being two minutes behind hand at dinner! Shades of Washington, Franklin, and Dr. Alcott! — what a dissipation of money! It was of this that the men at the door ruminated. They wished, like Washington, to set

a good example, in being punctual. If, in virtuously striving to excel in such a cause, they tread on each other's corns, and tumble over each other's heels, making themselves appear excessively ridiculous, it is our business not to laugh at, but to condole with them, as martyrs who suffer for our sake. Many a gouty toe has been ground into torture, in its owner's generous emulation to be the first and most punctual at the dinner-table. What disinterested martyrdom!

The crowd have squeezed themselves into the room. Such a scrambling and jostling for seats! Spare the crockery. The din — from din comes dinner — redoubles. Such an outcry! Babel is music to it. 'Waiter!' 'Waiter!' 'John!' 'Waiter!' 'Thomas! Thomas!' 'Waiter!' 'John!' 'Thomas!' 'Soup!' 'Soup!' 'Soup!' were iterated in all octaves, from contralto to soprano. I was a 'looker-on in Vienna,' when the scenes which follow occurred, and I 'speak the things which I do know.'

'Give us a stout, hearty plate of soup, William!' said a short, crimson-faced man, with an abdominal periphery like a semi-globe. As he gave this order for a second plate of soup, he shoved into the waiter's hand, open to receive the plate of a gentleman who had as yet secured nothing, his own dish, and bade him make haste. Ignorant of 'dinner etiquette,' as Fanny Kemble styles it, a dozen of those around us had at once commenced on the solids; which of course made the rest work like beavers to finish their soup; and some of those at the end of the table, who, having but just received the initial liquid, were still sipping after their luckier friends at the favored head of the table had concluded, were admonished of the necessity of making haste, by the removal of their plates by the impatient waiters. Waiters are systematic. People should be more simultaneous in eating soup. A polite man swallows his, scalding hot, that he may keep pace with his more fortunate neighbor.

'Here! here! — you rascal, bring back my soup!' bawled out a man with a thin, vinegar aspect. His plate had suffered abduction. The waiter feigned not to hear. The wrinkles on the pungent face visibly sharpened. That look would have soured an entire dairy. In a voice thin and sharp as his features, he exclaimed: 'Here! here! you unmannerly Irish scape-goat! (ah! you hear at last, do you?) bring back my soup, instantly!'

'It 's ag'in' the rules, Sir-r; I can't do it, Sir-r! But here 's a beautiful arrangement!' replied the Irishman, passing a bill of fare.

'D — n you and your rules, and your bill of fare, in a mess! I want my soup, you Irish blackguard!'

'Can't do it, Sir-r; the rules must be observed. Can't give ye any more soup, Sir-r; the *matee* is on, Sir-r; them must be ate nixt; them 's the rule, Sir-r;' and the waiter ran to answer a call farther up the table.

The discomfited man swore as terribly as if he had formed one of the celebrated army in Flanders. 'Pretty hotel, this! Excellent regulations! Polite servants! *Must* eat meat, must I? I'll see 'em hanged first! Here, you chowder-head, bring back my ——'

'Green peas, gen'lemen — green peas!' squeaked a bean-pole.



waiter, with a nose like a sausage, and little twinkling eyes. A dozen hands grabbed convulsively at the dish. Green peas were a great rarity; a fact sufficiently evinced by the complacent air of the servant, as he announced them. A dish of gravy and a bottle of catsup were upset in the scuffle, much to the annoyance of the sour man, in whose lap a greater part of the first sought a dépôt. 'You have got your soup, I find, Sir!' said a wag, opposite, at which every body laughed, and one individual, at an untimely moment, when his mouth was full of Scotch ale, whereby a great gurgling and spluttering ensued, ending by a general spirt upon the 'fixins' of all who were near him; a most impartial division, for all received a portion. As soon as he could make himself heard above the discord, the person to whom the wag's remark had been addressed, answered, with much asperity, 'That's *Irish* wit, I s'pose; I hate Irish!'

'Peas, waiter!' 'Waiter, peas!' 'Peas! peas! peas!' exclaimed a hundred voices in a breath. Reasonable souls! They looked to be all helped at once!

'Pass those peas?' said a score of impatient voices to the gentleman with the crimson face, who in the scuffle had succeeded in securing the dish to himself.

'Ha, ha!' he spluttered, complacently, with his mouth half full of salmon, 'I hav'n't eat any of these 'ere for a long while!'

'They *look* very fine!' said the next but one adjoining, in a manner that implied a strong desire to ascertain whether they did not *taste* respectably.

'Very, *very*!' replied the fat man, as he scooped nine-tenths of all there were in the dish on to his own plate. Sundry eyes glanced pitchforks at him. They were evidently astonished. They should not have been. The gentleman came from a western pork-growing district. He fattened his own swine. 'I'm special fond of peas!' said he, half in enthusiasm at his own appetite, and half as a sort of an apology.

'Split me, if I should n't think so!' exclaimed the wag.

'Well, it's nothing strange!' snapped out Vinegar, taking the part of the obèse, and chuckling at the discomfiture of the others.

'Some people will eat, until, being unable to help themselves, we shall be compelled to lift them out of their seat!' exclaimed one of the disappointed, giving the fat man a look that was not to be misconstrued.

I looked about me for some peas, but saw none. As I was scrutinizing, my eyes encountered the rueful and bewildered face of a modest young man, with an empty plate. In all probability, he had never dined before in a hotel; at least, the diffident manner with which he received the inattention paid to his modest requests, seemed to say as much. A constant fear, too, lest he should not behave quite like the rest, appeared to haunt him; and the longer he was neglected, the more he appeared embarrassed. Poor fellow! He had not yet received a mouthful to eat. What a bore is modesty! Brass is, emphatically, an accomplishment. The young man looked very ridiculously for the lack of it; and I pitied him.

'Waiter!' said I, winking peculiarly to an Adonis with squint eyes, and a mouth like a codfish. He sprang to my side. The wink

had touched his feelings. I knew it would. A waiter's heart is open to a wink, when words are useless.

'Get me some peas, and fresh salmon, on a clean plate.'

The fellow's eyes concentrated into their deepest squint, as he looked inquiringly, first into my face, and then at the space between my thumb and fore-finger. Apparently not seeing there what he had expected, his sprightly, helpful manner died away very suddenly, and his answer, as he stared mechanically up the table, was unqualifiedly brief.

'Guess there ar' n't any here; do n't see any.'

I pointed to my thumb and fore-finger. A quarter-dollar filled the space so lately vacant.

'Do you see any *new* ?'

The mouth opened wide, and assumed an amiable grin, and the eyes an extra squint, and for half a minute glanced scrutinizingly around the table.

'I think I does!' said he. His sight was completely restored.

'I thought you would,' said I, dropping the coin into his horny palm. What wonders the 'root of all evil' can accomplish! It makes the best vegetable pills in the world, and 'may be used with equally astonishing success in all climates.'

'Here! you squint-eyed rascal!' roared out Vinegar, who for the last ten minutes had been unceasingly cursing every servant within hearing, 'I saw you take that bribe! Bring me my soup, or I'll expose you. Pretty joke! Have to pay landlord exorbitant charge for dinner, and then pay, beside, a lubberly set of lanthorn-jawed waiters for helping you to it! I won't submit to such treatment, and those who will, are ninnies! I won't stand it. I'll make them change their tone. I'll publish the landlord. I'll blow his hotel to the devil. I'll—I'll—I'll have my soup! Here, you laughing hyena, with your teeth out of doors, bring me my soup!'

The disinterested servant brought me the peas and salmon, with great alacrity, and looked as if he would like to have the silver dose repeated, but I had no farther use for him, and stared coldly upon his enthusiasm. He was a philosopher, and a deeply-read student of human nature. He understood that cold look, as readily as he had done the wink, and, to adopt a western phrase, quickly 'absquatulated.' Helping myself to a portion of the viands which I had been so fortunate as to obtain, I passed the remainder to my modest neighbor. He appeared very grateful, but was too much embarrassed to thank me. Having helped himself to salmon, he was proceeding (leisurely, lest he should seem indecorous,) to take some peas, when the dish was unceremoniously seized, and carried to the obèse, who had bribed the waiter with a shilling to execute the manœuvre. Whereupon my modest friend looked very blank, and Vinegar took occasion to dilate sarcastically upon the expense of feeding pigs in the west; in which the fat man, unsophisticated, and seeing no allusion, coincided with fervor. He had swine to sell, and crying up the expense of fattening them, would tend to increase their value in the market. And here ensued a confab between the wag and the obèse, in which the latter was made the unwitting butt of a thousand and one small shafts, touching his professional and personal affinities.

'Clear the tables!' sang out the authoritative voice of one decked in a short white apron, who brandished, in a masterly manner, a huge carving-knife and fork. This was no less a personage than the head-waiter, or 'butler,' as he directed his fellow-servants to style him. He knew the responsibility of his situation, and filled it with great dignity. His own talents had raised him, step by step, from the comparatively low office of a knife-scourer and cook's errand-boy, to the high stand which, knife in hand, he now occupied. His history is an excellent illustration of the old maxim, that 'talent, like water, will find its level.' I could dwell upon the hopes and aspirations of the lowly knife-scourer; his surcharged bosom overflowing in the lonely watches of the night, as he plied his rag and 'rotten-stone;' his longings for the birth of porter; the attainment of his wish; his enthusiasm upon his first *début* with Day-and-Martin; his still craving ambition; in short, his whole rise and progress, and final attainment to that pinnacle of usefulness, the situation of head-waiter.

My modest neighbor, supposing that the last-named order was intended as an insinuation that the guests had ate enough, arose and walked off. Upon reaching the door, and turning round, he seemed to perceive his mistake, and that the order was but for the clearance of the meats, to make room for the pastry; but, ashamed to expose his ignorance of 'etiquette,' by returning to the table, he left the room, hoping, I doubt not, from the bottom of his soul, that those he had left behind him would ascribe his withdrawal to surfeit rather than ignorance. He probably adjourned to a neighboring eating-house, to appease his tantalized appetite.

'What pudding is this, waiter?' said a gentleman opposite.

'It's a *pud-ding*, Sir-r,' was the satisfactory reply.

'We know it's a pudding, but what *kind* of a pudding is it? Find out *what* pudding it is.'

'That's aisily done!' said he, as with the utmost *sang froid* he perforated the crust of the doubtful dish with his dirty thumb. 'Sure, gintlemen, it's a rice!'

'You ignorant ape! — do n't you know better than that? You ought to be lynched!'

'He would be, if he was in our parts!' said the fat gentleman, swallowing a glass of champagne, which he had taken, uninvited, from my bottle.

'Look here, cabbage-head!' said Vinegar, tweaking the offender's ear; 'bring me my soup!'

I left the table. It was my last hotel dinner.

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#### FAITH AND HOPE.

'Mid total darkness, Hope herself  
Is like the diamond dark;  
But Faith, 'mid murkiest Erebus,  
Emits her brightest spark:  
A spark that Death's contrasted gloom  
But with more light supplies,  
As night's black pall, that hides the earth,  
More clearly shows the skies.

## SONNET.

'LET the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together.'

God! — the eternal torrents shout thy name,  
 And the hoarse thunders, smothered in the cells  
 Of the huge mountains; there thy presence dwells  
 Through the gray centuries, for aye the same,  
 Bathing the cloud-girt pinnacles of snow,  
 That soar up through the cold blue atmosphere,  
 And stirring where the tumbling cataracts rear  
 Their billowy crests, and avalanches throw  
 The awful thunder of their mighty creed,  
 To thee, their fashioner; earth, air and sea,  
 The piping winds, which through the sky do speed,  
 And the rock-rending earthquakes worship THEE:  
 But Man, of immortality the heir,  
 Rears in his heart false shrines, and makes his homage there.

Utica, (N.Y.) July, 1838.

H. W. R.

## SHAKSPEARE'S SEVEN AGES.

## AGE SEVENTH.

'Last scene of all  
 That ends this strange, eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;  
 Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing.'

How poor and abject a creature man would be, were he not immortal! How aimless and futile all his wants, and struggles, and sufferings; all his joys, and hopes, and aspirations! Deprive us of our claim to another life, and we sink beneath the worm, in the scale of creation: and this is a claim founded no less upon a promise, than the nature of the soul itself. The bird, the fish, the very toad, have a duty, an office, an end, to answer, commensurate to the scope of their powers. All animated things, (and inanimate, too, but this does not belong to our argument,) minister, directly or indirectly, to the comfort and convenience of man; either forming links in the chain of existences that ends in his person, or immediately united to him by service of food, carriage, or clothing. They do not live to no purpose. Natural history is daily unfolding their purpose. Every day and year adds new proofs of the design and plan of the Almighty in his creation. From what we already know, it is fair to infer as much design in the forming of the minutest mote that quivers in the sun-beam, as in the universal principle of gravitation. Why should we pretend to divide the operations of God into important and unimportant? A world is to him the production of a will; and so is the smallest insect in creation. Who will pretend to say that things would go on as they now do, if the common house-fly were exterminated? Who knows how necessary to our health this troublesome little buzzer may be? Did you ever watch one? It wheels about in the upper air of our rooms, unless tempted by larger

booty upon the table, in interminable circles, like the swallow out of doors; tacks like the hound; evinces order, passion, and perseverance. What battles have we fought, when half asleep, with some old fly, who insisted upon feeding upon our nose!

The fly may seek the upper air of apartments because it is lighter, and is filled with impurities. The air above doors and windows is rarely removed by the common methods of ventilation; this is the fly's business. Do not kill flies!

It is said that during the first season of the cholera, in one of our western cities, not a fly was to be seen. It is possible that they saw the evil was too great for their scavenger carts, and so departed to better-rewarded labors.

Some of our readers may not know, that there are animalculæ so small, that four millions of them make a mass no larger than a grain of sand: and yet these have all the machinery of life, digestive organs, and all the powers of locomotion, appetites, and passions, of larger creatures. Very small animalculæ, if kept in distilled water, grow lean and fierce; and, when changed into water not distilled, devour the prey there found with great eagerness, swallowing it whole and alive, for the latter have been seen to move in the intestines of their destroyers.\*

The mechanic shows his skill and nicety, by forming little watches, or a steam-engine in a nut-shell; we look at these facts in creation, as specially wonderful, not recollecting that to God there is no great, no small, no difficult, no easy. They are here adduced to show, that there is a system, commencing with very minute living things, by which animals feed each other, up to man, who, in his better parts, feeds nothing. And allowing that man does feed the worm, and reptile, we are led in a circle. Now there is a connection in all things, but it is the union of a straight line, and not of a circle. We are nearer to God in our nature than the worm, or the 'lily of the field.' He clothes the lily, and feeds the worm, as he clothes and feeds us, but he has given us other desires than theirs, which he will equally satisfy.

If the life of some animals is short, so is their office small. The frame of a living thing seems proportional in duration, elegance, and strength, to the object of its life. The more perfect, according to our notions, the mechanism of a creature, the more important seems its operations. Some live but one summer; some only a day; many are born, grow old, and die, all in the space of an hour. Still how important, in the whole, may these brevitic existences be!

As far as our knowledge of nature extends, then, we say, that nothing is made in vain, or without an object adequate to its formation; that all things tend to some higher service than that of self. Man is the ultimum of this lower world, the link that binds the temporal to the eternal, as the vegetable unites the animal and mineral kingdoms. From man is made the angel, as the worm becomes the butterfly.† Creation is a chain, unbroken, not disunited; a long

\* SPALLANZANI.

† For a more full view of this idea, we refer our readers to BARNES' Essay, prefixed to BUTLER'S Analogy; an essay rendered almost useless, by straining a noble thought,

succession of causes and effects ; each cause being in its turn both an effect and a cause.

And does man alone tend to nothing ? Shall every thing else have a satisfactory end, and man alone end the drama of life, by lying down in the cold ground, and being resolved to earth again ? Is it for this, he has suffered and toiled through life ? Is he endowed with acute sensitiveness to pain, and a susceptibility of deep joy, for this ? The better part of him finds no home here, in this life. How large are his powers ! How terrific his settled passion ; how devilish his hate ; how angelic his generosity ! What noble ambitions possess him ! What sacrifices will he not make for his friend, his country, his religion ! How gentle and divine his pity ; how deep his tears ; how despairing his sorrow and grief ! Why does he know the pleasures of friendship—the solace of Christ, when on earth—the excitement of intellectual intercourse, the refined enjoyments of society, the reciprocation of love, the sympathy of divine worship ? Are these the attributes of a temporal being ? If they are, then the better part of man has no object.

‘Know ye not,’ says the Apostle, ‘that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you,’ which cannot die. And hear Cicero : ‘*Nam corpus quidem quasi vas est, aut aliquod animi receptaculum.*’ Avert not your eyes, kind reader, as I point you to new proofs. See the disappointed man, the ruined spendthrift, the murderer, the drunkard, the thief, the liar, the traitor. Imagine their feelings. They are men. You have *your* faults — you *know* you have. You cannot despise *them*. The very feeling that tells you you are their superior, in all points, convicts you of inferiority. Oh, pity not the poor, for labor sweetens rest ; pity not the sick, the lame, the blind, the mourning mother, the orphan child — pity not these, as you pity the wicked ! Vice is the accident of early education. Men are scattered like the seeds in the field of the world ; some fall in good ground, some in stony places, some in rank, weedy spots. Oh, pity the wicked ! They have still the power of reason, know what virtue is, and remember their early years, and the peace that goodness breathes around the heart ; peace like the serenity of early morning in the country. They stand with their immortal natures all soiled and polluted. The bitter taunt and neglect of the world keeps them in mind of what they are, and the soul talks to itself in language bitterer than human fiend can utter to another. ‘Language,’ says a benevolent and eloquent clergyman, ‘implying scorn of our fellow beings, should not be used without extreme caution and discrimination, and without a feeling of evident pity and regret, that a being so nobly gifted, should so degrade himself. The meanest knave, the basest profligate, the reeling drunkard — what a picture does he present of a glorious nature in ruins ! Let a tear fall, as he passes. Let us blame and abhor, if we must, but let us reverence and pity still. What hopes are cast down ! what powers are wasted ! what means, what indefinite possibilities of improvement, are turned into gloomy

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true, upon the whole, into the paltry object of accounting for a scheme of human theology, but which, nevertheless, contains valuable thoughts, ingenious reasonings, and rich language.



disappointment ! What is the man, and what *might* he be ! The very body, with its fine organization, with its wonderful workmanship, groans and sickens, when it is made the instrument of base indulgence ! The spirit sighs, in its secret places, over its meanness, its treachery, and dishonor ! There is a nobler mind, in the degraded body, that retires within itself, and will not *look* through the dimmed eye, and will not *shine* in the bloated and stolid countenance ; there is a holier conscience, that will not strengthen the arm that is stretched out to defraud ; but sometimes makes that arm tremble with its paralyzing touch, and sometimes shakes, as with thunder, the whole soul of the guilty transgressor !\*

Take heart, poor sinner ! thou weak brother of humanity ! Be up and be a man ; let not thy despair drive thee deeper still in guilt ! Thou hast been sorely tried, but not for nothing. Not always shall it be so ; not always shall thy body weigh down thy mind. Thou hast a soul, I know thou hast ; I see it by thy tears ; I hear it in thy groans. Suffer thou must. Thou hast voluntary sins to atone for, perhaps, by ages of repentance. Thou must *climb* to heaven, ever more hard to attain than any human eminence. Believe not thou shalt always sleep in death !

With these views and this belief, we read the history of the seventh and final age without disgust. This wasting and wearing out of the body seems the natural way of passing from this world to the next. It seems a beneficent order of Providence, to rob death of its terrors. Were our lives better, our passions and appetites under better control, there is little doubt but that men generally would die in this way. They would pass as the flowers fade, leaf by leaf ; as the stars go out. This gradual decay is the course of all nature. There is nothing harsh and abrupt in the workings of God. If we outrage his rules, we suffer the penalty. The careless and too indulgent mother robs her child of life, and cuts her own heart ; the sensualist, the inordinately ambitious, the schemer in diets and medicines, all pay the forfeit of their folly.†

We are losing the moral influences of the 'seventh age.' We rarely see it. Most corpses have teeth. Rare is the sight of a venerable old man. So obsolete has he become, that the dress peculiar to him is out of date, too. It is out of fashion, because there is nobody to

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\* REV. ORVILLE DEWEY.

† 'His et talibus rationibus adductus, Socrates nec patronum quesivit ad iudicium capitis, nec iudicibus supplex fuit ; adhibuitque liberam contumaciam, a magnitudine animi ductam, non a superbia. Et supremo vitæ die, de hoc ipso multa disseruit, et paucis ante diebus, cum facile posset educi e custodia, noluit ; et cum pæne in manu jam mortiferum illud teneret poculum, locutus ita est, ut non ad mortem trudi, verum in cælum videretur ascendere.

'Ita enim censebat itaque disseruit : 'Duas enim vias duplicesque cursus animorum a corpore excedentium. Nam qui se humanis vitiis contaminavissent, et se totos libidinibus dedidissent, quibus cæcati ; vel domesticis vitiis atque flagitiis se inquinavissent ; vel republica violanda fraudes inexpiabiles concepissent ; *his devium quodam iter esse, secturum a concilio deorum.* Qui autem se integros castosque servavissent ; quibusque fuisset minima cum corporibus contagio, seseque ab his semper sevocassent ; essentque in corporibus humanis vitam imitati deorum ; *his ad illos a quibus essent profecti, reditum facilem patere.*' Itaque commemorat, ut cygni (qui non sine causa Apolloni dicati sint, sed quod ab eo divinationem habere videantur quâ providentes quid in morte boni sit,) cum cantu et voluptate moriantur ; sic omnibus et bonis et doctis esse faciendum.'

CICERONIS TUSCULANÆ QUÆST.

wear it. Oh, for the age of old men ! How few know they had grand-fathers, except by reading tomb-stones ! Along with 'the infant in his nurse's arms,' and 'the school boy with his satchel,' along with the 'lover,' the 'soldier,' the 'justice,' and the age of retrospection, we would see the 'seventh age,' that 'second childishness,' in which nature prepares the body for dissolution — a passing without pain or regret. We should love to minister to its wants, to alleviate its pains ; to smooth the pillow of the white-haired old man, and to dress those silver locks, which have an infant delicacy and softness ; to place his chair in the comfortable nook, and adjust the footstool for his feeble limbs. It is when our fathers have passed into the seventh age, that we can repay them, in kind, for their care of our infancy. And it is a remarkable fact in natural history, that, by the course of nature, the parent never grows helpless, until the offspring has acquired strength sufficient to support its feebleness ; a fact which teaches us our obligation to the old.

How well the old and young look, side by side ! But the most pleasing picture of our relations, is to see an aged and infirm parent, once the strength and vigor of his fellows, leaning on the arm of his son, now in the prime of life, the full promise of his manhood, relying on the strength, confiding in the virtue, and trusting to the character, he himself helped to form, by instruction, counsel, and reproof ; looking and feeling happy, and proud of his faithful parentage, and so rewarded for his stewardship. There are gratitude, good sense, good taste, and religion, in such a sight.

This chapter of Shakspeare's history is short ; and, indeed, little but the bare fact ought to be stated. The life of the mind, for this world, was finished in the 'sixth age.' We close our readings, for the book is ended. Let *our* reader read and comment for himself. He will find much written in this 'history,' which we have not noticed. People must read the Bible and Shakspeare for themselves. They can no more read for each other, than they can walk, and sleep, and eat for each other. The same book may be a nourishment to one mind, and a poison to another. The same sentence may draw tears from the boxes, and buzzas from the pit. But all may store their minds from Shakspeare. He is a well from which all may fill their buckets, hold they more or less.

Preachers tell us we must read the Bible in a prayerful spirit ; no more, say we, than any book. All must be read, not for pleasure only, but for profit. From 'the history' we have attempted to extract the moral, the serious, and the useful ; and we shall be glad if we have been the means of eliciting a single good thought, of unfolding a single truth, or banishing a single error.

J. N. B.

#### TIME.

Old father Time stands still for none ;  
This moment here, the next, he's gone !  
And though you speak him e'er so kind,  
He never lags one step behind :  
If then with Time good friends you'd be,  
You e'en must run as fast as he !

## THE SISTER'S WISH.

LANGUAGE scarce hath power to tell  
How I love thee, brother;  
Dearer than all else below,  
Since we lost our mother:  
Ever while I think of thee,  
Tears of sweet emotion,  
And the faltering of my voice,  
Show my deep devotion.

Could a sister's prayer avail,  
And her warm caressing,  
Thine should be a charmed life,  
Rich in every blessing:  
Never more should thrill of pain  
Cause a start of anguish,  
Or a moment's weariness  
Make thy spirit languish.

I would rear for thee a home  
In a clime Elysian,  
Decked with every beauty rare,  
Like a fairy vision.  
Nothing sad should entrance gain,  
But from morn till even,  
Joy should rest on folded wings,  
'Neath a smiling heaven.

Flowers, whose leaves should wither not,  
By clear waters growing,  
Pure as are an infant's dreams,  
Bright as fancies glowing;  
Lofty trees, like guarding love,  
Pleasant shelter making;  
Singing winds, from all around  
Echoes sweet awaking:

These should cluster round thy home,  
Brother, dearest brother!  
Ah, that smile! it tells me thou  
Dreamest of another:  
And *that* other! — mortal eye  
Hath not seen its splendor;  
All of power most grand is there,  
All of love most tender.

Vanish then, my fairy dream,  
As the blush of morning  
Dies amid the golden glow  
Earth and skies adorning.  
Brother, *this* shall be my prayer,  
Other hopes suppressing;  
Sister cannot ask for more  
Than JEHOVAH's blessing!

Philadelphia, Aug. 20, 1838.

E. H. S.

## MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

## NUMBER ONE.

THERE are three things in life, for which I have an unutterable and unconquerable aversion, namely: dust, a north-east wind, and a petulant old maid. These are the three grand divisions of human misery. All other evils, mental and physical, corporeal or incorporeal, take their origin from these. They are the fountains from whence flow penury, affliction, disease, and death; and if there be such a thing as a 'material hell,' I doubt not that it is made up of a *happy* admixture of these three. The old story of literal fire and brimstone, has lost half its terrors. If our energetic preachers, of the modern ultra or Burchard school, who deal out these articles by the wholesale, to the racing, dancing, and drinking reprobates, of the present generation, would but change their metaphor, and draw a vivid picture of a dry and barren plain, with clouds of dust floating over its surface, blinding the eyes and choking the breath of the condemned sinner; with a north-east wind chilling the very marrow of his bones, and an innumerable host of antiquated virgins hovering around him — one for each sin he had committed on earth — I am quite sure that an amazing and immediate reformation would be the inevitable consequence. The fellow who would grin at 'brimstone,' would look serious at 'dust;' the 'north-east wind' would stop

the most hardened offender in mid-career; but when he was told that each sin he committed would visit him hereafter in the shape of a crabbed octogenarian old maid, you would see forcibly illustrated that line in Virgil,

'Steteruntque comæ et vox faucibus hæsit.'

If he did not then reform, you might give him up. If he stood *that*, he would stand any thing. You might put him down as incorrigible; as 'an apostate from his mother's womb.' You might search his head for a twelve-month, without finding the organ of caution, while that of amativeness would be prodigiously large. In short, he would be just such a man as phrenologists tell you have 'an especial relish for damnation, for its own sake.'

Don't imagine, reader, that I belong to that whining class, who sigh over all the little evils of existence. On the contrary, I have met and conquered some of its sternest foes. Gout has twisted my toes into ribbands; apoplexy has darted sheet-lightning through my brain; and *angina pectoris* has sent the warm blood leaping to the inmost citadel of my heart; but I have struggled through them all, and I am now a hale, hearty, cheerful, and vigorous old man, willing to live, and ready to die. It is not the light cloud of summer day-dust, nor the gentle north-east wind, nor the cheerful, amiable, delightful old maiden lady, that I dread; but it is the Egyptian cloud; the 'terrible searcher from the sea;' the cross, crabbed, vinegar, man-hating, cat-loving, match-breaking specimen of virginity. I can stand all evils but these, which I hate with a fervor that has acquired the force of habit.

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SPEAKING of habit: Phrenologists are all at fault, when they tell us that our actions originate entirely from the developments of the brain. They do no such thing. We are the creatures of habit and association. Our pleasures are derived from our association of ideas, and these proceed from our habits. Let me give you an instance. I was seated in my study the other day, plodding over the mysteries of my old master, Coke, when I heard the terrible cry of 'Fire!' I ran to the window, and looked out; and sure enough, there it was! A volume of black smoke was clouding and obscuring the atmosphere, while ever and anon a vivid sheet of fire would dart forth from the surrounding darkness, like a ray of hope springing out of the clouds and blackness of existence. I seized my hat, and rushed down. On my way to the *locus in quo*, I passed the Exchange building, in whose steeple there is a bell, that has been wont to sound the tocsin of alarm of fire for a period longer than the memory of that most respectable of all individuals, 'the oldest inhabitant.' At the base of the edifice, and gazing intently on the bell, stood an old acquaintance of mine. 'Why don't you go to the fire?' said I, shaking him. 'Fire?' answered he, 'there is no fire.' 'No fire!' said I, 'why don't you see it? It is close upon you, man! You'll *feel* it directly.' 'There is no fire,' exclaimed he, with vehemence; '*the bell has not rung.*' Unable and unwilling to combat this logic, I left him; but as I like to read the pages of human nature, I turned, when

I had passed on about twenty steps, and gazed at him. There he stood, the atmosphere redolent with flame, and crowds of men, women, and incipient specimens of both sexes, rushing by him. Horses without riders, and riders without horses; fire-engines tossing their giant arms; the echo of a thousand voices flinging back that awful monosyllable, '*fire!*'—and yet there he stood, transfixed, a statue, immovable. 'The bell had not rung;' but of a sudden, it 'gave tongue,' and its first stroke had the same effect upon him as Mr. Cross' electro-galvanic battery has upon flints and pumice stones. It vivified him; the statue started into life; and with an energy perfectly appalling, he rushed to the scene of confusion, shouting 'fire! fire! fire!' with a vehemence that arrested the crowd in its career. 'Why don't you go to the fire?' bawled he, as he passed me. 'Oh, nonsense!' said I, 'there's no fire.' 'No fire!' screamed he, in tones of the direst astonishment; '*why, don't you hear the bell?*'

Now that's what I call association of ideas. That man, during his whole existence, had been summoned to fires by the ringing of that bell; he could not, therefore, for the life of him, separate the ideas in his mind; and though his wife, children, and goods, (last, not least,) were being consumed before his eyes, he would not have moved a muscle to save them from the devouring element, until 'the bell had rung.'

Let me give you another example. My study is in the second story of a building, and beneath me there dwells a tailor; a hard-working, clever, and honest man. My window looks out upon his garden, a spot some two by three feet, and where he spends his leisure moments. His pleasures are all concentrated in that 'oasis of life's desert.' Now, fair reader, what do you think he has planted there? 'Violets?' No. 'Sweet-williams?' Not exactly; he has planted — 'Stop, don't tell me! Indian creepers and morning glories?' Try it again. 'Phsaw! Well, *button-weed*, I suppose?' 'That's somewhat nearer; but you have not hit it yet. Do you give it up? Well, he's planted a *cabbage* — a full blown, vigorous cabbage!' No lover of the honey-moon looks more anxiously for the smile of his mistress, than does our friend of the shears watch over the verdant developments of his much-loved plant. Pygmalion's adoration of Marmorea was a milk-and-water feeling, compared with the enthusiastic devotion of our tailor to his cabbage. It is watered by his tears, and tended with his hands. The blighting frosts of winter harm it not, in its moss-covered sanctuary; and my own heart leaps with benevolent feeling, as I see my honest friend plying his needle at his shop-board, and casting now and then delighted glances at the beloved of his eyes, while his voice carols forth some long-remembered ditty, forcibly reminding the hearer of the nightingale's sonnet to the rose. In the language of the poet,

'It is the rainbow of his sight,  
His joy, his heaven of pure delight.'

Now, I ask whence springs this affection? Answer, ye echoes of the human heart! Is it not association of ideas? Surely!

THE truth of the matter is, that all mankind are mad, and woman-kind also. There breathes no man, woman, or child, who is not, on some point or other, hopelessly insane. The symptoms are various, but the disease is the same. The other day, an individual called to consult me professionally. He belonged to the Dr. Johnson class, albeit rather a minute specimen. 'Sir,' said he, 'I desire to state a case to you ; to get your advice, promptly, clearly, categorically. I dislike circumlocution. I love brevity. Sir, a dog came on my premises yesterday ; a white dog, Sir, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, Sir. I describe him, Sir, with this precision, because I know the necessity of your being acquainted with all the leading facts, before you venture an opinion. Sir, I hailed him ; I repeated it — and again ; you perceive, Sir, *three* times. I did thus to the dog, because I would do the same to the man, Sir. It is a part of the law of nature, Sir, that you should hail three times, before you shed blood, Sir. Well, Sir, as I said, I received no answer. Of course, I expected none ; but I desired to preserve my consistency, Sir, and to act toward a beast with the same humanity I would exercise toward a man. They are both God's creatures, Sir. Well, Sir, I say I received no answer. I had a gun, a double-barrelled gun, Sir. I held it in my right hand, Sir — observe, I say 'the right hand ;' make yourself acquainted with the leading facts, Sir, before you venture an opinion. I raised it slowly. No answer yet, Sir ; I expected none, Sir, of course. I cocked it. Still no answer. Of course, I expected none. I applied my finger to the trigger, Sir ; I pulled it ; I fired ! He fell — he bled — he died. I did not fire the second barrel, Sir. I considered it unnecessary. I belong, Sir, to the utilitarian class. I do nothing that is unnecessary, Sir. Now, Sir, I am coming to the important point. Suppose, Sir, that instead of the white dog, with black spots, a cut tail, and long ears, suppose *a man* had entered my premises ; that I had hailed him three times ; you perceive, three times ; I receive no answer ; I raise my gun, I cock it, fire it. He falls — he bleeds — he dies. Tell me, Sir, briefly, distinctly, categorically, without equivocation, Sir, what, in your opinion, would be the consequences.'

'Hanging,' said I.

'Sir, I deny it. I asked your opinion, Sir, as a matter of form, but my own judgment was made up long ago. No court on earth, Sir, could so far violate the primitive rules of nature, as to hang a man, Sir, who had *hailed three times*. Nature says, Sir, hail three times, *and fire*.'

'My good Sir,' I interposed, 'you forget that Nature has no blunderbusses : how then can she command to fire ?'

'She has no blunderbusses, Sir, as you truly, but, I regret to add, ignorantly and flippantly, remark, but she has sticks and stones, Sir, and she throws them in the way of the oppressed. I reason analogically, Sir, and progressively. Nature gives sticks and stones, Sir ; nature gives man intellects, Sir ; man makes blunderbusses. Now, Sir, observe the analogy ; notice the progression ; perceive the reasoning. Nature makes man ; man makes blunderbusses ; *ergo*, nature makes blunderbusses. Man is the agent of nature, the 'general agent,' Sir, as you lawyers call it, with unlimited powers — 'qui



*facit per alium, facit per se.* Yes, Sir, nature makes blunderbusses, Sir. I have studied these things, Sir; I read nature, Sir. Her pages are not sealed books to me. I have the '*open sesame*' to her most hidden treasures, Sir. There's your fee, Sir. Good morning, Sir.'

'What a powerful intellect that man has!' said a good-natured and slightly-troubled-with-the-fool friend of mine, who had been a listener to our discourse; 'what a pity he is so eccentric! If he would only apply his vast learning to some useful object, if he were not quite so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man.'

'What an ass *you* are!' I was tempted to say; but I checked myself. Now, reader, both these men were crazy — as mad as 'March hares.' The first imagined himself one of the master spirits of the age, and his rudeness he considered the sure indication of genius; and the base coin passed current with the other man. He mistook the coarse, rude, stubborn, digressive, and insane speech of his co-madman, for genuine intelligence, and commendable decision. And so it generally passes with the world. Kindness and gentleness of manner is regarded as the unerring index of a weak and vacillating mind, while the brute, who tramples on the feelings of all those on whom he dares to make the experiment, is looked upon as a man of energy and firmness, and as veiling under the exterior of a bear the gentleness and amiability of the dove. That anomalous class of mankind, 'merchant tailors,' show their judgment of human nature in this respect, when they hang a pea-jacket at their doors, to indicate that they have fine broad-cloth coats and linen shirts for sale within.

Now a sensible man, or, to speak more correctly, a man whose monomania was of a different kind, would have put the question thus: 'Sir, a dog broke into my ground yesterday, and after making three efforts to drive him out, I killed him. I am desirous to know what consequences would attach to the act, if, under similar circumstances, I should kill a man?' But this would have been regarded, by the bystander of whom I spoke, as mere common-place, while all his encomiums were lavished on the rigmarole stuff of the pompous maniac, in whose whole speech there was not a single word of meaning or common sense. Stop, reader; I take back the last assertion. There were three words in that speech, which were indicative of sound judgment, clear perception, and unclouded intellect. They were, if I may speak figuratively, the sun's ray amid the morning mist; the eye in the toad; the grain of wheat in the dung-hill; the green spot in the desert. The most acute observer of human nature, the soundest philosopher, the most kind-hearted and benevolent individual, could not have used more fit, more appropriate, more intelligible expressions. In truth, they softened my wrath, they mollified my displeasure. I forgot the stubbornness of the individual who stood before me, and I could not help thinking, after all, that my good-natured friend was half right; 'if he were not *quite* so positive and rude, he would be a most estimable and distinguished man. 'Can you guess the talismanic words? No? Then I'll tell you. They are contained in the last sentence but one, when, suiting the action to the word, he observed: '*There's your fee!*'

SENEX.

## FUNERAL OF SHELLEY.

'You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back ground, and the sea before.'

BYRON'S LETTERS.

To funeral pile we bore  
The lord of lute and lay,  
Made on the lonely Tuscan shore,  
From England far away.  
Before us was a sea  
Of dark, unquiet mien,  
And in her arms of treachery  
Slept beauteous isles of green.

Behind us, graced with pines,  
And intermingling boughs,  
The tall, majestic Appenines  
Reared their eternal brows :  
Above, the skies were dark,  
And shaded with their frown  
Those waves, wherein his little bark,  
Amid the storm, went down.

From forest and from flood  
We heard sad tones ascend,  
And thought the nymphs of wave and wood  
Were mourning for our friend.  
For when alive he sung  
In places sweet and lone,  
And on the beach of ocean, strung  
His harp of deathless tone.

And well he loved the streams,  
Old rocks, and hoary trees,  
While spirits from the land of dreams  
Came harping on the breeze.  
We thought, while round his pyre,  
The blue waves at our feet,  
For voiceless monarch of the lyre,  
The rites of old were meet.

His couch of proud repose  
We fired at last, and high  
The flame, like crimson column, rose  
In perfume to the sky :  
The wild and waters round  
Were kindled by the glow,  
And frightened, with a boding sound,  
The gull flew to and fro.

Soon died away the light  
Of myrrh and crackling pine,  
And on the relics, warm and white,  
Was thrown the sacred wine.  
Peace to the bard ! amid  
The marble wrecks of Rome,  
By flowers and wreathing ivy hid,  
His ashes have a home !

And though around him lie,  
In consecrated mould,  
The great of centuries gone by,  
And demigods of old ;  
From far to view his tomb,  
The sons of genius throng,  
And chaunt, while they bewail his doom,  
Sweet, tributary song.

## RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

## NUMBER TWO.

THE extracts which follow, complete the selections from the journal alluded to in our last number, kept in Providence, (R. I.,) previous to the marriage of the writer, and her removal to West Point. A wider field, novel scenes, and new affections and cares, will impart to the passages which are to follow, from other records, even an added interest and value.

‘WONDER where our merriment comes from — our laughter, our lightness, our pleasure? Oh, marvel past compare! that mirth, and misery, and fear, trust, doubt, despair, and hope, and discontent, and cheerfulness, should rule, all our lives long, in blessing or in chastisement, the self-same spirit! — the *same*, yet turned and wrought upon, almost beyond our power of cognizance. How strange it seems, sometimes, to me, that we should think of any thing but the dust wherein we must lie and fade, even as it were to-morrow. Yet here we are, looking now to the past — that, to be sure, is certain! — now to futurity; rarely — at least with me — pausing amidst, and appreciating, the present. The ties that bind our miserable flitting hours and days, what are they? A joy! a — nothingness! Broken, lost, forgotten, for ever and ever! Father! Sister! Lover! these are deep and gentle sounds; and yet they faint and die away, even, as our lips uncloseto utter them.

‘I will e’en to my dreams, and they sometimes are wondrous fair. Oh, how I love to dream! When night with her mysterious hours comes on, heaven! ’tis a blessed thing to close our eyes in sleep! Strange, secret sleep; unguarded, unaware! Rain, flood your worst! I soon shall bid your dreariness good night! Ay, drip and drench; there may be brightening skies and sunny fields under my good curtains, whence your damp influence will surprisedly depart, to bother some waking and less fortunate mortal. It soon will matter not to me, I trow, whether there be storm or starlight above, or peace or turbulence below. Good night to lonely rooms, and repining thoughts, and wicked impatience, and unthankful misgivings! Good night to thee, my whilome near companion, and good night to beauteous Anna B——, whom I saw this evening at the Mansion House, and likened her to the Peris.

\* \* ‘To me, who have known that happiness which, God forgive me! seemed high as the highest, and who now would fain be freed from trusting, as I have trusted, to human enjoyment — to me, the present is but a thankless boon; the future — I cannot tell; the past, oh, bright as Spring!’ \* \* \* ‘Often, after longing for change, for dissipation, do I acknowledge the wisdom that places me where and as I am. Were the gaud, the glitter, of constant pleasure, such as I know exists for many, to encompass me, I should be less fit, even than now, to hold upon my daily course. As, it is, I do look

out upon the quiet stars at night, and hold communion with my eternal soul !

'FANNY H——, the youthful, the beloved, gone down in utter silence to the grave ! Her beautiful name, when I speak of lighter things, and her sweet *living* face, rise before me with a vividness for which I cannot account. Who, oh ! who, shall dare approach the mother's and the father's yearning grief, that have looked their last upon a child like thee ? — that have stood together beside that unshared pillow, and bent them down to thine unanswering lips, and laid their trembling hands upon thy lifeless brow, and whispered 'Gone !' Oh, colder to them shall be the summer, with her bursting bloom, than any winter's hour when thou wert by, and spoke, and smiled ! Death ! it cometh to each ; but to see a child of light like thee, laid thus within the trodden dust ; to know the throbbing hopes, and joys, and brightened images, that must have lived in thee, and think upon thy grave,

'Doth mock us drearily, in our busy places.'

\* \* 'Dreary to-day as clouds, and cold, and cankered falling leaves, could make it. Felt more forlorn than tongue can tell. Hoped for a letter, hoped for — *enfin*, I hope for all things, strive for all, but the sure guidance of my Maker, in the way which leads to peace and perfect rest. Could I but feel the height and depth of heaven above earth ; the immaculate truth of things celestial ; the perishing ashes of things terrestrial ; the folly of human wisdom ; the falsehood of human promise ! But I feel it not ! With the very tears of disappointment, and impatience, and weariness, in my eyes, I feel it not ! Knowledge and faith are different things ; for I *know* that life is a sorrowful shadow, fleeing away into darkness ; yet, trust not, as we are commanded, to the better and eternal meed beyond. I do not realize that bliss, before which the world's most real, most unmingled good, is but a dim and idle mockery.

'*Eh bien !* — it is well to know and to repeat, the past, the *past* is surely and for ever ours ! Hope, happiness, confiding days, and kind and fairy eves, and blessed phantasies, have all been mine ; and in the very winter of life's course, *I will remember*. Friends may forsake, foes may pursue, ties that bind all human beings with an undisputed power, be broken, lost, trampled ; there are moments, oh, I know it ! which quit our memory but in the grave ; and these, it may be, are they which mount with us in everlasting life hereafter.'

\* \* 'I love not the life I'm leading. For the society I meet in P——, it amounts (*la plus art*) to just precisely 000. I join in it of an evening ; talk, giggle, perhaps sing a song ; and if I catch the sight of a star in heaven, or the moon stealing in upon nonsense and noise, off, off go my thoughts on their fleet-winged errands, bringing me back no likeness of aught which is near and around me. What has come over me ? In other days, the most common have interested, the most simple have satisfied me.' \* \* 'If that man comes ever to see me again, I must be carried out insensible ! Stiff, prosy, smiling wretch ! What pauses, big with awfulness, I suffered to occur, in the 'dim, distant' hope that he would go ; and there he sat,

'yes, ma 'am,' 'yes, ma 'am,' till my patience jumped quite off her monument. The bare recollection of being subject two or three hours to that youth's narcotic devoirs, makes me as white as snow! Bitter is a dun, protruding chin, looking over a collarless black cravat! Bitter is straight lank hair! Bitter are two great red hands! Bitter is a vile-made boot, with nails in the heel! Bitter is Mr ——!

'RAINY, cold, forlorn! But there is never a day, upon which I do not open mine eyes at morning, with an instant thankfulness that I am alive upon God's earth; that I shall behold the blessed faces of my familiar affection; that I shall hear the sounds of all familiar things; that my full heart is beating; that these veins are warm and glowing with the cheerful 'tide of life!' \* \* 'Looked out this morning upon trees stripped of their foliage, their glittering summer dew and song; upon sear places amidst the grass, and sullenness over the waters, and the brooding sorrow of a wet November day pervading earth and air; yet my spirit, nowise hindered, spread her untouched pinions, and I blessed the hour that saw and sees me living! Ay, 't is pleasant! Who shall say, 'There is no good thing in us?' Yet so cry the preachers, and among them, that nasal-voiced abhorrence of mine, the Rev. Mr. ——. Oh false and fatal scheme! Do I not know there *are* existences within a human bosom, of most acceptable beauty, teaching gentleness to the lips, and kindness to the soul, and rising in odor neither 'distasteful,' nor 'disdained,' toward the altars of yonder unimagined heaven?

'Been troubled all this day about a dress! Even so; the shape of a garment to enfold and beautify the form we are told is clay, is sufficient to disturb our philosophy! And so shall it be, even unto the end of the world. Aspiring now to kindred and likeness with the angels, now vexed and wearied by the meanest insignificance, we all pass on to our journey's end, 'contending with low wants and lofty will.' *Eh bien!* 'T were a doleful thing, to often dive into these matters.

'Been spending the evening with C —— R —— . Found her alone in the parlor. Expressive phrase! when two young women, not past their prime of years, or pride of life, convene *to talk*. 'Match me, ye climes,' with any thing cozier than C —— 's parlor; fire, flowers, piano, and closed shutters, and not a man to interrupt, and two maidens, as I said before, met to confabulate. Letters and love, companions, books, beauty, compared, cut, and criticized, as in quick and grand review they pass before one. How women will talk!

'Been to Mr. C —— 's church, with Mr. C —— . Alas! only in name is there similitude between my two acquaintances. The one engaged in all manner of holiness, wearing the outward garb of plainness and humility; the other, seeking after mirth, and wonders, and earthly boons, and attired in a fine cloth cloak, with silk tassels.\*

\* We plead guilty to the cloak, but feel impelled to defend ourselves against the imputation of mirth and wonder-seeking, particularly at church, and especially under the ministrations of one who has the power, through the eloquence of deep feeling, and heart-felt pathos, to divert from the minds of his hearers all thoughts save those awakened by his affectionate labors.

'RETURNED from ——. Home — beloved and early home — I bid thee hail again! Changed as thou art from constant cheerfulness to the shadow of sorrow; lost, blessed scene! as is thy sound of blithe voices, and laughter, and music, and harmless, kindly mirth, my very heart is glad — glad, though the tear is in my eye — to return among thy still and dear familiar things. God! how they rise up, and speak to me, as with a voice! I hear the echo of my childhood's laughter! I see the gleaming faces of my happy childhood's mates! I hail anew the wonder of the waters! I chase the startled wings of fleeing butterflies. Dear, holy home! might I but die within thy well known sight! But if I am to leave thee, I will tear from my bosom, for the sake of him that loveth me, all wild and haunting memories. Not once hereafter will I seek the dark corner, to gather up thy vanished blessedness, to count thy hoarded hours of merry times and fresh — to see thee as thou *wert*, my home, and weep!

'I know not wherefore, but this Sunday afternoon reminds me more strongly and strangely than common, of olden words and days. The warm air is abroad, mocking the reign of dismal February; the snow patters from the eaves in twinkling drops; the sun — just like the blessed sun of other days! — is on my head; I think of thee, my lost and sainted —! of the heaven spread out in peace and love above mine eyes; of the earth, with all its vanished or forthcoming tributes, or ties, or trials, stretching beside and beyond me. So the winter is rolling onward and away. The Spring! Perchance she even now seeketh her buds, to awaken their slumber, and her breezes, to attune them to melody. She looketh, perchance, to her skies, that their tint be for ever unmatched! — to her floods, that they bound undelaying, ere long, at her call! There shall be spread over the sweet earth a pathway of greenness, and we that live on its bosom, shall watch along its valleys for feet which come not, and listen among its pleasant sounds for voices which arise not. And this is the cup we all must drink, and in our turn be mourned for a day, and missed for a day, and go down to the dust and the grave! Who will weep and stay for me, when my hour cometh? Perhaps none! This is a bitter and sad thought now, were I to dwell upon it; but when the time indeed is at hand, when the breath is going away, and the eyes can no more lift up themselves to earth or to heaven, and the memories or scenes of the life that is leaving us are blotted and unrecognised — it matters little, I ween, whose hand is on our head, or whose yet glowing lip is pressed to ours — the fading and the cold! It matters not!

'Thy latest beam, descending sun,  
Falls to my page from yonder heaven;  
I gaze — I yearn — 't is vainly done!  
Nor sound nor signal thence is given.  
The souls of those we lose and love,  
May spread their holy wings around,  
*Earth's* whispers meet us — but above,  
Beck'neth no finger, breaks no sound.  
I see the summoned stars alone,  
Gathering in silence round the throne.'

'THERE be surely some days, or some hours of some day of this



life, wherein the sinful even are exalted ! When we tread lightly and are gleeful ; when the earth and its creatures seem better than dust, and clouds are as good as the sun, and frost looks fanciful, and compliments are condoling, such as Mr. D — 's this morning, who alluded to 'the graces of my person,' and we can think of winter, apart from self destruction, and forgive 'yes, ma'am !' Ay, some days there are, when we sit at ease and smile, or go about our work with a lightsome eye, questioning never whence cometh our sudden mood, nor where, ere an hour is over, it perchance shall vanish away. Well ! to-day I 'm content ! The future — there 's a good veil pulled over it ! 'The past, the past ; 't is gathered hence. I AM ! not *was*, nor *shall be*. I have a heart, it slumbereth never. I have eyes ; they drink in the glory of heaven at night, and the brightness of all earth at morning. I have affections, kindly and full. I have feet, they ask no carriage ; hands, they are employed. I have thoughts, they track all space ; and lips, they sing. I have a tongue, it wags ; and tenderness, it softens me and others. I have the fire of pœsie, it blazes with immortal splendor ; a pen, it pokes it. To-day I am content.

'Wish I did not get over my indignations so easily ; but I do, and have, since I first arose like a star in the world's sight. Never can *keep affronted*. Duration of displeasure is utterly impossible and unknown to me. I *remember*, but not for one day in anger. Yes, many a little act is done and past against me, as against others. I can recall them, afterward, instant, at any time, but all feeling is then gone concerning them.

They say too, love is an illusion, a magic dream, a flitting, un-reached *something*, undefined in youth, unpossessed in age ; a winged and phantom wanderer through earth's starlight eves and listening bowers. Love ! That 's a funny thing, or shade, or whatsoever it be, unhinging the stateliest, unhousing the safest, waylaying the armed, anatomizing the gigantic, prostrating and beggaring the proud and the miser !

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Soon after her marriage, in May, 1833, Mrs. PHILLIPS removed, with her accomplished husband — who had been appointed to an important official station in the 'Military Academy' — to West Point. Here, amidst the sublime and beautiful scenery of this charming spot, and in the society of friends, whom she soon gathered around her, not less by the goodness of her heart, and the brilliancy of her intellect, than the ingenuousness and fascination of her manners, she passed the happiest period of her after life. The poetry of the scenery, together with the new and delightful relations upon which she had entered, seems to have endeared the spot to her affection, beyond even the home of her childhood. 'The fair beauty of sweet May,' she writes, subsequently, to her absent husband, 'seems at last to have received permission to come fully out. Her breath is on the air, her greenness in the valleys, her presence every where. Again, dearest husband, I can enjoy the enchantments of this our favorite post, only wishing for ever for your companionship, to complete the pleasure I must always have, while beholding, day by day, what I

verily believe to be the loveliest work of nature in this world.' When, afterward, a 'happy wife and happier mother,' she dwells, in epistles to her distant companion, upon the thousand endearments and tendernesses which are mingled with the remembrances of West Point, she ever pours out her spirit in heart-felt and touching reminiscence. 'That was a happy and a blessed time,' says she, writing from Philadelphia, 'that we lived together in our cottage on the rocks! Sweet is the memory of our pleasant hours, too soon, *too soon* destroyed! Never have I since tasted true pleasure.' In passages of the annexed journal, kept at Philadelphia, during the absence of Capt. PHILLIPS, at a far western military station, as well as in the private correspondence, to which we have alluded, and from which we shall quote hereafter, a vivid picture may be gleaned of the domestic scenes and events so fondly cherished.

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'SWEET Pennsylvania friends, and you ye streets all crossing one another, like so many brothers and sisters, five months have I been living and walking among you, yet written down nothing of the divers experiences and fancies, which in that time have signalized my days at board. Five months passed for ever! and I stand looking after them, as a thing of course; neither conscious that they have gone to witness for me, with any particular degree of praise or faith, nor yet resolving that the five to come shall be adorned by any extra effort at the necessary subjugation of pride, vanity, or lightness, to the rules of meekness, diffidence, and sobriety. Wont moralize, nor yet soliloquize; for *where's the use?* Here's an emphatic question! I wonder, though, why there's a mark set upon all persons 'seriously inclined?' There's Mistress W——, arrived to-day from Wilmington; I knew, before she mounted three stairs, that she had 'met with a change;' orders about trunks, issued each in a chastened, uncertain key, as if the owner might n't live to get out her common habiliments. 'T is too true! Something nasal and sepulchral always distinguishes the elect. I never yet was mistaken in man or woman who had 'a prospect!' Anticipations, one would think, reaching in blessed assurance beyond the swift-departing mockeries of the world, should cheer the eyes, and make music in the voice of the chosen. Wherefore then hang ye your heads, and dole ye out your daily phrases, O, children of happiness! for such you avow yourself to be?'

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'STRANGE life I lead here, so long, uncaring and uncared for; I, whose inward strings are capable of playing to a thousand different delightful airs; whose ears and eyes are wont to report me every sight and movement of society. Time was, I used to burnish my outward woman, for the pleasing essay of a gracious appearance in the face of the world. 'Company down stairs' once suggested to my brain the idea of some cheery assemblage, primed with piquant discourse, and happy efficiency. Nobody in this house to whom I ever open my mouth! Oh! I'm tired of belonging to nobody! Solitude's a fine thing, if one may choose the when and whereabout.

Commend me, with a heart full of rich fancies, and eyes athirst for greenness, — to the soft shining dew, and silence of the river's sloping bank! Leaves must be there, glossy and thick, and the cool balm of June's descending day. Or starlight is sweet, as alone, at the dark window, forgetful of our household forms and faces, for one pure and acceptable moment, we look up in yearning and in love to the holy and voiceless mysteries of God. World of *our eyes*! — what art thou, that we tread thee sometimes in utter impatience of what is common and lowly; that we take upon us to denounce those perceptions whereon thy music, and beauty, and glory, and bloom, fall unacknowledged and unaware? \* \* *Eh bien*, since the W——'s left, I'm stagnate! No feelings, no wishes, no ambition to wear my blue gown. Husband at Arkansas; home at West Point. Oh, for a house once more, whereof I carry the keys, and pour out tea! Here's little Miss Phillips, my first olive branch, must be praised for all the life and promise remaining in me. Her voice playeth for me 'a pleasant tune,' her free laugh ringeth silver! Now, peace be with thee, my child, my child! God knows it is a fearful thing to look along the path thy tender feet must cross, to remember the thoughts which one by one must break into that harmless bosom, ere the quiet dew of its infancy, and the trustful flowering of its youth, are swept away for ever! Dearest, must it be? Is it in vain I lift my deprecating hands, bidding good angels guard thee? Is thy lot indeed upon thee, little one?

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'I've seen some variety of earthly pilgrims here. Trunks, canes, and valises, of sundry hues and shapes, followed up and in by their owners. Some talk politics, some, according to their own ingenious taste, amuse themselves in the fancied erection of the famous 'monument.' From last advices, our country's father was to be exposed seven thousand feet in the open air; quite invisible, 't was thought, to the naked eye, but leaving a pleasing conviction in the bosoms of his patriotic children that he is certainly there! Assuredly people have very different noses, mouths, and hair, but I'm afraid mankind are terribly alike, at last; just so many letters on the same business, folded up and addressed to different persons. Mrs. S——, who, for a consideration, entertains my nurse, my pledge, and myself, receives also transient visitors. Thereby am I enabled, from my corner on the sofa, to review the comers as they 'flit and fade.' Nobody laughs a *good laugh*, says a good thing, nor notices, by any indication, the fullest flood of winter's moonlight that ever falls clear and untarnished through Dame S——'s windows, over the carpet! Ergo, there's neither genuine mirth, quick-witted skull, nor flavor of sentiment, among the whole itinerant host of travellers coming under mine observation, since August.

'Our *fixtures*, chez M'me S——, are Mr. and Mrs. P——, two squat, square figures from St. S——s, Madame having the advantage by a head of hair built straight up in the shape of a barrel, with a great congregation of viney curls trailing over the top of a sort of braid-fence, on the summit of her crown. Monsieur, *tout au contraire*, being guilt-

less of a neck, sinks hopelessly down into his garments, like a toad in a high-collared coat. Two vulgar-looking little squabs bless the connubial entwinement of Mr. and M'me P——, who appear at dessert with blue check aprons, and appetites by no means scrimp. There's Mrs. R——, much on a line with t' other, saving whitish viney curls instead of black, and the possession of dyspepsia, which causeth her to destroy, she being under a regimen, all the sponge-cake at table. There's a Mr. R., also, belonging to this fair malade, whose forte seems bowing to every body, and saying, 'Yes, Sir—yes, Sir.' There's old, *old* Mr. L——, enlivening his antique state, by frequent spring-time allusions; pretends to like 'snow-balling;' urges on the public what a d—l of a beau he used to be with the ladies; insinuating, by many a furtive glance, as he protrudes his dwindled limb toward the fire, 'That was the leg for a boot!' But over all, commend me to an old, lean maid, with young, full airs, and gallopades. Oh, burthensome friskiness! Oh, damaged singing-voice! Miss L—— is the last rose left unplucked, on her ancient father's fading bush. Sweet *Grace*, (for such is her name,) step forth! Surely my Atalanta, thou'rt shod in mail; thou shak'st the house! Indeed, old damsel, I've no inborn spite against thee, but your affections, I clearly discover, are far from being scattered on my grateful head. My sins against you, rose of Sharon! are only younger days, a smoother tongue, and better courtesies of strangers journeying this way. \* \* Fidgetty, snappish and suspicious, I believe M'lle to be malicious enough for any evil length. Her sweetest regulated address sounds premonitory of a quarrel; her best arranged attitude looks indicative of a stamp. Five or six women at board, and you could n't drain from all their united spirits drops enough to concoct one soul! What sustains my vital principle so long, I cannot tell. Go every evening in the parlor, there they sit; table in the centre, muslin hemming by the yard; sore-throat cures descanted on by the quart; extraordinary shrinking of flannel, if not properly washed, decried and lamented, and all with as much important interest as though the flimsy discussion embraced the hopes of immortality. Our medical students are increased to six; three last, through intolerable stinginess, or better, actual poverty, have taken one small room. I do hold that no full grown men, however linked in friendship's holy bonds, could, under any common circumstances, be induced, nay, *driten*, to apply to Morpheus every night in triplicates, for his drowsy favors. \* \* Any way, I do despise medical students; the pompous, ignorant, wordy, strutting geese! Oh, this is some relief! — for I long every minute to box their ears! There, take it, Dr. R——! and you, you fat, unmannered lump! — and you, above the whole classic group, you mincing, smoking, be-singed, and curly sap! How DARE you speak to me — withal in as soft, assured a tone, as though your Indian-beads were 'pearls?' \* \* 'Strange how some people are satisfied with whatever they can get! There's Miss L——, and the rest, all trying to make themselves seductive in the eyes of as vulgar, rough a portion of our country's youth, as ever fed on corn-bread. Doubtless it is delightful to be able to mix our respective ingredients with whatever compound is likely for a season to be continually placed in our sight, and by our side. Can't submit! Stay up stairs, first, from

one week to another. I there have my baby, my thoughts, and (woman's mighty solace!) abundance of plain sewing. Happy sex! who find our Egeria within the compass of a small wicker-work basket, while the breast of tired and toiling man beats only responsive to the voice of ambition, or the chink of riches. There's an idea going the rounds, that the 'sphere of woman is contracted.' She can't skate on the Delaware, nor walk down by herself to the Exchange, to hear the morning news; but there are 'excellent plots' in the arrangement of patch-work, and life's sweetness comes to a focus in the boiling midst of a kettle of molasses candy!

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S T A N Z A S .

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'We met and we parted.'

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We met! I clasped as fair a hand  
As ever graced an earthly form;  
Its answering touch was mild and bland —  
Was witching, soft, and warm.  
We met! I saw an eye as bright  
As is the eldest star of even;  
It shed such rays of melting light  
As beam around the queen of heaven.

I heard a voice, whose low-breathed tone  
Was sweet as an Æolian strain;  
Cheering, as in the burning zone  
The wind's first whisper on the main.  
I saw a lip whose ruby hue  
Put painting's brightest tint to shame,  
And sparkled with as pure a dew  
As e'er was sipped by morning's beam.

That cheek where rose and lily vie,  
And each alternate gains the prize,  
Beamed like a summer's sunset sky,  
When snow-white cloud-wreaths blend its dyes.  
A swan had marked that neck of white  
With envious yet enamoured eye;  
Warbling, he sank from 'neath the light,  
And left to her his melody.

And those who saw that brow, might deem  
An ancient tale with truth was rife,  
And think that there a heavenly beam  
Had warmed the marble into life.  
Her hair was of such mingled tint,  
That to describe one shade were vain;  
Its varying hues the sunbeams paint  
On waving fields of golden grain.

That voice was tuned to winning notes,  
Those charms around me wove their spell;  
But on the past the vision floats  
Of one I learned to love too well.  
We parted! Chill that lily lip,  
And cold that eye had learned to be;  
And Giulia, on a foreign strand  
I pour this strain of love to thee!

## THE OLD TOWN PUMP.

'And a good many of y<sup>e</sup> town of Boston can testify, that evill spirits have greatly troubled them, appearing in diverse forms and shapes, and sometimes continuing their hatefull visits, at brief intervals, for nearly a whole moneth at a time.'

COTTON MATHER.

NEARLY a century ago, long before our good ancestors, the colonists, thought of throwing off the yoke of Great Britain, there was an old pump, situated at the foot of Copp's Hill. In its best days, it had been celebrated for supplying the North End with the purest water in Boston. It had its failings, however, as what pump has not? It resolutely refused water, save early in the morning or late at night. When morning and night came, therefore, it was thronged with 'regular customers,' who, notwithstanding the large numbers, peaceably took their turn, without even so much as shoving or pushing, to gain precedence. Alas! how short is human life! Not one of all the goodly company who were wont to resort to that pump, are now living. They have wasted from the face of the earth, and even their names have perished! The venerable old relic, too, its antiquated handle, its curious-crooked nose, its old-fashioned shoe, and its short, round body, and thick cap, with 'Timothy Block, Maker, 1700,' engraved upon it, has perished. Ah, me! that old pump! which once served as a landmark to a lost townsman in a dark night, even as the light-house guides the tempest-tossed mariner, which was the assignation-place, the trysting-tree, could it have spoken, what tales could it not have unfolded, of plots, rebellion, and treason! It could have whispered, too, of the lover's soft tale, told beneath its friendly shadow. But it has perished; its springs have long since dried up, its body prostrated, and its ancient cap, which should have claimed respect for its antiquity, from the hand of sacrilege, laid level with the dust. Avarice and worldly gain has erected a block of buildings upon the site which it once occupied, and it is known no more.

About a stone's throw from the spot upon which it stood, there still existed, in 1800, an old-fashioned two-story wooden house, once painted red, but so altered by time, that scarcely a vestige of its former color remained, when it was torn down. This was the residence of Bill Gray, a cobbler by trade, who supported his mother and himself from his earnings, by mending shoes and leggins for the good town's people of Boston. Bill was fond of an extra glass, and often in the summer season, when his day's work was over, would run down to the 'King George' tavern, only just for a few minutes, where, in company with congenial spirits, he was pretty sure to spend half the night.

One evening in May, 1750, Bill was seated as usual in the tap-room of the 'King George.' A storm had been gathering all day in the heavens, and just at nightfall had burst in all its fury upon the little town of Boston. So sudden had been its advent, that many, who but a minute before had prophesied that it would undoubtedly hold off till morning, were, in spite of their prediction, compelled to fly for shelter to the nearest cover. Of this number was Bill Gray, who



chanced to be standing near the tavern. It was quite natural for him to dodge into the bar-room of the 'George.' A general shout from a drinking party at a table welcomed him, and after drying his wet garments by the fire, he took a seat at the table with them.

As it had evidently set in for a rainy night, the party determined to enjoy themselves under cover, and bid defiance to the storm which raged without. Ordering fresh fuel and liquor, therefore, they prepared to make themselves as comfortable as the case would admit. The wind, weather, crops, and other topics, which to this day furnish materials for common-place conversation, having been worn out, the company began to look each other in the face, and in spite of all their endeavors their spirits began to flag, and all for want of something to talk about. Suddenly one of the company proposed that they should all take turns in relating stories. The proposition was at once voted a good one, and innumerable were the tales that were told that night. There was one in particular, which was deeply impressed upon the mind of Bill Gray, who, to the day of his death, remembered every syllable, exactly as it was narrated. The burden of the tale was simply this. A man, for some trifling consideration, sold his soul to Satan. At the expiration of a few years, he was waited upon by his Infernal Majesty, and transferred to his kingdom, with the usual accompaniments of fire, smoke, blue lightning, and thunder.

Ten o'clock struck, before the party thought of breaking up; and when they did, Bill Gray, with his hands in his pockets, ran home with all the speed he was master of, keeping his eyes closed all the way, lest he should meet the Evil One, and be tempted to barter his hopes of salvation. After safely locking the door, he began to congratulate himself upon being again at home. He was thinking of a draught of water, before going to bed, when, happening to cast a look into the bucket, he perceived that it was empty. What was to be done? He must either start off and fill it, or rise a great deal earlier in the morning than suited his habits. He could not forego his morning's nap, nor could he bring his mind to pay a nocturnal visit to the old pump, at the foot of Copp's, especially when his brain was filled with ghosts, hobgoblins, and the heroes of such awful legends as he had heard that evening. But as the water must be had, he decided, after a severe mental struggle, that the best thing he could do, would be at once to start, before his courage could have time to evaporate. Seizing the bucket, he rushed in desperation out of the house, and took his way, by the shortest cut, to the pump.

The storm was over, and the clouds breaking away, gave tokens of a fair day on the morrow. But Bill cared not for this; his greatest solicitude was, to get back in the least possible time, without meeting the Imp of Darkness. He soon found himself alongside the pump, and under the faint glimmering lamp, which the inhabitants of the North-End had purchased by voluntary subscription, and planted near it. Suspending his bucket under the nose, he clutched the handle, and moved it convulsively up and down a dozen times, but without success. Not a drop flowed. Again he tried, and yet again, but a long, dry cough was all he could elicit. In his vexation, he raised his arm, and dealt the inanimate offender a severe blow with his clenched fist.

'Come, look out how you hit me, Bill Gray!' said a gruff voice, close to him.

Bill raised his eyes, in unfeigned astonishment, and beheld, seated across the nose of the pump, a little figure scarcely two feet in height, dressed in a black suit, with a red woollen cap on his head. He was one entire deformity. On his back he carried a miniature mountain, his head was larger than any three Bill had ever seen; his legs were like drum-sticks, and his face was lit up with a hideous expression, while from his eyes there darted an unearthly twinkle.

'Who — who are you?' stammered Gray.

'My name is Knippercrack,' answered the same gruff voice: 'I am the tutelar genius of this pump. I preside over its destinies, and I won't permit it to be abused, especially by one upon whom it has been in the habit of conferring its favors.'

As he said this, the little man clapped his hands, and gave vent to something between a screech and a howl, which reechoed through the neighborhood, until it seemed that it would lift the very roofs of the houses; and our hero fancied he could hear the same cry repeated in chorus by a thousand voices, on the summit of Copp's.

'Now, tell me,' growled the genius — 'tell me truly, or I'll pass you over to the good people up the hill there — what are you doing here, at this time of night?'

Bill made out to say that he was after water.

'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' yelled Knippercrack. 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!' repeated the chorus on the hill. 'Tell that to those whom you can make believe it!' continued Knippercrack, with a laugh of derision; 'come after water at this time of night? All fudge! You lie, Bill Gray! — you know you lie!'

Although Bill was undoubtedly the biggest coward in Boston, still he could not stand and hear himself thus berated, without feeling a hearty good will to upset the little gentleman into the shoe of the pump — if he only dared! Such thoughts did indeed flit across his mind; and growing bolder by degrees, he ventured to survey more closely the person of the diminutive imp, and to institute a comparison between his strength and his own, and the probable result of a rough-and-tumble.

'I'll bet I can wallop him!' exclaimed Bill, mentally, 'right between his peepers. I'll try it!'

'No you won't, Bill; you'll wish you had n't, if you do!' growled Knippercrack.

Bill started back in amazement. The little man had read his most secret thoughts!

'I didn't say nothin',' said Gray.

'No, but you thought so,' retorted the genius.

'I'll thank you for my bucket; I'll be goin' home, I guess,' said Bill, after a short pause, during which time he had been screwing up his courage to make the demand.

'Your bucket! Hoo! hoo! hoo!' And again the chorus on the hill repeated, 'Hoo! hoo! hoo!'

'Look here, Bill Gray!' cried Knippercrack; and therewith he kicked the bucket into the shoe of the pump. Bill sprang toward it, but before he reached it, he found himself unaccountably rooted to the spot on which he stood. So strong and potent were the invisi-

ble chains which bound him, that he could not move a limb an inch ; and to add to his distress, the imp still maintained his position across the nose of the pump, rubbing his hands in great glee, and ever and anon yelling forth his fearful 'Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !'

'Run for your bucket, Bill !' cried Knippercrack, giving it a kick toward the grave-yard on the hill. Bill, released from the spell which bound him, darted after it. Away it went, rolling over tombstones, graves, and tablets ; and away went Bill in pursuit, buffet-ing with the ghosts, giving out and receiving blows, but all in vain ; for no sooner did he think he had his bucket safe, than it was snatched away by some invisible hand. Thus it continued, until near morning, and Bill at last gave it up in despair. Leaving the bucket to its fate, he sought his humble dwelling.

When the regular troop repaired to the pump, in the morning, to draw their accustomed supplies of water, they found a bucket filled to the brim, suspended under its nose. Our hero often related his adventure, but as none of the good town's people had ever heard of Knippercrack, they all came to the conclusion that Bill must have either been drunk or dreaming.

#### THE DYING GIRL.

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A BOOK-WORM.

Off would she sit and look upon the sky,  
When rich clouds in the golden sunset lay  
Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh,  
That come like music at the close of day —  
Trembling among the orange blooms, and die  
As 't were of very sweetness. She was gay,  
Meekly and calmly gay, and then her gaze  
Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young, thin cheek a vivid flush,  
A clear transparent color, sat awhile ;  
'T was like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,  
And round her mouth there play'd a gentle smile,  
Which though at first it might your terrors hush,  
It could not, though it strove, at last beguile ;  
And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein,  
Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty, all  
Men love or woman boast of, was decaying,  
And one by one life's finest flowers did fall  
Before the touch of Death ; who seem'd delaying,  
As though he'd not the heart at once to call  
That maiden to his home. At last, arraying  
Himself in softest guise, he came : she sigh'd  
And, smiling as though her lover whispered, died !

He saw her where she lay, in silent state,  
Cold and as white as marble : and her eye,  
Whereon such bright and beaming beauty sate,  
Was, after the fashion of mortality,  
Closed up for ever : even the smiles which late  
None could withstand, were gone ; and there did lie  
(For he had drawn aside the shrouding veil,)  
By her a helpless hand, waxen and pale.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.** By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE, Avocat à la Cour Royale de Paris, etc., etc. In one volume. pp. 500. New-York: GEORGE DEARBORN AND COMPANY.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE is a philosopher. He comprehends men, things, and even the Americans. We have hitherto been an enigma to all the world; but our author has at least partly solved it. He has put into the hands of the European public a key to our long-concealed mysteries; he has lifted more than one corner of the veil that was spread over us. His book carries on its face the marks of candor, cool and philosophic discernment, and probability, and will therefore work conviction abroad. He seems himself, however, to be in doubt whether it will work conviction among us: 'If ever these lines are read in America,' says he, 'I am well assured of two things: in the first place, that all who peruse them will raise their voices to condemn me; and in the second place, that very many of them will acquit me at the bottom of their consciences.' A conviction notwithstanding, though it may not stand confessed. Honestly, however, we believe he intends to apply this remark to his chapter on the tyranny of public opinion in America; for we see no reason why he should entertain such an apprehension as to the effects of his book, in general, on the people of this country. As a whole, he has not executed a work to bring a lasting blush over our face, though he has told some humiliating truths. He puts us down and sets us up alternately. With one dash of his pen he would seem to be sending us to Coventry; and with another, he restores us to good society, and confirms us in it. On one page, or part of a page, nay, by the sweep and power of a single sentence, a foreigner, who had no other means of acquaintance with the subject of the author's story, might be excused for losing all respect for us; anon, he will be put all aback by some sudden change of the winds, and be obliged to trim his sails and right his bark, to gain a favorable position and more easy course, from which he may gaze with admiration on that ship of state in the distance, which rides the mountain wave with a grace, and a dignity, and a skill, which insures a prosperous voyage, or which is well prepared to encounter a foe. According to M. DE TOCQUEVILLE — and we must confess he appears more studious for truth than anxious to please — we might seem a people of contradictions, an agglomeration of anomalous accidents, yet to be assorted, and our social history yet to be explained, except so far as he himself has lifted the veil, and presented us to the eyes of the European public. A thousand and ten thousand things, of the nature of facts in our history, unknown before almost to ourselves, he has opened on the gaze of the world; and things, too, of a very mysterious, potential, and momentous character. He has analyzed our history, from the beginning and from the bottom, and *attempted* to show the effect and drift of the whole. But the latter task was too mighty even for him. For notwithstanding all his skill in combination and composition, he has

left the field and the scene a chaos; a world in existence, but not a world reduced to order. The foreigner may see, in the glass which our author has put into his hands, many things in America to laugh at, but there will also be forced on his attention much to admire. In the consultation of his own acquired tastes and habits, if he is tolerably well off in his own country, he may feel for a moment that he would not desire to be a member of such a community as America, but his next thought will be, that America cannot be despised. He may discover a thousand little things, but he will always find them planted by the side of great things. He may see customs and manners which to him would be uncomfortable, but he will behold in the causes that have produced them, a sufficient quantum of redeeming influences to balance the account. He may find a sort of rampant freedom, and a bustle without any apparent order or object, but when he looks deeper, he will discover an indomitable respect for the laws, and a steady, all-ruling purpose in the aims and pursuits of these go-ahead republicans. From the violent political agitations of the community, and the apparent want of compactness and vigor in the body politic, he may imagine that the affairs of the country have brought it to the crisis of its existence; but he will afterward find that it has been in a state of crisis ever since it had any existence at all. In a word, he will be surprised, at every step, at some new development of redeeming qualities, to be set over against such faults, and of guiding, protecting powers, in the giddy whirl of such an active, bustling, and onward march of society. An enigma still the country and its institutions may be, sufficient to puzzle the politicians of the old world; but its characters are reflected from the dome of heaven, and he who would thoroughly understand them, must climb and tread among the stars. As M. DE TOCQUEVILLE more than intimates, it was not man, but God, that made America. It is one of the results of a high and inscrutable Providence. Man opposes heaven, but heaven, in spite of man, rules over the earth. 'The powers that be,' and that have been, have armed themselves against the introduction and establishment of free governments; but God, from his throne, has decreed otherwise, and the whole state of the civilized world is rapidly and irresistibly tending to this result. Such seems to be the conviction of our author, and we are not disposed to dissent from him.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has certainly bestowed on us some compliments—we may say, many. For all that he has done, we may respect ourselves, and shall be respected. Comparing all the faults he has found in us, with the excellencies he has awarded to us, we are still a great, and may be a proud, people. Our virtues we are accustomed to know, and perhaps sufficiently addicted to appreciate. But our author says: 'There are certain truths which the Americans can only learn from strangers or from experience.' Of course, they are the more unpleasant truths, in other words, our faults. Look at this: 'If great writers have not at present existed in America, the reason is very simply given in these facts: there can be no literary genius, without freedom of opinion; and freedom of opinion does not exist in America!' Surely, if this be a truth, we have first learned it from a stranger. But the particular and only application which he makes of it, is rather suspicious: 'There is no public organ of infidelity.' That is, the tyranny of public opinion is such, that infidelity cannot show its head, and front, and body, in an organized form. On this point, this simple statement may suffice for all the needful purposes of a reply. Nor would we suggest that M. DE TOCQUEVILLE was himself an infidel, and grieved at this negative fact. We have on the whole set him down for a Christian. But it was rather a blunder, at least, that he should rest the truth, and hazard the influence, of his statement, on such a reference.

Again our author says: 'I know no country in which there is so little independence of mind, and freedom of discussion, as in America.' But observe, it is supported by the same reason, occult indeed, though allied to another that is cousin german: 'In any constitutional state of Europe, every sort of religious and political theory may be advocated and propagated abroad.' Mr. SPENCER, in his notes to this work, has very properly qualified and rebuked our author's treatment of this subject. We think M. D. TOCQUEVILLE was led into error here, first by his theory, and next for lack of information as to its practical operation. Reckoning the majority as an unity, and assuming that men are the same in the aggregate as they are severally, he jumps to the conclusion, that the absolute sway of a majority is as dangerous as that of an individual: 'For these reasons,' he says, 'I can never willingly invest any number of my fellow creatures with that unlimited authority which I should refuse to any one of them.'

If there be truth and justness in the following statement, it is tremendous indeed:

"In America, the majority raises very formidable barriers to the liberty of opinion. Within these barriers, an author may write whatever he pleases, but he will repent if he ever steps beyond them. Not that he is exposed to the terrors of an auto-da-fé, but he is tormented by the slights and persecution of daily obloquy. His political career is closed for ever, since he has offended the only authority which is able to promote his success. Every sort of compensation, even that of celebrity, is refused him. Before he published his opinions, he imagined that he held them in common with many others; but no sooner has he declared them openly, than he is loudly censured by his overbearing opponents, while those who think, without having the courage to speak, like him, abandon him in silence. He yields at length, oppressed by the daily efforts he has been making, and subsides into silence, as if he was tormented by remorse for having spoken the truth.

"Fetters and headsmen were the coarse instruments which tyranny formerly employed; but the civilization of our age has refined the arts of despotism, which seemed, however, to have been sufficiently perfected before. The excesses of monarchical power had devised a variety of physical means of oppression; the democratic republics of the present day have rendered it as entirely an affair of the mind, as that will which it is intended to coerce. Under the absolute sway of an individual despot, the body was attacked, in order to subdue the soul; and the soul escaped the blows which were directed against it, and rose superior to the attempt; but such is not the course adopted by tyranny in democratic republics; there the body is left free, and the soul enslaved. The sovereign (the majority) can no longer say, 'You shall think as I do, on pain of death; but, you are free to think differently from me, and to retain your life, your property, and all that you possess; but if such be your determination, you are henceforth an alien among your people. You may retain your civil rights, but they shall be useless to you, for you will not be chosen by your fellow citizens, though you solicit their suffrages; and they will affect to scorn you, if you solicit their esteem. You will remain among men, but you will be deprived of the rights of mankind. Your fellow creatures will shun you like an impure being; and those who are most persuaded of your innocence, will abandon you, too, lest they should be shunned in their turn. Go in peace! I have given you your life, but it is an existence incomparably worse than death.'"

That a man who had observed so profoundly and correctly on other matters, and an author who had written so well, and discoursed so eloquently, upon them, could fall into this egregious blunder of theory and fact, excites our astonishment. Had we not other reasons for giving him credit for a christian belief, we should still apprehend that he had found some occasion in actual life to sympathize with the obloquy of an avowed and open infidel, laboring to propagate his sentiments, but defeated and borne down by public opinion, or with some other renegade to well-received and sacred opinions, who had dared to outrage the common feeling of the community. In our country, this description applies to no other case of fact. And yet our author appears to apply it to politics. Again:

"When an individual or a party is wronged in the United States, to whom can he apply for redress? If to public opinion, public opinion constitutes the majority; if to the legislator, it represents the majority, and implicitly obeys its injunctions; if to the executive power, it is appointed by the majority, and remains a passive tool in its hands;



the public troops consist of the majority under arms; the jury is the majority invested with the right of determining judicial cases; and in certain states, even the judges are elected by the majority. However iniquitous or absurd the evil of which you complain may be, you must submit to it as well as you can."

Doubtless there may have been some occasion for observing the tyranny of opinion in our country, when armed with the influence of the majority, both in the political and religious world, and in all other forms of the social state. But we are not aware, than any more perfect state of society has yet been invented, than the rule of the majority. And as our author appears to be an advocate of free governments, and in most respects an admirer of ours, we will just introduce the form he has suggested as a more perfect way: 'That the legislative power should be so constituted as to represent the majority, without necessarily being the slave of its passions; an executive, so as to retain a certain degree of uncontrolled authority; and a judiciary, so as to remain independent of the two other powers.' Very well. We know not but we would go for it, if it can be made practicable; though there seems to be so much of the indefinite in the whole, and so much of the nicety of detail to be settled, we fear there might be difficulties in the way.

Without descending to the minutiae of criticism, which lie open to notice on the pages of the volume before us, we may say, in conclusion, that the author has executed a work for which the world ought to thank him — the European world, and the American world. He has shown us up to foreigners and to ourselves; and though he has found some fault in us, he has left us enough to be proud of. He has convinced us more than ever, that if just to ourselves, and true to our principles, we can yet become, if not the greatest, yet one of the greatest and happiest people on earth. We have indeed much to make us anxious, but much to hope for. M. DE TOCQUEVILLE has demonstrated one thing — our positive and relative importance; and henceforth, so far as the influence of our author may go, and we predict it will not be small, the world will be constrained to acknowledge it. Let the following quotations suffice for this point, and for our part of duty on the great theme:

"It must not be imagined, that the impulse of the British race in the new world can be arrested. The dismemberment of the union, and the hostilities that might ensue, the abolition of republican institutions, and the tyrannical government that might succeed it, may retard this impulse, but they cannot prevent it from ultimately fulfilling the destinies to which that race is reserved. No power upon earth can close upon the emigrants that fertile wilderness, which offers resources to all industry, and a refuge from all want. Future events, of whatever nature they may be, will not deprive the Americans of their climate, or of their inland seas, of their great rivers, or of their exuberant soil. Nor will bad laws, revolutions, and anarchy, be able to obliterate that love of prosperity, and that spirit of enterprise, which seem to be the distinctive characteristics of their race, or to extinguish that knowledge which guides them on their way." \* \*

"The time will come, when 150,000,000 of men will be living in North America, equal in condition, (if the institutions remain unchanged,) the progeny of one race, owing their origin to the same cause, and preserving the same civilization, the same language, the same religion, the same habits, the same manners, and imbued with the same opinions, propagated under the same forms. The rest is uncertain, but this is certain; and it is a fact new to the world; a fact fraught with such portentous consequences, as to baffle the efforts even of imagination.

"There are, at the present time, two great nations in the world, which seem to tend toward the same end, although they started from different points: I allude to the Russians and the Americans. Both of them have grown up unnoticed; and while the attention of mankind was directed elsewhere, they have suddenly assumed a most prominent place among the nations; and the world learned their existence and their greatness at almost the same time. All other nations seem to have nearly reached their natural limits, and only to be charged with the maintenance of their power; but these are still in the act of growth. All the others are stopped, or continue to advance with extreme difficulty. These are proceeding with ease and with celerity along a path to which the human eye can assign no term. The American struggles against the natural obstacles which oppose him; the adversaries of the Russians are men. The former combats the wilderness and savage life; the latter, civilization, with all its arts and arms. The conquests of the one, therefore, are gained by the ploughshare; those of the other by the

sword. The Anglo-American relies upon personal interest to accomplish his ends, and gives free scope to the unguided exertions and common sense of the citizens; the Russian centres all the authority of society in a single arm. The principal instrument of the former is freedom; of the latter, servitude. Their starting point is different, and their courses are not the same; yet each of them seems to be marked out by the will of heaven to sway the destinies of half the globe."

We have already briefly referred to the handsome style in which the publishers present this book to the public; a style, indeed, which distinguishes all the works from their press, and for preserving which, they deserve the thanks of every lover of good types, white paper, and clear printing.

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**GENERAL HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN EUROPE, FROM THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.** Translated from the French of M. GUIZOT, Minister of Public Instruction, etc. In one volume. pp. 346. First American, from the second London edition. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

A THOROUGH perusal of this excellent work, has convinced us that it is in all respects what is claimed for it by the translator. The object of the author was to give a general view of European civilization, from the fall of the Roman empire, and the invasion of the barbarians, to the present time. The manner in which he has executed this task, is original, grand, and philosophical. He has sought out and placed before his reader the elementary principles of which the present social system of Europe is formed. He has shown how essentially this system differs from all others, ancient or modern; and he accounts for it from the great diversity of materials of which it is composed. He makes to pass in review before us what it derived from the Roman empire, what was brought into it by the barbarians, by the feudal aristocracy, by the Church, by free cities and communities, and by royalty; all these he considers as so many ingredients, by the mixing, pounding, and fusion of which, the present state of society has been produced; a society, on this very account, superior to any which ever existed before, and which is still advancing toward perfection. But M. Guizot's lectures are not confined to a mere nomenclature of these ingredients; he describes the seeds from which these elements of our civilization have sprung, the soil by which they have been nourished, the fruits which they have borne, the parts of them which are good and profitable for civilization, and, therefore, to be prized and preserved; and those which, on the contrary, are noxious or useless, and therefore to be cast away or destroyed. To this he adds the effects produced by the fusion and opposition of these various principles; and, in tracing out these, he gives us concise but brilliant sketches of the several great events which have had a marked influence upon the destinies of Europe, among which stand most conspicuous, the Crusades, the Reformation, the English Revolution, and some others. All these are treated in an original and masterly manner; indeed, the fourteen lectures, in which the history of European civilization is contained, are fourteen great historical pictures; every one portraying some striking and important fact or event, and displaying, not only in the grouping and throwing out of the principal subject, but likewise in the introduction, disposal, and finish of the minuter details, the conception, the skill, and the workmanship of a master. Still the work is strictly a unity. In the fourteen pictures collectively, we have one great and entire subject—the history of civilization in Europe; and that so told as cannot fail to please and instruct the historian, the student, and the philosopher. Both the typographical execution of the volume, and its externals, are in keeping with its internal excellence.

**FIRESIDE EDUCATION.** BY THE AUTHOR OF **PETER PARLEY'S TALES.** In one volume. pp. 396. New-York: F. J. HUNTINGTON.

THE importance of public instruction is beginning to be felt with deep solicitude in this country. The necessity of a better system of education than the ingenuity of man has yet discovered, is acknowledged every where. Had there existed a true philosophy of mind, the difficulties which our fathers encountered in devising schemes for mental improvement, would have necessarily been obviated, since the educating of the faculties must have been directed by the same analysis which made them known. Dugald Stewart felt the importance of this truth, but his genius was too circumscribed for its illustration. He had sense enough to appreciate the maxims of Lord Bacon, and he acknowledged the importance of clearing the mind of those antiquated forms of error which obscure the intellectual vision, and cloud it with prejudice; but he wanted that originalness which can perceive the true relations of things, and which is indispensable to the philosophic character. He had not even the sagacity to discover, that, while the *Organon* of his great master was ever on his lips, he had failed to apply the inductive method in his metaphysics, and was of necessity groping in the dark. How could it be expected that much valuable knowledge were attainable from such unguided speculations, or how could a better system of education be hoped from their conclusions?

It is remarkable, that while the other sciences have advanced under the Baconian guidance, the first of all, because the medium of all, should have actually gone backward. In proof of this, the most popular philosophy of the day is verging toward Platonism, while the sensual system, though it still maintains its ground in certain time-worn seminaries of bad metaphysics, is abandoned by every man who is not behind the age in psychology. This, we must confess, is a good sign. It shows that the sensual scheme of intellectuals was found wanting; that it was not adapted to the condition and wants of men; that it failed to make men wiser and happier, but led them into all imaginable error, and flattered them with conclusions equally false and ruinous. The subtle logic of Hume, in carrying out the principles of sensualism with such unanswerable power, convinced the world, long ago, that their foundation was on the sand. The difficulty, however, lay principally in the want of an instrument by which to upheave the monstrous fabric. Such an instrument has never been found to this day, and we fearlessly attribute the want of it to the insufficiency of our logical attainments. We are apt to attribute to Aristotle all that we possess in dialectics, and it is barely possible that he did in reality accomplish that which is passed to his credit. For ourselves, we never believed that the Stagyrite originated the great work which bears his name. It transcends human belief, if we reflect on it a moment. All knowledge has been gradually progressive, and no man has ever been heard of, who, unaided, accomplished every thing that had been done in a science. Beside, if Aristotle had possessed the stupendous mind necessary for the accomplishment of what is charged to him in this one walk of knowledge, he could not have failed to perceive that its architectural projection was incomplete; that there was something wanting in the proportions of the building, which his genius had not supplied. This deficiency is the very instrument to which we have alluded; a method by which the fallacy of many maxims, received as incontrovertible, may be exposed, and by which the sensual philosophy and its atheistical consequences may be *demonstrated* to be false.

To show that such an instrument is wanting, we would ask some one to point out a rule in Aristotle, or in any of his followers, by which the fallacy may be detected and exposed in such propositions as these: 'Nothing can be made out of nothing;'

'God cannot annihilate space,' etc. These propositions cannot, in the present state of dialectics, be answered argumentatively; and it is because a more perfect analysis of the mental faculties, and a more satisfactory explanation of their modes of affection, have not been developed. Such a development, in our judgment, is nevertheless perfectly practicable, and when effected, will not leave Atheism an inch of ground to stand on. It will enable us to demonstrate that Natural Theology could not have possibly been discovered by unaided human intelligence; that it was, indisputably, subsequent to revelation; that regarded as an effect of *à priori* reasoning, it has been the vantage ground of infidelity, inasmuch as the inconclusiveness of its arguments have been shown, and even where not shown, *felt*, with overwhelming power.

Had the inductive method of investigating mental phenomena been applied by the successors of Lord Verulam, the fundamental principle of knowledge that teaches us to compare the unknown with the known, ought to have suggested the necessity of simply observing *the manner in which the mind acts*; for as the mind *now* acts, so it always must have acted, since nature is ever consistent with herself. The very fact of there being a grammar of reasoning denominated logic, ought to have informed us that the mode of mental action is already known, which involves the fundamental principle of knowledge above mentioned. Instead then of speculating about perception, or any other faculty of mind, we had nothing to do but apply the principles of logic, or in other words, the laws of argumentation, to the matter in hand, which would have led us to these conclusions, viz: that as all knowledge of truth comes from comparison, the first possible idea must have been, as it were, a logical inference; that there must have been two affections of sense, before there could have been one sensible cognition. For instance, an infant, while *en ventre sa mère*, is subjected to the affection of warmth, but it is impossible for it to be knowing of this, because it has never been subjected to an opposite affection. When it becomes exposed to our atmosphere, it has had, for the first time, two affections of sense, from which the first sensation arises, and this sensation or thought is necessarily the result of conception and perception. Though the infant does not remember the mental process, it must have been such, because it is the invariable one through life in acquiring knowledge; and if it had not been so, it would have precluded all systematized methods of reasoning, and made the science and the art of logic impossible.

If the foregoing remarks are correct, they naturally suggest the most important consequences. It will be perceived that the only philosophy of mind discoverable by human agency, will be a perfect system of logic, a system which will leave no fallacy unexposed, which can be involved in any proposition; a system which, by prescribing limits to the discursive faculty, will not attempt to draw conclusions from any juxta-position of ideas, divine and human, unless aided by revelation; a system which must prove the *truth* of revelation, by demonstrating the inadequacy of man's power to reach what it unveils. Any farther philosophy of mind must be revealed to man, for he cannot discover it. While investigating the nature of thought, he forgets that he is thinking, and that the very object of his search is active in its own pursuit.

We have been led to the foregoing remarks, by reflecting on the causes which have been most active in opposing the progress of education. The subject is one of the utmost importance, and demands the attention of every philosophic mind. In our apprehension, no great advancement can be made, till a radical change is effected in mental philosophy, exploding the jargon of metaphysics, and substituting an intelligible and rational view of man. So long as men are exercised among

mere chimeras of imagination, and colleges uphold the most glaring absurdities, under the name of philosophy, education, in its highest degree, must unavoidably be overlooked, and in its lowest, be at least misdirected. We would not, however, be understood as discouraging any effort that can be made to diminish the difficulties which stand in the way of instruction ; on the contrary, we would favor every hearty attempt for so laudable an end. Much good has already been done in a practical way, and much more may certainly be accomplished. We already find a more humane and judicious spirit than formerly existed, among instructors ; better books, and more exalted motives of action introduced, and much that promises auspiciously to the cause of education. The book whose title is at the head of this notice, is decidedly one of the best manuals of practical education we have ever read. Its object is to instruct parents in bringing out the young mind *at home*, before it goes abroad into the wide world, to be subjected to surrounding influences. The author shows that man was designed by his Creator to be educated, and he then treats of his subject in relation to our physical, intellectual, and moral nature, and illustrates the effect, in after life, of early formation. He clearly enforces the truth, that it is a provision of divine providence that the controlling lessons of life shall be given by parents, whose obligations are considered in relation to their children. Religious and moral instruction are admirably treated ; the former without a shade of sectarianism. Indeed, the ethical part of this book strikes us as perfectly unexceptionable. The topics of health, amusements, intellectual culture, etc., are all skilfully managed, and cannot fail to be of assistance to parents.

On the whole, we welcome ' Fireside Education ' as a valuable auxiliary in the field of public instruction ; for though it cannot do much in breaking up false systems of philosophy, which have heretofore presented insurmountable barriers to the progress of rational knowledge, it will have its use as a pioneer in the war against ignorance and immorality.

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**THE HOMEWARD BOUND : OR, THE CHASE.** By the Author of 'The Pilot,' 'The Spy,' etc. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 563. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.

THESE volumes have already passed to a second edition, and the publishers have found it necessary to stereotype the work, in order to supply the increasing demand. Moreover, many of the most spirited passages, which could be separated from the context, and preserve their interest, have been extensively copied in the journals of the day. For these and other sufficient reasons, it is not our purpose to inflict upon the reader an extended review of ' Homeward Bound ; ' nevertheless, we shall endeavor to convey, in connection with a few brief extracts, our own impression of its merits and defects, derived from a careful perusal. And in the first place, we are free to express our regret, that Mr. COOPER has seen fit to make his novel a vehicle for the expression of private opinion, or promulgation of prejudice, against his own country, her institutions, manners, customs, etc. ! Our author evidently intends to excuse this course, on one page of his work, wherein he makes one of his characters remark, in effect, that abroad, and among foreigners, an American should never deal too freely with his country's faults, but that at home, he should be the boldest in denouncing the weaknesses and follies of his countrymen. Perhaps so ; but according to the writer's own showing, the evidence of these same weaknesses and follies is sought for by the English and French people, with the utmost avidity ; and where, let us ask — save in an *individual* point of view, which we admit to be favorable to Mr. COOPER's independence and fearlessness — is the difference, *in effect*, of exposing them, in exaggerated detail, at home, instead of abroad ? It may be contended, more-



over, that the hardest things which are said of America, are put into the mouth of a captious, querulous English cynic; yet it cannot be denied, that the other party to the dialogue is furnished with a *pseudo* defence of the Americans, that makes the existence of these same alleged errors and follies appear undeniable, and their number and grossness as beyond palliation or endurance. The sneers at American lawyers; the long conversations touching American cities, the poverty of American scenery, society, and manners; the depreciation of the calling of our merchants; the alleged want of a general regard for religion, were they even as deserved and authentic as Mr. COOPER seems to consider them, his better judgment should have taught him to exclude them from the pages of a mere romance. The errors and follies of one's own country, are themes upon which it is far better to say nothing that is erroneous, than all that is true, and especially in a novel, where, in either case, elaborately introduced, they must be out of place. | Steadfast Dodge, the editor of the 'Active Inquirer,' is intended to stand as a fair sample of the editorial fraternity of the United States; a mean, contemptible, cowardly fellow, a perfect negation of every thing honorable or decent. Now what a sweep is here! There are no reservations, whatever. Mr. Dodge, we are told, represents the class, the corps, of editors in this country. | It is not enough that there should be some 'Eatanswill Independents,' and 'Little Peddlington Weekly Observers,' among us, (and that there are such, no one will deny,) but the brotherhood of the press must form a *class*, consisting of editorial 'Potts's, and 'Slurk's,' or to descend immeasurably lower in the scale, Mr. Steadfast Dodge's. Such wholesale caricaturing will work Mr. COOPER 'much annoy,' and his reputation no little harm. | But we gladly turn to the better features of the work.

Give our author 'the great and wide sea,' and he rides thereon like a literary leviathan. His *home* is on the mountain wave. Scene and character, on this element, are alike felicitous, in his hands. In the former, the imagination is insensibly engaged and inflamed, and in the latter, no one knows better how to avail himself of his experience in observing, and his observation in judging. Captain Truck is a noble specimen of a commander and a genuine tar, although he has demolished our conceptions of the general brevity of sea-faring masters. The escape of the launch, the battle-scenes, the funeral at sea, the death of poor Monday, with kindred passages, and all the scenery of the ocean and machinery of the ship, these lose nothing in our author's hands. | Eve Effingham, the rival lovers, and indeed the love story portions altogether, are less to our taste. Eve is dignified and proper, but she is stiltish as well, and *un-youngwomanish*, if we may coin so long a word, to express our meaning. The tone of passion is low, and the 'sentimental action,' to our conception, generally strained throughout. But we are fast breaking our promise with the reader, not to indite a review proper, as well as keeping him from the more acceptable extracts which we have pencilled for his gratification. The first describes the dismissal from the Montauk, of a meddling English attorney, who had sought the ship for the purpose of parting a poor fellow from his wife, for some petty legal purpose of private gain, and who has obstinately adhered to the ship, until she is quite out at sea:

" 'This may turn out a serious matter, Captain Truck, on your return passage! The laws of England are not to be trifled with. Will you oblige me by ordering the steward to hand me a glass of water? Waiting for justice is dry duty, I find.'

" 'Extremely sorry I cannot comply, gentlemen. Vattel has nothing on the subject of watering belligerents, or neutrals, and the laws of Congress compel me to carry so many gallons to the man. If you will take it in the way of a nightcap, however, and drink success to our run to America, and your own to the shore, it shall be in champagne, if you happen to like that agreeable fluid.'

" 'The attorney was about to express his readiness to compromise on these terms, when a glass of the beverage for which he had first asked was put into his hand by the wife of Robert Davis. He took the water, drank it, and turned from the young woman with the obduracy of one who never suffered feeling to divert him from the pursuit of gain. The wine was brought, and the captain filled the glasses with a seaman's heartiness.



"I drink to your safe return to Mrs. Seal, and the little gods and goddesses of justice, Pan or Mercury, which is it? And as for you, Grab, look out for sharks as you pull in. If they hear of your being afloat, the souls of persecuted sailors will set them on you, as the devil chases male coquettes. Well, gentlemen, you are balked this time; but what matters it? It is but another man got safe out of a country that has too many in it; and I trust we shall meet good friends again this day four months. Even man and wife must part when the hour arrives."

"That will depend on how my client views your conduct on this occasion, Captain Truck: for he is not a man that it is always safe to thwart."

"That for your client, Mr. Seal," returned the captain, snapping his fingers. "I am not to be frightened with an attorney's growl, or a bailiff's nod. You come off with a writ or a warrant, I care not which; I offer no resistance; you hunt for your man, like a terrier looking for a rat, and can't find him; I see the fine fellow, at this moment, on deck; but I feel no obligation to tell you who or where he is; my ship is cleared and I sail, and you have no power to stop me; we are outside of all the headlands, good two leagues and a half off, and some writers say that a gun-shot is the extent of your jurisdiction, once out of which, your authority is not worth half as much as that of my chief cook, who has power to make his mate clean the coppers. Well, sir, you stay here ten minutes longer, and we shall be fully three leagues from your nearest land, and then you are in America, according to law, and a quick passage you will have made of it. Now that is what I call a category."

"As the captain made this last remark, his quick eye saw that the wind had hauled so far round to the westward, as to supersede the necessity of tacking, and that they were actually going eight knots in a direct line from Portsmouth. Casting an eye behind him, he perceived that the cutter had given up the chase, and was returning towards the distant roads. Under circumstances so discouraging, the attorney, who began to be alarmed for his boat, which was flying along on the water, towed by the ship, prepared to take his leave; for he was fully aware that he had no power to compel the other to heave-to his ship, to enable him to get out of her. Luckily the water was still tolerably smooth, and with fear and trembling, Mr. Seal succeeded in blundering into the boat; not, however, until the waterman had warned him of their intention to hold on no longer. Mr. Grab followed, with a good deal of difficulty, and just as a hand was about to let go the painter, the captain appeared at the gangway with the man they were in quest of, and said in his most winning manner:

"Mr. Grab, Mr. Davis; Mr. Davis, Mr. Grab; I seldom introduce steerage passengers, but to oblige two old friends I break the rule. That's what I call a category. My compliments to Mrs. Grab. Let go the painter."

"The words were no sooner uttered, than the boat was tossing and whirling in the cauldron left by the passing ship."

Here is a picture of a scene at sea, drawn with the pencil of a master:

"The awaking of the winds on the ocean is frequently attended with signs and portents as sublime as any the fancy can conceive. On the present occasion, the breeze that had prevailed so steadily for a week was succeeded by light baffling puffs, as if, conscious of the mighty powers of the air that were assembling in their strength, these inferior blasts were hurrying to and fro for a refuge. The clouds, too, were whirling about in uncertain eddies, many of the heaviest and darkest descending so low along the horizon, that they had an appearance of settling on the waters in quest of repose. But the waters themselves were unnaturally agitated. The billows, no longer following each other in long regular waves, were careering upwards, like fiery coursers suddenly checked in their mad career. The usual order of the eternally unquiet ocean was lost in a species of chaotic tossings of the element, the seas heaving themselves upward, without order, and frequently without visible cause. This was the reaction of the currents, and of the influence of breezes still older than the last. Not the least fearful symptom of the hour was the terrific calmness of the air amid such a scene of menacing wildness. Even the ship came into the picture to aid the impression of intense expectation; for with her canvass reduced, she, too, seemed to have lost that instinct which had so lately guided her along the trackless waste, and was 'wallowing,' nearly helpless, among the confused waters. Still she was a beautiful and a grand object; perhaps more so at that moment than at any other; for her vast and naked spars, her well-supported masts, and all the ingenious and complicated hamper of the machine gave her a resemblance to some sinewy and gigantic gladiator, pacing the arena, in waiting for the conflict that was at hand."

In a dialogue between Captain Truck and his mate, Leach, we find the annexed allusion to the master's religious experience and opinions. The comparison, at the close, will remind the reader of a kindred simile by Bishop HENR. The Captain has been speaking of his mother:

"She taught me to pray," added the captain, speaking a little thick, "but since I've

been in this London line, to own the truth, I find but little time for any thing but hard work, until, for want of practice, praying has got to be among the hardest things I can turn my hand to."

"That is the way with all of us; it is my opinion, Captain Truck, these London and Liverpool liners will have a good many lost souls to answer for."

"Ay, ay, if we could put it on them, it would do well enough; but my honest old father always maintained, that every man must stand in the gap left by his own sins; though he did assert, also, that we were all fore-ordained to shape our courses starboard or port, even before we were launched."

"That doctrine makes an easy tide's way of life; for I see no great use in a man's carrying sail and jamming himself up on the wind, to claw off immoralities, when he knows he is to fetch up on them after all his pains."

"I have worked all sorts of traverses to get hold of this matter, and never could make any thing of it. It is harder than logarithms. If my father had been the only one to teach it, I should have thought less about it, for he was no scholar, and might have been paying it out just in the way of business; but then my mother believed it, body and soul, and she was too good a woman to stick long to a course that had not truth to back it."

"Why not believe it, heartily, sir, and let the wheel fly? One gets to the end of the 'y'ge on this tack as well as on another."

"There is no great difficulty in working up to or even through the passage of death, Leach, but the great point is to know the port we are to moor in finally. \* \* Life is like a passage at sea. We feel our way cautiously until off soundings on our own coast, and then we have an easy time of it in the deep water; but when we get near the shoals again, we take out the lead, and mind a little how we steer. It is the going off and coming on the coast, that gives us all the trouble."

A very affecting scene is presented in the death of the brave Monday, and the religious consolations offered him, *in extremis*, by Captain Truck:

"We must comfort him," Leach, whispered the captain; "for I see he is fetching up in the old way, as was duly laid down by our ancestors in the platform. First, groanings and views of the devil, and then consolation and hope. We have got him into the first category, and we ought now, in justice, to bring-to, and heave a strain to help him through it."

"They generally give 'em prayer, in the river, in this stage of the attack," said Leach. "If you can remember a short prayer, sir, it might ease him off." \* \* The old man looked awkwardly about him, turned the key of the door, wiped his eyes, gazed wistfully at the patient, gave his mate a nudge with his elbow to follow his example, and knelt down with a heart momentarily as devout as is often the case with those who minister at the altar. He retained the words of the Lord's prayer, and these he repeated aloud, distinctly, and with fervor, though not with a literal conformity to the text. Once Mr. Leach had to help him to the word. When he rose, the perspiration stood on his forehead, as if he had been engaged in severe toil."

"Perhaps nothing could have occurred more likely to strike the imagination of Mr. Monday than to see one, of the known character and habits of Captain Truck, thus wrestling with the Lord in his own behalf. Always obtuse and dull of thought, the first impression was that of wonder; awe and contrition followed. Even the mate was touched, and he afterwards told his companion on deck, that 'the hardest day's work he had ever done, was lending a hand to rouse the captain through that prayer.'"

Take this sketch of the last Saturday-night at sea, previous to the arrival of the Montauk off Sandy Hook. The frank, noble-hearted captain observes its return with his accustomed spirit, and love of the time, enhanced, in the present instance, by imminent perils safely passed, and the haven where he would be, in speedy prospect:

"This is the last Saturday-night, gentlemen, that I shall probably ever have the honor of passing in your good company," said Captain Truck, as he disposed of the pitchers and glasses before him, so that he had a perfect command of the appliances of the occasion. "And I feel it to be a gratification with which I would not willingly dispense. We are now to the westward of the Gulf, and, according to my observations and calculations, within a hundred miles of Sandy Hook, which, with this mild southwest wind, and our weatherly position, I hope to be able to show you some time about eight o'clock to-morrow morning. Quicker passages have been made certainly, but forty days, after all, is no great matter for the westerly run, considering that we have had a look at Africa, and are walking on crutches."

"We owe a great deal to the trades," observed Mr. Effingham; "which have treated us as kindly toward the end of the passage, as they seemed reluctant to join us in the commencement. It has been a momentous month, and I hope we shall all retain healthful recollections of it as long as we live."

"No one will retain as grateful recollections of it as myself, gentlemen," resumed

the captain. 'You had no agency in getting us into the scrape, but the greatest possible agency in getting us out of it. Without the knowledge, prudence, and courage that you have all displayed, God knows what would have become of the poor Montauk, and from the bottom of my heart I thank you, each and all, while I have the heartfelt satisfaction of seeing you around me, and of drinking to your future health, happiness and prosperity.'

"Come, gentlemen," he continued; 'let us fill and do honor to the night. God has us all in his holy keeping, and we drift about in the squalls of life, pretty much as he orders the wind to blow. 'Sweethearts and wives!'

We cannot close this notice, without offering a few remarks upon the manner in which reference is now generally made to Mr. COOPER, as an author, since the unhappy feud, for such it is, which has sprung up, and gradually increased, between himself and his countrymen. We well remember the time, when all New-York was astir with a public dinner to the author of the 'Spy' and the 'Pioneers;' when the public journals and literary periodicals were loud and unanimous in his praise, and his name was in every body's mouth; and when his wide reputation abroad, was the pride of his countrymen at home. Is this the man, we cannot help asking ourselves, who is now denounced, in respectable periodicals, as 'a writer without talent, above the ordinary level, and his scenes as conveying to a stranger no permanent impression?' The celebrity of which we have been speaking, was deserved. Many of the scenes which COOPER has depicted, will live as long as the English language is read and spoken. Even the faults of his productions are preferable to the tame insipidities and corrupt morals of most modern novels. He has never sacrificed to the deities of Passion and Humbug. If he has not drawn woman with the glowing pencil of an enthusiastic artist, and the natural passion of a lover, neither has he labored to destroy her modesty and caution; to facilitate the acquisition of easy vice, and encumber the difficulty of virtue. What though, at times, our Homer not only nods but snores? What though, mistaking his forte, he upreared that monument of worse than useless labor, '*statua erecta stultitia*,' 'The Monnikins,' which, so far as we can learn, but one man, under the influence of stubborn curiosity, ever read entirely through? Is he the only eminent writer who has sometimes failed? Should the critical lash still be applied, on account of this and other lapses, with force enough to penetrate the hide of a rhinoceros? Are not the 'Spy,' the 'Pioneers,' the 'Pilot,' and 'Lionel Lincoln' his, also? Who can forget them? Is there not in all these fine original productions enough of good to lessen present animosity, and to atone for much that has been brought against our author? — acerbity of feeling, prejudice, and uncharitableness toward his countrymen, who, from extra petting, have turned to ultra chastisement. Let us exercise a little of that charity 'which suffereth long, and is kind.' Let us not forget the past. It is not the part of wisdom to say, that we will not speak soft words to Mr. COOPER, until he recalls all the hard ones he has spoken, more in sorrow, at the first, perhaps, than in anger. Let the silent disapprobation of public opinion, if need be, correct misplaced dalliance with unprofitable or interdicted subjects. Books that are not read, are not sold, and books that are not sold, are not written. In the meantime, let it be borne in mind, that scarcely another American author has made his country and his country's literature so favorably known abroad. Ask the continental traveller, and the temporary sojourner in the cities of France, Italy, and Switzerland, if he saw in their book-stores any late work of an American author, and he will tell you, 'None, save those of COOPER.' And beside FRANKLIN and IRVING, perhaps he is almost the only American writer who has a reputation on the continent. The ultimate effect of a due remembrance of these things will be, that mutual animosity will gradually subside, and the fine genius of our countryman, now in the prime of life and manhood, will play out its variations, unfettered by kindled prejudices, and untrammelled by awakened remembrance of real persecution, or fancied wrong.

**INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL IN GREECE, TURKEY, RUSSIA, AND POLAND.** By the Author of 'Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petrea, and the Holy Land.' In two volumes 12mo. pp. 543. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

Just two weeks after the publication of these volumes, we sat down with our dog's-eared copy, and a long slip of memoranda, to concoct a notice of the work which should do justice to its rich variety of topic, the nonchalance and inexhaustible bonhomie of the author, and the easy flow of his unaffected style, when a friend at our elbow read aloud a paragraph from a daily journal, past all doubt authentic, setting forth that a third large edition of the volumes was hurrying through the press! This intelligence changed our purpose. We could not think of elaborating praise of a book which had made such universal acquaintance with the public. A review thus sent forth, would be like a letter of introduction, arriving after your friend, in whose behalf it was penned, had thoroughly ingratiated himself with the family, whose kind offices were solicited for him. All we have to say, therefore, is to advise those who have *not* read, to buy and read, these 'Incidents of Travel.' And even this advice is doubtless unnecessary. We predict that the work will reach six editions, in less than the same number of months. We arrange on a string a cluster of extracts, selected at random, and affording some idea of the agreeable variety which is a characteristic of the volumes:

GREECE.—TEMPLE OF DIANA, EPHEBUS—RUINS.

"Topographers have fixed the site on the plain, near the gate of the city which opened to the sea. The sea, which once almost washed the walls, has receded or been driven back for several miles. For many years a new soil has been accumulating, and all that stood on the plain, including so much of the remains of the temple as had not been plundered and carried away by different conquerors, is probably now buried many feet under its surface.

"It was dark when I returned to Aysalook. I had remarked, in passing, that several caravans had encamped there, and on my return found the camel-drivers assembled in the little coffee-house in which I was to pass the night. I soon saw that there were so many of us that we should make a tight fit in the sleeping part of the khan, and immediately measured off space enough to fit my body, allowing turning and kicking room. I looked with great complacency upon the light slippers of the Turks, which they always throw off, too, when they go to sleep, and made an ostentatious display of a pair of heavy iron-nailed boots, and, in lying down, gave one or two preliminary thumps to show them that I was restless in my movements, and, if they came too near me, these iron-nailed boots would be uncomfortable neighbors."

"In the morning I again went over to the ruins. Daylight, if possible, added to their effect; and a little thing occurred, not much in itself, but which, under the circumstances, fastened itself upon my mind in such a way that I shall never forget it. I had read that here, in the stillness of the night, the jackall's cry was heard; that, if a stone was rolled, a scorpion or lizard slipped from under it; and, while picking our way slowly along the lower part of the city, a wolf of the largest size came out above, as if indignant at being disturbed in his possessions. He moved a few paces toward us with such a resolute air that my companions both drew their pistols; then stopped, and gazed at us deliberately as we were receding from him, until, as if satisfied that we intended to leave his dominions, he turned and disappeared among the ruins. It would have made a fine picture; the Turk first, then the Greek, each with a pistol in his hand, then myself, all on horseback, the wolf above us, the valley, and the ruined city. I feel my inability to give you a true picture of these ruins. Indeed, if I could lay before you every particular, block for block, fragment for fragment, here a column and there a column, I could not convey a full idea of the desolation that marks the scene.

"To the Christian, the ruins of Ephesus carry with them a peculiar interest; for here, upon the wreck of heathen temples, was established one of the earliest Christian churches; but the Christian church has followed the heathen temple, and the worshippers of the true God have followed the worshippers of the great goddess Diana; and in the city where Paul preached, and where, in the words of the apostle, 'much people were gathered unto the Lord,' now not a solitary Christian dwells. Verily, in the prophetic language of inspiration, the 'candlestick is removed from its place;' a curse seems to have fallen upon it, men shun it, not a human being is to be seen among its ruins; and Ephesus, in faded glory and fallen grandeur, is given up to birds and beasts of prey, a monument and a warning to nations."

## SMYRNA.—A MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

"There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps, to death; but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps she is proud. Before I went abroad the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them; and, I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant that the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach their ears. New ties twine round her heart, and the tender and helpless girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his aching head; she smooths his pillow of sickness: and, after months of wearisome silence, I have entered her dwelling, and her heart instinctively told her that I was from the same land. I have been welcomed as a brother; answered her hurried, and anxious, and eager questions; and sometimes, when I have known any of her friends at home, I have been for a moment more than recompensed for all the toils and privations of a traveller in the East. I have left her dwelling burdened with remembrances to friends whom she will perhaps never see again. I bore a fetter to a father, which was opened by a widowed mother."

## RUSSIA.—SERFS.

"The serfs of Russia differ from slaves with us in the important particular that they belong to the soil, and cannot be sold except with the estate; they may change masters but cannot be torn from their connexions or their birth-place. One sixth of the whole peasantry of Russia, amounting to six or seven millions, belong to the crown, and inhabit the imperial demesne, and pay an annual tax. In particular districts, many have been enfranchised, and become burghers and merchants; and the liberal and enlightened policy of the present emperor is diffusing a more general system of melioration among these subjects of his vast empire. The rest of the serfs belong to the nobles, and are the absolute property and subject to the absolute control of their masters, as much as the cattle on their estates. Some of the seigneurs possess from seventy to more than a hundred thousand; and their wealth depends upon the skill and management with which the labor of these serfs is employed. Sometimes the seigneur sends the most intelligent to Petersburg or Moscow to learn some handicraft, and then employs them on his own estates, hires them out, or allows them to exercise their trade on their own account on payment of an annual sum. And sometimes, too, he gives the serf a passport, under which he is protected all over Russia, settles in a city, and engages in trade, and very often accumulates enough to ransom himself and his family. Indeed, there are many instances of a serf's acquiring a large property, and even rising to eminence. But he is always subject to the control of his master; and I saw at Moscow an old mongik who had acquired a very large fortune, but was still a slave. His master's price for his freedom had advanced with his growing wealth, and the poor serf, unable to bring himself to part with his hard earnings, was then rolling in wealth with a collar round his neck; struggling with the inborn spirit of freedom, and hesitating whether to die a beggar or a slave.

"The Russian serf is obliged to work for his master but three days in the week; the other three he may work for himself on a portion of land assigned to him by law on his master's estate. He is never obliged to work on Sunday, and every saint's day or fête day of the church is a holyday. This might be supposed to give him an opportunity of elevating his character and condition; but, wanting the spirit of a free agent, and feeling himself the absolute property of another, he labors grudgingly for his master, and for himself barely enough to supply the rudest necessities of life and pay his tax to the seigneur. A few rise above their condition, but millions labor like beasts of burden, content with bread to put in their mouths, and never even thinking of freedom. A Russian nobleman told me that he believed, if the serfs were all free, he could cultivate his estate to better advantage by hired labor; and I have no doubt a dozen Connecticut men would cultivate more ground than a hundred Russian serfs, allowing their usual non-working days and holydays. They have no interest in the soil, and the desolate and uncultivated wastes of Russia show the truth of the judicious reflection of Catharine II., 'that agriculture can never flourish in that nation where the husbandman possesses no property.' It is from this great body of peasantry that Russia recruits her immense standing army, or, in case of invasion, raises in a moment a vast body of soldiers."

## MOSCOW.—RETROSPECTION.

"Toward evening I returned to my favorite place, the porch of the palace of the Czars. I seated myself on the step, took out my tablets, and commenced a letter to my friends at home. What should I write? Above me was the lofty tower of Ivan



## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**THE FINE ARTS.** — The time has been, when the Fine Arts were little regarded on this side of the Atlantic, save by a very few, who, favored by fortune, had visited Europe, and there became inoculated, as it were, with an exotic taste. The most wealthy and refined of the early settlers in this country, brought with them the portraits of themselves and their families, and, in a few instances, of their sovereigns, or their patrons. These constitute the earliest specimens of painting in the North American colonies; and some of them, we are informed, are still to be found in the old families in Maryland, Virginia, New-York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts, while others have been gathered into the collections of the historical societies, or the Museums of our principal cities. When the second and third generations of the Anglo-Saxon colonists began to visit Europe, on public or private business, they frequently returned with their portraits painted there; and although there was probably no professional artist in the country, after the earliest years of the Jamestown settlement, until Smybert came out with Dean Berkley, there are several families in the United States, who can show the portraits of their ancestors, from the first settlement of the colonies, in an unbroken line, to our own time. Smybert, Copley, Stuart, and Trumbull, followed each other in the order we have named them, each succeeding artist, however, being for a time contemporary with his predecessor. Portraits of the early colonists, painted in Europe, are in good preservation in many places. Of Smybert's pictures, the best is in the Trumbull Gallery at New-Haven; Copley's, many of them very beautiful, are numerous at Cambridge and Boston; Stuart's are scattered every where through the country, and Trumbull's are equally numerous, and are still increasing in number, although the venerable artist has passed his eighty-second year. From the settlement of the colonies, to the formation of the federal government, there do not exist more than two or three sketches, or historical pictures, or other *compositions* than portraits, which were painted in America. What a change has taken place since that period! What a change, indeed, within the last twenty-five years! A painter of talent and distinction is no longer a *rara avis* among us, nor are pictures confined to the houses of the few. A taste has been slowly but surely obtaining among all classes of our people; and although a very few can be considered competent to speak of pictures learnedly, yet a large proportion of the respectable inhabitants of our cities and towns may be set down as amateurs. We are of opinion that in no part of the world, at the present day, does there exist so generally diffused and correct a taste for the productions of the pencil and the graver, as in the United States. The people of this country have not access to splendid galleries of paintings, as have the inhabitants of Italy, France, and Germany, but they have the means of acquiring information through books, which those nations have not; and by making the best use of the few opportunities which are here afforded of seeing occasional exhibitions, combined with extensive reading, and a natural acuteness of intellect, we are confident that a much larger proportion of Americans can exercise a correct judgment on, and understand the merits of, a good picture, than in any part of the European continent. If this position be correct, it may confidently be asked, taking into view the small means hitherto afforded, what rapid progress might not the Fine Arts make, if the means of intercourse between the public and the artists were rendered more constant and easy? Why is it, that in this metropolis, with a permanent population of three



hundred thousand, and an ever-flowing current of strangers passing to and fro, we have no place to which either ourselves or our visitors may resort, for the purpose of seeing or purchasing pictures, save for two brief months, in the opening of the year? Some such establishment has long been required in this city, and such an one, we are well pleased to learn, is soon to be opened at 'THE APOLLO,' in Broadway, under the management of Mr. JAMES HERRING, himself an artist, but more extensively known as the Editor of the 'National Portrait Gallery of Distinguished Americans;' a work projected by him, (and now nearly completed,) in the face of a multitude of obstacles which would have appalled most other men; a work, moreover, which has put upward of thirty thousand dollars into the pockets of native artists. But this in passing. Our purpose was to speak of Mr. Herring's new project for the advancement of the arts. We have visited the interior, and heard a rapid *overture* to the design, which, as we understand, is to make the institution a place for the *constant* intercourse of the artists and the public; a *dépôt* for the exhibition and sale of paintings, engravings, sculpture, books on the arts and sciences, and history, particularly American history; in short, to supply just such a place as the artists and the public want, and have long needed. The establishment will be opened near the middle of September, with an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, engravings, drawings, etc., the efforts of modern artists. The works of such as have been for many years separated, will be here united, for the common purposes of all. Artists of remote cities have an interest in the support of this institution, equal to our own; for their works will here become extensively known, and can be kept continually before the public. Those who have pictures for sale, will here find a suitable place of deposit, without the necessity of resorting to the degradation of an auction-room. Here, the amateur, who wishes to purchase, can examine at his leisure, and parents can take their children, to communicate useful and delightful instruction. For these and other kindred reasons, we cordially recommend 'THE APOLLO' to general favor, confident that it will every where meet with good wishes.

THOUGHTS ON PUBLIC EDIFICES. — Many hundred years ago, according to NICHOMACHUS, the faithful servant of the noble PISO, did that worthy man pause in his peregrinations around the aspiring nucleus of after Rome, to observe the labors of the artificers engaged upon the magnificent edifices of that world-renowned metropolis. Some such thoughts doubtless passed through his mind, in relation to the probable destiny of the 'eternal city,' as come to our own, while gazing on the various public buildings which have been commenced, and are finished, or verging toward completion, in this metropolis of the empire state, in the new world. To say nothing of numerous churches and other buildings, we have for years had a general, and not seldom a very particular, supervision of all the more prominent edifices of the town, while in process of erection. The long timbers of wood, which, far down in their oozy bed, support the deep stone foundations of the 'Halls of Justice,' were laid in our presence; and we watched that noble Egyptian structure, through all its gradations, until its keys were placed in the hands of the fathers of the city. From the first hour of annoyance by the dust, raised in the demolition of the old brick buildings at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, to make room for the new Custom-House, up to the present moment, we have had an eye upon that superb edifice. When, at one period, the labor seemed to languish, and one man only, industriously pecking with a small hammer the huge block of marble upon which he was perched, received the visits of the several commissioners, who drew eight dollars a day for superintending him, under the head of 'the erection,' no one grieved more at the slow progress than ourselves; and surely no one more ardently admires its exquisite ornaments, and faultless proportions, now that it is 'looking up in the world.' Ask its accomplished artist, Mr. FRAZER, else. So too of the new 'Merchants' Exchange.' From the very rubbish of the old, step by step, have we followed it up, from the foundation, and the immense single circular arch that over-

spreads it, to the groined arches above, and the rich slabs and pillars of polished Italian marble, from which will swell the dome over the great hall. As we have surveyed these fine works of art, springing up around us, and remembered that other and similar edifices were rising in the sister cities of our great country, great, but an infant still, we have asked ourselves, 'When will the cities of this glorious republic reach their top-mos' height, and begin to recede into chaos and old night, like the cities of Greece and Rome? What gorgeous architectural monuments are destined to arise ere then! What churches, and towers, and temples! But they will fade, in the lapse of ages, like the baseless fabric of a vision, and generations will look back upon them and their builders, as we in the nineteenth century look through the mists of time upon the ruined empires and vanished nations of the old world. Thus it is with man and with the works of man. So hath it been from the beginning, so will it be to the end. 'Generation after generation,' in the language of the eloquent *Teufelsdröckh*, 'takes to itself the form of a body, and forth issuing from Cimmerian night, APPEARS. What force and fire is in each, he expends. One grinding in the mill of industry; one, hunter-like, climbing the giddy Alpine height of science; one madly dashed in pieces on the rock of strife, in war with his fellow; and then the heaven-sent is recalled; his earthly vesture falls away, and soon, even to sense, becomes a vanished shadow. Thus, like some wild-flaming, wild-thundering train of Heaven's artillery, does this mysterious MANKIND thunder and flame, in long-drawn, quick-succeeding grandeur, through the unknown deep. Thus, like a God-created, fire-breathing spirit-host, we emerge from the inane; haste stormfully across the astonished earth; then plunge again into the inane. Earth's mountains are levelled, and her seas filled up, in our passage. On the hardest adamant, some foot-print of us is stamped in; the last rear of the host will read some traces of the earliest van. But whence? O Heaven, whither? Sense knows not; faith knows not; only that it is through mystery to mystery — from God and to God.'

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**MORE OF THE 'YELLOWPLUSH CORRESPONDENCE.'** — The brief extracts which we recently gave from the correspondence of Mr. YELLOWPLUSH, have radiated so widely around us, in all the public journals, of city and country, that we feel encouraged to afford the reader a more copious taste of his quality. Before touching upon his 'works,' it may be well to give a slight sketch of his history. He tells us that his mother called him 'CHARLES EDWARD HARRINGTON FITZROY YELLOWPLUSH, in compliment to several noble families, and to a sellybrated coachman whom she knew, who wore a yallow livery.' Our hero does not know why the name of a part of 'this gentlman's dress' should have been given him; 'praps,' he adds, 'he was my father; though on this subjeic I can't speak suttinly, for my ma wrapped up my huth in a mistry. I may be illygitimit, I may have been changed at nuss; but I've always had gentlmanly tastes through life, and do n't doubt that I come of a gentlmanly origum.' Some idea of his mother may be gained from this disclosure: 'Why, I can't say, but I always past as her nevyou. We led a strange life. Sometimes ma was dressed in sattn and rooge, and sometimes in rags and dutt; sometimes I got kissis and sometimes kix; sometimes gin, and sometimes shampang.' A 'benev'lent gentlman' who saw him, fearful that his 'morrils would be corrupted,' in such society, put him to a London free school, where 'the young gentlmen wore green braize coats, yellor lether whatsinames, a tin plate on their left harm, and a cap about the size of a muffing.' Here he staid 'sicks years,' but subsequently a 'suckmstance happened,' which procured him a situation as 'tiger to a handsome young gentlman, who kept a tilbury and a ridin' hoss at livery.' This was the hero of 'Miss Shum's Husband,' a man who lived mysteriously in good style, in London, and in whom Miss Shum found an 'affek-shnat husband, and all the pure pleasures of Hyming,' until one fine morning it was discovered that his secret occupation was sweeping the crossing of a public thoroughfare!

After this discovery, Mr. and Mrs. Shum remove to Germany, where they are much 'respectid as pipples of propaty.'

When next we meet with Mr. Yellowplush, he has turned critic, upon the 'Diary of the Times of George the Fourth,' which he considers trenching upon his ground, 'and favrite subjicks, wiz: fashnable life, as igsibited in the houses of the nobility and rile family.' 'Altho,' says he, 'this *dairy* is likely searusly to injer my pussonal intrest, by fourstalling a deal of what *I* had to say in my privit memoars; though many, many guineas is taken from my pockit, by cuttin' short the tail of my narratif; though much that I had to say in souperior languidg, greased with all the ellygance of my oratry, the benefick of my classicle reding, the chawms of my agrehle wit, is thus abruply brot before the world by an inferor genus, nether knoing nor riting English, yet I say, that nevertheless I must say, what I am pufickly prepared to say, to ganesay which no man can say a word, yet I say that I say, I consider this publication welkom. Fur from vuing it with énfy, I greet it with applaws, because it increses that most exlent specious of nollidge, I mean *fashnable nollidge*, compayred to which all other nollidge is nonsince.' Mr. Yellowplush satirizes the character of a noble rascal mentioned in certain records of the 'Diary,' after the subjoined fashion. The subject is one of a large class, both in England and America:

'A disgustin pictur of human natur indeed! See what it is to be a morl man of fashn. Fust, he scrapes together all the bad stoaries about all the people of his acquentence; he goes to a ball, and laffs or sneers at every body there; he is asked to dinner, and brings away, along with his meat and wind (wine) to his heart's content, a sour stomik, filled with nasty stoaries of all the pipples present there. He has such a squeemish appytite, that all the world seems to *disagree* with him.'

Mr. Yellowplush is more agreeable, however, as a story-teller, than as a critic. His effective points are managed with admirable skill. Nothing can be more dramatic and picturesque than his history of Mr. DEUCEACE, a 'mussnary' English fortune-hunter and gambler, who endeavors to retrieve his losses and excesses, by marrying a sentimental, hump-backed old maid, in Paris, whom he fancies to be a rich heiress. He was as sure of it, indeed, 'as any mortal man can be in this sublimary spear, where nothink is suttn except unsuttny.' He 'rackryates' continually with his intended victim, often 'riding in the Boddy Balong, going to the Twillaries,' etc., as our author terms the Bois de Boulogne and the Tuilleries. Mr. Deuceace 'works his card' in the family after the most approved manner of mere 'men of the world:'

'He made his appearans reglar at church, me carrying a handsome large black marocky Prayer-book and Bible, with the sams and lessons marked out with red ribbings; and you'd have thought, as I gravly laid the volloms down before him, and as he berried his head in his nicely brushed hat, before survice began, that such a pious, proper, morl young nobleman was not to be found in the whole of the peeridge. It was a comfort to look at him. Efry old tabby and dowyger at my Lord Bobtail's turned up the wights of their i's when they spoke of him, and vovd they had never seen such a dear, daliteful, exlent young man. What a good son he must be, they said; and oh, what a good son-in-law! He had the pick of all the English gals at Paris, before we had been there 3 months. But, unfortunatly, most of them were poar; and love and a cottidge was not quite in master's way of thinking.'

With such plausibility, good looks, and the ability to be 'sarcastix, sentrymentle, and tender,' by turns, it is not surprising that he should succeed in making himself an 'accepted draft' on a prospective 'inkum' of nine hundred a year. But he is foiled. It is all a trick of the crooked maiden's mother, who holds the money, which, with her not uncomely person, she finally bestows upon Mr. Deuceace's father, a fat, sly, heartless old earl of sixty, who is more than a match for the son, cunning and wary as he is. After the engagement, 'skoars of rose-colored *billydoos*, folded up like cock-hats, and smel-lin' like barbers'-shops,' were showered upon the bridegroom in *futuro*:

'Miss was always a writing them befoar; and now, nite, noon, and mornink, brekfast, dinner, and sopper, in they came, till my pantry, (for master never read 'em, and I carried 'em out,) was puf-fickly intolrabble from the odor of musk, ambygrease, bargymot, and other senses, with which they were impregnated. Here 's the contense of one on 'em, which I've kept in my dex these twenty years as a skewricolty. Faw! I can smel it at this very minit, as I am copying it down.'

'' *Monday Morning, 2 o'clock.*

'Tis the witching hour of night. Luna illumines my chamber, and falls upon my sleepless pillow. By her light I am inditing these words to thee, my Algernon. My brave and beautiful,

my soul's lord! when shall the time come when the tedious night shall not separate us, nor the blessed day? Twelve! one! two! I have heard the bells chime, and the quarters, and never cease to think of my husband. My adored Percy, pardon the girlish confession, I have kissed the letter at this place. Will thy lips press it too, and remain for a moment on the spot which has been equally saluted by your  
MATILDA!

'This was the *fast* letter, and was brot to our house by one of the poor footmin, Fitzclarence, at sick o'clock in the morning. I thot it was for life and death, and woak master at that extroinary hour, and gave it to him. I shall never forgit him when he red it; he cramped it up, and he cust and swear, applying to the lady who roat, and the genlman that brought it, and me who introjuiced it to his notice, such a collection of epitafs as I seldom hered, excep at Billinxgit. The fact is this, for a *fast* letter, miss's noat was *rather* too strong, and sentymetle. But that was her way; she was always reading melancholy stoary books, Thaduse of Wawsaw, the Sorrows of Mac Whirter, and such like.

'After about 6 of them, master never youused to read them; but handid them over to me, to see if there was any think in them which must be answered, in order to kip up appearuntsea.'

Mr. Deuceace, it should be premised, had previously made strong non-committal love to the mother, until he found, or thought he had found, that the hump-back was the favorjte in her father's will. He apologizes to the mother; ('a little flumry costs no-think,') for treating her so 'scuvvily,' in a tender, 'respeckful speach.' 'Grave and sor-rofle, he kist her hand, and, speakin in a very low, adgitated voice, calld Hevn to witness how he deplord that his conduct should ever have given rise to such an unfortnit ideer; but if he might offer her esteem, respect, the warmest and tenderest admiration, he trusted she would akcep the same, and a deal more flumry of the kind, with dark, sollum glansis of the eyea, and plenty of white pockit hankercher.' The fire of revenge, however, burns secretly in the bosom of mama. She purposely puts Mr. Deuceace and an odd French 'shevalliay' by the ears. The latter provokes a duel, by a premeditated dinner-table accident, whereby, in carving, the gravy is upset, and in the words of Mr. Yellowplush, 'a great blob of brown soss spurted on to his master's chick, and myandrewd down his shert-collar and virging-white weskit.' A meeting is the consequence, and through an inflamed wound, which he receives, our hero loses his right hand at the wrist. His servant says, 'I never sea a man look so like a devvle as he use to sometimes, when he looked down at the stump.' To add to his amiable feelings, his London creditors find means to reach him in Paris. He evades them, however, by donning Mr. Yellowplush's livery, and leaving his tiger as his *locum tenens*. The escape is well described:

'Master had now pretty well recovered of his wound, and was aloud to drive abowt; it was lucky for him that he had the strenth to move. 'Sir, sir,' says I, 'the bailiffs are after you, and you must run for your life!'

'Bailiffs,' says he: 'nonsense! I do n't, thank heaven, owe a shilling to any man.'

'Stuff, sir,' says I, forgetting my respeck; 'don't you owe money in England? I tell you the bailiffs are here, and will be on you in a moment.'

'As I spoke, cling cling, ling ling, goes the bell of the anty-shamber, and there they were, sure enough!

'What was to be done? Quick as liting, I throws off my livry coat, claps my goold lace hat on master's head, and makes him put on my livry. Then I wraps myself up in his dressing-gownd, and lolling down on the sofa, bids him open the doar.

'Master throws open the salong doar very gravely, and touching my hat, says, 'Have you any orders about the cab, sir?'

'Why, no, Chawls,' says I, 'I shan't drive out to-day.'

'The old bailiff grinned, for he understood English (having had plenty of English customers,) and says, in French, as master goes out, 'I think, sir, you had better let your servant get a coach, for I am under the painful necessity of arresting you, for the sum of ninety-eight thousand seven hundred francs, owed by you to the Sieur Jacques Francois Lebrun, of Paris;' and he pulls out a number of bills, with master's acceptances on them, sure enough.

'Take a chair, sir,' says I; and down he sits: and I began to chaff him, as well as I could, about the weather, my illness, my sad axdent, having lost one of my hands, which was stuck into my busm, and so on.

'At last, after a minnit or two, I could contane no longer, and bust out in a horse laff.

'The old fellow turned quite pail, and began to suspect somethink. 'Hola!' says he; 'gendarmes! à moi! à moi! Je suis floué, volé,' which means, in English, that he was reglar sold.

'The jondarmes jumpt into the room, and so did Toinette and the waiter. Grasefly rising from my arm-chare, I took my hand from my dressing gownd, and flinging it open, stuck up on the chair one of the neatest legs I ever sea.

'I then pinted myjestickly—to what do you think?—to my PLUSH TIGER! them bellybrated inigepressables, which have rendered me faymous in Yourope.

'Taking the hint, the jondarmes and the servnts rord out laffing; and so did Charles Yellowplush, Esquire, I can tell you. Old Grippard, the bailiff, looked as if he would faint in his chare.

'I heard a kab galloping like mad out of the hotel-gate, and knew then that my master was safe.'

Mr. Yellowplush is duly elated at the near approach of the day that is to 'unite in the

bonds of Hyming the Honrabble Algernon Percy Deuceace, Esquire,' with his hump-backed inamorata, and his master seems to share his pleasurable anticipations :

'Chawls,' says he, handing me over a tenpun note, 'Here's your wagis, and thank you for getting me out of the scrape with the bailiffs : when you are married, you shall be my valet out of liv'ry, and I'll treble your salary.'

'His vallit! praps his butler! Yes, thought I, here's a chance — a vallit to ten thousand a-year. Nothink to do but to shave him, and read his notes, and let my whiskers grow ; to dress in spick and span black, and a clean shut per day ; muffings every night in the housekeeper's room ; the pick of the gals in the servnts' hall ; a chap to clean my boots for me, and my master's oppera bone reglar once a-week. I knew what a vallit was as well as any genlman in service ; and this I can tell you, he's generally a happier, idler, handsomer, more genlmanly man than his master. He has more money to spend, for genlman will leave their silver in their weasit pockets ; more suxsess among the gals ; as good dinners, and as good wind — that is, if he's friends with the butler, and friends in cors they will be, if they know which way their interest lies. But these are only cassels in the air, what the French call *shutter d'Espang*.'

After another arrest and imprisonment, just as the ceremony is about to take place, and divers other adventures, *the day arrives*. 'I don't wish,' says our biographer :

'I don't wish to digscribe the marridge seminary — how the embassy chapling jined the hands of this loving young couple ; how one of the embassy footmin was called in to witnias the marridge ; how miss wep and faintid, as usial ; and how Deuceace carried her, fainting, to the brisky, and drove off to Fontingblo, where they were to pass the fust weak of the honey-moon. They took no servnts, because they wisht, they said, to be privit. And so, when I had shut up the stops, and bid the postillion drive on, I bid ajew to the Honrabble Algernon, and went off strait to his exlent father.'

On the return of the pair from their honey-moon tour, they find the marriage-cards of Earl and Countess Crabs — Mr. Deuceace's father, and his 'deformed transformed' partner's mother — at their lodgings. A spirited and dramatic scene ensues, wherein the fortune-hunter learns from the earl that his wife is dowerless, and that he himself must not expect a shilling's income from either branch of the Crabs' union. The dénouement is thus sketched by Mr. Yellowplush, who has been bribed to enter the earl's family, and whose opinions toward his former master change thereafter with ludicrous rapidity :

'About three months after, when the seson was beginning at Paris, and the autum leafs was on the ground, my lord, my lady, me, and Mortimer, were taking a stroal in the Boddy Balong, the carriage driving on slowly a head, and us as happy as possibill, admiring the plesnt woods, and the gooldn sunset.

'My lord was expayshating to my lady upon the egsquizit beauty of the sean, and pouring forth a host of butifle and virtuous sentaments, sootable to the hour. It was dalitefe to hear him. 'Ah!' said he, 'black must be the heart, my love, which does not feel the influence of a scene like this ; gathering, as it were, from those sunlit skies, a portion of their celestial gold, and gaining somewhat of heaven with each pure draught of this delicious air.'

'Lady Crabs did not speak, but preest his arm and looked upwards. Mortimer and I, too, felt some of the infliwents of the sean, and lent on our goold sticks in silence. The carriage drew up close to us, and my lord and my lady sauntered slowly tords it.

'Jest at the place was a bench, and on the bench sate a poorly drest woman, and by her, leaning against a tree, was a man whom I thought I'd sean befor. He was drest in a shabby blew coat, with white soems and copper buttons ; a torn hat was on his head, and great quantaties of matted hair and whiskers disfiggared his countnints. He was not shaved, and as pail as stone.

'My lord and lady didn tak the slightest notice of him, but past on to the carriage. Me and Mortimer lickwise took our places. As we past, the man had got a grip of the woman's shoulder, who was holding down her head, sobbing bitterly.

'No sooner were my lord and lady seated, than they both, with igstreme dellixy and good natur, bust into a ror of lafter, peal upon peal, whooping and screeching, enough to frighten the evening silents.

'DEUCEACE turned round. I saw his face now — the face of a devvie of hell! Fust, he lookt towards the carriage, and pintoed to it with his maimed arm ; then he raised the other, and struck the woman by his side. She fell, screaming.

'Poor thing! poor thing!'

Since the above was placed in type, we have received, by a very late arrival from England, the conclusion of Mr. Yellowplush's literary labors. Sorry are we to part with him. He permits us, however, to hope that we may yet hear from him again. He says, in conclusion :

'The end of Mr. Deuceace's history is going to be the end of my corrispondence. I wish the public was as sory to part with me as I am with the public ; becaws I fany reely that we've become frends, and seal, for my part, a becoming greaf at saing ajew. It's imposibill for me to continyow, however, a-writin, as I have done, violettin the rules of autography, and trampling on the fust principills of English gramar. Wen I hegan, I new no better ; wen I'd carrid on these papers a little further, and grew accastimd to writin, I began to smel out somethink quear in my style. Within the last six weeks I've been lerning to spell ; and wen all the world was rejoicing at the festivvaties of our youthful quean — wen all i's were fixt upon her long sweet of ambassadors and princes, solwing the splendid carriage of Marshle the Duke of Damlataia, and blinkin at the pearls and dimince of Prince



Oystereasy, Yellowplush was in his loanly pantry ; his eyes was fixt on the spellin-book ; his hart was bent on mastring the diffickleties of the littery professhn. I have been, in fact, *convertid*. I don't wear plush any more. I am an alterd, a wiser, and I trust a better man. I'm about a novvle, (having made great progriss in spelin,) in the stile of my frend Edmund Lytting Bullwig ; and preparing for puligation, in the Doctor's Cyclopedear, 'The lives of Eminent Brittish and Foring Wash-erwomen.'

**MUSIC.** — There has been, within a few years, a decided improvement in the musical taste of this city, which will doubtless continue, while a proper encouragement is given to professors of acknowledged celebrity to reside among us. Hence we are glad to learn, that Mr. WATSON, the able musical director at NIBLO'S, and under whose direction the Italian Opera was so successfully produced at that establishment, has determined to remain permanently in New-York, and devote himself to instruction in vocal music and the piano-forte. Of his capability as a teacher, it is superfluous to speak. His reputation is so firmly established, that we hazard nothing in predicting, that he will be eminently successful. Miss CLARENCE WELLS, a pupil of his, and a sister of his gifted lady, has recently made a most successful début at Niblo's Garden, in Storace's Opera of 'No Song, No Supper.' She exhibited evidences of the best instruction, and will, in time, we doubt not, become a very popular vocalist. We hope soon to have an opportunity of hearing her, in conjunction with Mrs. WATSON, whose long absence has been generally regretted by the lovers of music. It has been stated, and we hope on good authority, that Mr. WATSON is shortly to produce a new opera, in which both these ladies will have leading characters. We scarcely need say, that in this, as in all other undertakings for the advancement of musical science, he has our cordial good wishes for his success.

**MILITARY TITLES.** — Right glad are we to perceive, that some of our most reputable journals have recently seen fit to rebuke, in terms of merited contempt, the ridiculous practice, so very common among us, 'of tacking a major, or a colonel, or a general, to any body's name who has happened, at any time of his life, to show himself in public with a cocked hat, and a gaudy suit of regimentals.' So generally has this weakness obtained, that many are endowed with military adjuncts, who would deem their legitimate possession any thing but a desirable acquisition ; while others, of smaller intellect, have been content to wear, without possessing, them, because — save the mark ! — they imagined it conferred distinction. We know several good-natured personages who 'train' in this last-named division. The silly ambition has long been ridiculed abroad, and lately at home, until it has come to be seen in its true light. In an amusing Yankee story, in an English magazine before us, a person informs the stage-coach driver, with whom he is riding on the box, that he has just been fined by General Twist, the tailor, for not standing out from the ranks to be reviewed. The driver is also a militia officer, it would seem, and he speaks, in describing certain road-side mishaps, of a fellow coachman who rejoices in similar honors : 'I cut myself once, considerable, in oversetuin' on these stuns, when I druv in the 'Citizens' Line,' and Colonel Tompkins, that driv in the 'Commercial Line,' was killed jest about ag'in this same spot !' Our accomplished traveller, Mr. STEPHENS, in describing the review of the Russian army, observes : 'When strains of martial music burst from a hundred bands, and companies, and regiments, and brigades, wheeled and manœuvred before me, and the earth shook under the charge of cavalry, I felt a strong martial spirit roused within me. Perhaps I was excited by the reflection, that these soldiers had been in battles, and that the stars and medals glittering on their breasts were not merely holiday ornaments, but the tokens of desperate service on bloody battle-fields.' It will not surprise the reader to learn, that in our author's opinion, this review 'rather surpassed a military parade of the 'New-York Brigade,' at home.' Indeed, he seems to hold a proper estimate of that cheap glory, which attaches to mere military show. Although an officer, and one of the initiated, he had too much



good sense to be caught by title-baits. His ambition was not for such small game. He very willingly served out a term in our peaceful militia, without once seeking promotion. 'Men,' he avers, 'came in below and went out above him; ensigns became colonels, and lieutenants generals; but he remained the same. It was hard work for him to *escape* promotion, but he was resolute.' He finally resigned, with a large number of sensible fellow officers, amidst a shower of newspaper panegyrics, in the inflated military phrase of the day. It is for such 'general,' 'colonel,' and 'captain'-ships, as these, which the public have come to regard, as we hope, with sufficient contempt, to put a summary end to the passion for illegitimate and ridiculous military distinctions, which have hitherto been so much in vogue.

**THE 'COCKNEY CORONATION.'**—There is 'liberty of the press,' in abundance, in London, and not a little licentiousness, also. At any rate, there is a fearlessness, in some of the newspapers, that shrinks at nothing. When half Europe and the whole British metropolis were ringing with the gorgeous ceremonies of the coronation of *QUEEN VICTORIA*, one of the journals presented one of the most laughable burlesques of the whole affair, which we ever remember to have read. The entire series of ceremonies and processions were taken up in order, and travestied, in ludicrous detail. The initial movements are thus recorded:

'Precisely at seven o'clock, her Majesty was taken out of the royal bed, and nicely washed, and combed, and curled. At eight o'clock, she was encased in a clean pinafore, and a pair of brand new red morocco shoes were placed upon her little feet; after which, her breakfast, consisting of a beautiful bowl of bread and milk, was given to her, and as her Majesty was soaking a piece of state bread in the basin, Lord Melbourne was heard to say, that her Majesty never looked more lovely. At ten minutes to ten o'clock, a squib was let off in the gardens of Buckingham Palace, to announce that the procession was ready to start; and before the clock over the stables at the back of the Palace had ceased to strike the hour of ten, the procession began to move.'

Among the materials of the procession, we find the following, mixed up with other grotesque selections, in the most laughable juxtaposition. We are told that a knowledge of the peculiarities of some of the personages mentioned, adds greatly to the effect of the burlesque:

'Lord Melbourne, swinging on a slack-rope, in a caravan lent for the purpose;  
 An old woman in a red cloak;  
 Two stout coal-heavers, with short pipes;  
 The Right Hon. Lord Mayor of the City, in a horrid state of inebriation;  
 Two old women sucking oranges;  
 Sir Charles Wetherell, in a new pair of pantaloons;  
 The Editor of the Court Circular, in his robes, half drunk;  
 The Editor of the Times, in his robes, quite drunk;  
 A very stout Irishman carrying a hod;  
 A Jew with sealing-wax;  
 Sixteen boys, in nankeen trousers;  
 The wig of the Lord Chancellor, on a pole, carried by Lord Brougham;  
 The Laughing Hyena, from the Zoological Gardens;  
 A Jew with slate pencil;  
 Lord John Russell, mounted on a Jackass;  
 Old gentleman in a bed-gown, night-cap carried by a pot-boy;  
 A Jew with oranges;  
 A dray-horse from the London Brewery, with a nose-bag; his tail carried by a page,'

et cetera, et cetera. The performances at Westminster Abbey, in the 'regale-her,' terminate as follows:

'With her mother and her home secretary, her Majesty, suffused in tears, was conducted to the Coronation chair, where the Archbishop of Canterbury rubbed away like a good un at her head, with lamp oil, and the bye-standers asked if any thing was the matter with her Majesty's upper story. No sooner was her Majesty's head made dry, than a pair of silver gilt spurs were clapped upon her royal heels, and the male and female nobility immediately next her sacred person, gave way, believing that her Majesty might take it into her head to ride about the Abbey, cock-horse, in which case, if they remained, they would stand the chance of receiving more kicks than half-pence. The treasurer of her Majesty's horse next advanced with the crimson bag containing the duplicates, out of which her Majesty took one and redeemed the sword of justice. This done, her Majesty knelt at the feet of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and his Grace, embracing her, hung round her august neck a string of sausages. The muffin was next placed in her hand, and blessed, the palm of her hand being crossed with a couple of shrimps; a red herring was next held beneath her gracious nose, and lastly, she took a thundering swig at a pot of porter, in so elegant a manner as to excite

the admiration of all present. While her most gracious Majesty was taking her fill, the Archbishop of Canterbury sucked at the barley-sugar; the Lord Bishop of London ate a beef sandwich; the Duchess of Kent bolted a water cress; the Duke of Wellington pocketed a radish; the Marquis of Westminster nibbled the cheese; and the squibs and crackers in the parks proclaimed to the populace without that the 'raree show' was over.'

We can imagine, we think, with what gusto a noisy London populace, on a gala day, with a double capacity for fun and drink, must have received this programme of the royal procession, for an American copy of which we are indebted to that clever sporting, theatrical, and literary weekly journal, the New-York 'Spirit of the Times.'

**EARLIEST EDITION OF THE 'PILGRIMS' PROGRESS.'**—What would you not give, reader, to be able to say with us, that you had seen a copy of the earliest known edition of the 'Pilgrims' Progress,' 'that curious book of BUNYAN's,' with its uncouth typography, and its rude wood-cuts, reflecting little credit upon the 'printing-house' of 'NATH. POWDER, at the Peacock in the Poultry, over against the Stocks-Market,' and still less upon the art of celature, in those days of old? What an Apollyon Christian has here to encounter! No marvel he was dismayed, if this picture is 'from the original portrait.' The lions 'that were in the way,' look like centaurs, and the 'delectable mountains' any thing but beautiful. But the matter is the same. That is indeed delectable. How many millions have gone down to darkness and the grave, since the pages before us were printed, strengthened thereby to pass calmly through the dark valley, and over the last river, as did Christian and Faithful, and rejoicing in the hope of walking like them with the 'shining ones,' amid the glories of the celestial city! Bunyan was at once the Socrates and the Franklin (or Peter Parley,) of religious authors. The inward sunshine which dissipated the gloom of his prison, beams throughout his works, and his style was the perfection of its class. How well we remember the first perusal of the 'Pilgrims' Progress!' Next to Webster's Spelling-Book, and the Bible, it was the first volume we ever devoured.—Never was such a favorite. We remember, even now, 'the topography of its blots and dog's ears,' and its thousand defacements, of margin and text, from long use, and the soilings of thumb-and-finger upon its coarse pictures, especially the popular ones of the Hobgoblins, and Christian's escape from 'Doubting Castle,' what time Giant Despair stood powerless and scowling in his door, with his 'grievous crab-tree cudgel,' no longer terrible, upraised in his faltering hand. The good biographer of the pilgrims was accused, it should seem, of plagiarism, after the publication of the first edition, to which charge he replies in verse:

'It came from mine own heart, so to my head,  
And thence into my fingers trickled;  
Then to my pen, from whence immediately  
On paper I did dripple it daintily.'

We see mention made, in an advertisement contained in this volume, of other works of BUNYAN which have not, to our knowledge, floated down the tide of time to this godless generation. Who has ever read 'The Life and Death of Mr. BADMAN, presented to y<sup>e</sup> World in a Familiar Dialogue between Mr. WISEMAN and Mr. ATTENTIVE, by JOHN BUNYAN?'—or his 'Book for Boys and Girls, or Country Rhimes for children?' If any of our readers possess a copy of either of these works, we crave the pleasure of its perusal. Reading and writing did not come by nature, we perceive, in the days of Bunyan. One calls the attention of the London public to his 'copy-book, enriched with great variety of the most useful and modish hands, adorned with a whole alphabet of great letters, composed of divers new-devised knots, and beautified with many other curious shapes and flourishes, fitted for the profit and delight of ingenious youth, and peradventure not heretofore practised in any other copy-book; together with practical writing, or round hand, now in use, whereby any youth may attain unto this commendable hand, with great delight and ease.' What an elaborate fuss about a small copy-slip!

**SAMUEL SLICK.**—A second series of 'The Clock-Maker, or the Sayings and Doings of SAMUEL SLICK, of Slickville,' has just been issued, in a volume of some two hundred pages, by Messrs. CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD, Philadelphia. It is to the full as lively and entertaining as the first, which acquired such general popularity, both abroad and at home. We are compelled to limit our numerous selections to a single extract, describing an 'oily man of God,' who cared more for the fleece than the spiritual welfare of his flock:

'I recollect when I was last up to Albama, to one of the new cities lately built there, I was awalkin' one mornin' airly out o' town to get a leetle fresh air, for the weather was so plaguy sultry I could hardly breathe a'most, and I see a most splendid location there near the road; a beautiful white two-story house with a grand virandah runnin' all round it, painted green, and green vernitions to the winders, and a white palisade fence in front, lined with a row of Lombardy poplars, and two rows of 'em leadin' up to the front door, like two files of sodgers with fixt bagonuts; each side of the avenue was a grass plot, and a beautiful image of Adam stood in the centre of one on 'em; and of Eve, with a fig-leaf apron on, in t'other, made of wood by a native artist, and painted so nateral no soul could tell 'em from stone.

The avenue was all planked beautiful, and it was lined with flowers in pots and jars, and looked a touch above common, I tell you. While I was astoppin' to look at it, who should drive by but the milkman with his cart. Says I, stranger, says I, I suppose you do n't know who lives here, do you? I guess you are a stranger, said he, ain't you? Well, says I, I do n't exactly know as I ain't, but who lives here? The Rev. Ahab Meldrum, said he, I reckon. Ahab Meldrum, said I, to myself; I wonder if it can be the Ahab Meldrum I was to school with to Slickville, to minister's, when we was boys. It can't be possible it's him, for he was fitter for a State's prisoner than a State's preacher, by a long chalk. He was a poor stick to make a preacher on, for minister could n't beat nothin' into him a'most, he was so cussed stupid; but I'll see any how: so I walks right through the gate and raps away at the door, and a tidy, well-rigged nigger help opens it, and shows me into a'most an elegant furnished room. I was most darnted to sit down on the chars, they were so splendid, for fear I should spile 'em. There was mirrors and vases, and lamps, and pictures, and crinkum crankums, and notions of all sorts and sizes in it. It looked like a museum a'most, it was filled with such an everlastin' sight of curiosities.

'The room was considerable dark too, for the blinds was shot, and I was skear'd to move for fear o' doin' mischief. Presently in comes Ahab slowly sailin' in, like a boat droppin' down stream in a calm, with a pair o' purple slippers on, and a figured silk dressin'-gound, and carrying a'most a beautiful-bound book in his hand. May I presume, says he, to inquire who I have the unexpected pleasure of seeing this mornin'? If you'll gist throw open one o' them are shutters, says I, I guess the light will save us the trouble of axin' names. I know who you be by your voice any how, tho' it's considerable softer than it was ten years ago. I'm Sam Slick, says I, what's left o' me at least. Verily, said he, friend Samuel, I'm glad to see you; and how did you leave that excellent man and distinguished scholar, the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, and my good friend your father? Is the old gentleman still alive? if so, he must now be ripe-full of years as he is full of honors. Your mother, I think I heer'd, was dead—gathered to her fathers—peace be with her!—she had a good and kind heart. I loved her as a child: but the Lord taketh whom he loveth. Ahab, says I, I have but a few minutes to stay with you, and if you think to draw the wool over my eyes, it might perhaps take you a longer time than you are athinking on, or than I have to spare; there are some friends you've forgot to inquire after tho'—there's Polly Bacon and her little boy.

'Spare me, Samuel, spare me, my friend, says he; open not that wound afresh, I beseech thee. Well, says I, none o' your nonsense then; show me into a room where I can spit and feel to home, and put my feet upon the chairs without adamagin' things, and I'll sit and smoke and chat with you a few minutes; in fact I do n't care if I stop and breakfast with you, for I feel considerable peckish this mornin'. Sam, says he, atakin' hold of my hand, you were always right up and down, and as straight as a shingle in your dealin's. I can trust you I know, but mind—and he put his fingers on his lips—mum is the word; bye gones are bye gones—you would n't blow an old chum among his friends, would you? I scorn a nasty, dirty, mean action, says I, as I do a nigger. Come, foller me, then, says he; and he led me into a back room, with an oncarpeted painted floor, furnished plain, and some shelves in it, with books and pipes, and cigars, pig-tail and what not. Here's liberty-hall, said he; chew, or smoke, or spit as you please; do as you like here; we'll throw off all resarve now; but mind that cursed nigger; he has a foot like a cat, and an ear for every keyhole—do n't talk too loud.

'Well, Sam, said he, I'm glad to see you too, my boy; it puts me in mind of old times. Many's the lark you and I have had together in Slickville, when old Hunks—(it made me start, that he meant Mr. Hopewell, and it made me feel kinder dandry at him, for I would n't let any one speak disrespectful of him afore me for nothin' I know,)—when old Hunks thought we was abed. Them was happy days—the days o' light heels and light hearts. I often think on 'em, and think on 'em too with pleasure. Well, Ahab, says I, I do n't gist altogether know as I do; there are some things we might gist as well a'most have left alone, I reckon; but what's done is done, that's a fact. A hem! said he so loud, I looked round and I seed two niggers bringin' in the breakfast, and a grand one it was—tea and coffee and Indgian corn cakes, and hot bread and cold bread, fish, fowl, and flesh, roasted, boiled, and fried; presarves, pickles, fruits; in short, every thing a'most you could think on. You need n't wait, said Ahab, to the blacks; I'll ring for you, when I want you; we'll help ourselves.

'Well, when I looked around and see this critter alivin' this way, on the fat o' the land, up to his knees in clover like, it did pose me considerable to know how he worked it so cleverly, for he was thought always, as a boy, to be rather more than half onder-baked, considerable soft-like. So, says I, Ahab, says I, I calculate you're like the cat we used to throw out of minister's garrat-winder, when we was aboardin' there to school. How so, Sam? said he. Why, says I, you always seem to come on your feet some how or another. You have got a plaguy nice thing of it here; that's a fact, and no mistake (the critter had three thousand dollars a year,) how on airth did you manage it? I wish in my heart I had ataken up the trade o' preachin' too; when it does hit, it does capitally,

that's sartain. Why, says he, if you'll promise not to let on to any one about it, I'll tell you. I'll keep dark about it, you may depend, says I. I'm not a man that can't keep nothin' in my gizzard, but go right off and blart out all I hear. I know a thing worth two o' that, I guess. Well, says he, it's done by a new rule I made in grammar — the feminine gender is more worthy than the neuter, and the neuter more worthy than the masculine; I gist soft sawder the women. It 'taint every man will let you tickle him; and if you do, he'll make faces at you enough to frighten you into fits; but tickle his wife, and it's electrical — he'll laugh like any thing. They are the forred wheels, start them, and the hind ones foller of course. Now it's mostly women that 'tend meetin' here; the men-folks have their politics and trade to talk over, and what not, and ain't time; but the ladies go considerable regular, and we have to depend on them, the dear critters. I gist lay myself out to get the blind side o' them, and I sugar and gild the pill so as to make it pretty to look at and easy to swallow. Last Lord's day, for instance, I preached on the death of the widder's son. Well, I drew such a pictur of the lone watch at the sick bed, the patience, the kindness, the tenderness of women's hearts, their forgiving disposition — (the Lord forgive me for saying so, tho,' for if there is a created critter that never forgives, it's a woman; they seem to forgive a wound on their pride, and it skins over, and looks all healed up like, but touch 'em on the sore spot ag'n, and see how cute their memory is) — their sweet temper, soothers of grief, dispensers of joy, ministrin' angels — I make all the virtues of the feminine gender always — then I wound up with a quotation from Walter Scott. They all like poetry, the ladies do, and Shakspeare, Scott, and Byron are amazin' favorites; they go down much better than them old-fashioned staves o' Watts.

' Oh woman, in our hour of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,  
And variable as the shade  
By the light quivering aspen made;  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.'

If I did n't touch it off to the nines, it's a pity. I never heerd you preach so well, says one, since you was located here. I drew from natur', says I, a szez in' of her hand. Nor never so touchin' says another. You know my moddle, says I, lookin' spooney on her. I fairly shed tears, said a third; how often have you drawn them from me? says I. So true, says they, and so nateral, and truth and natur' is what we call eloquence. I feel quite proud, says I, and considerable elated, my admired sisters — for who can judge so well as the ladies of the truth of the description of their own virtues? I must say I felt somehow kinder inadequate to the task, too, I said — for the depth and strength and beauty of the female heart passes all understandin'.

' When I left 'em I heard 'em say, ain't he a dear man, a feelin' man, a sweet critter, a'most a splendid preacher; none o' your mere moral lecturers, but a rael right down genuine gospel preacher. Next day I received to the tune of one hundred dollars in cash, and fifty dollars produce, presents from one and another. The truth is, if a minister wants to be popular, he should remain single, for then the galls all have a chance for him; but the mement he marries, he's up a tree; his flint is fixed then; you may depend it's gone geese with him arter that; that's a fact. No, Sam; they are the pillars of the temple, the dear little critters. And I'll give you a wrinkle for your horn, perhaps you ain't got yet, and it may be some use to you when you go down atradin' with the be-  
righted colonists in the outlandish British provinces. *The road to the head lies through the heart.*  
' Pocket, you mean, instead of head, I guess, said I; and if you do n't travel that road full chisel, it's a pity.'

The publishers should have had more regard to the externals of paper and printing, in this little volume. Both are indifferent.

**PORTRAITURE.** — Having heretofore called the attention of our citizens to the merits of Mr. C. G. THOMPSON, a young and gifted artist, then newly arrived among us, it affords us pleasure to state, that the predictions which we ventured in his behalf, have been amply sustained by his continued improvement and success. Among his more recent efforts, is a full-length portrait of Rev. CYRUS MASON, of the New-York University. The likeness is striking, and the position, lights, etc., boldly chosen, and effectively rendered. The subject is clad in his clerical robes, and is in the act of speaking, with one hand on a book, and the other extended, and felicitously arrested, in mid-motion. The back-ground is chaste and imposing. A massive Grecian column, in admirable relief, supports a rich drapery of silk. The head stands clearly out against an opening of the sky, as if after a gentle summer shower; the hands are well drawn and finished. The minor adjuncts, the table, with its covering of rich purple velvet, the books upon it, the Persian carpet, etc., are well depicted. In the accessories of his pictures, Mr. THOMPSON exhibits good taste, and graceful execution. Another portrait, of a distinguished lady, which we saw at the studio of our artist, in the University, may be mentioned as in point. The back-ground is an Italian twilight scene, bounded by a distant view of mountain and lake, relieved in the fore-ground by an Etruscan vase, surmounted with a mythological figure. The chair is an elaborate antique; and on the left of the picture, an ornamental staircase, with statuary, opens down upon a near river. A correct eye, refined taste, and continued study, will win for this artist a high and enduring reputation.

**MR. CATHERWOOD'S PANORAMAS.** — We have already briefly alluded to the panorama of Jerusalem, near Broadway, in Prince-street, but are again impelled, by a desire that the reader may share with us the great pleasure to be derived from this superb specimen of art, again to call public attention to the exhibition. Nothing like it has ever been seen in this country. The illusion, from the correctness of the drawings, the natural coloring, and the immense extent of a complete and boundless horizon, is *perfect*. Aside from its value, as an elaborate picture of modern Jerusalem, 'and all the country round about,' the sacred associations which it continually awakens, in all its points, are of the most interesting character. There, in the beautiful language of a gifted daughter of song :

'Judea's mountains lift their voice,  
With legends of the Saviour fraught,  
And favored Olivet, so oft  
In midnight's prayerful vigil sought ;  
And Kedron's brook, whose liquid wave  
Frequent his weary feet did lave.  
  
'And sad Gethsemane, whose dews  
Shrank from that moisture strangely red,  
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,  
His agonizing temples shed :  
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,  
Like an unanswering lamb he bore.'

The panorama of the Falls of Niagara, in the same edifice, will soon give place, as we learn, to an accurate and beautiful picture of Mexico.

**COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. SIMPSON.** — Arrangements are making to give a complimentary benefit to Mr. SIMPSON, of the Park Theatre, in the course of the present month. We unite cordially in this testimonial to one who has not only 'done much to sustain the character of the drama among us,' but who has also, by his upright character as a gentleman, and his excellent qualities of head and heart, won the respect and esteem of all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance, in private life. If but a moiety of his friends find admission to the establishment over which he has so long and so successfully presided, on the occasion to which we have alluded, the house will be filled from pit to dome.

**THE DRAMA.** — The dramatic season opens brilliantly, and we shall keep the reader advised, with the aid of our accomplished dramatic reporter, of every thing worthy of especial mention, at the different establishments. At the PARK, the ever-welcome and never tiresome POWELL, the very soul of nature and of humor, has already made his bow. He brings out a variety of new plays, written expressly for him. He will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. MATTHEWS, (late Madame VERREIL,) and other eminent performers. Two new pieces, by the accomplished and successful Brothers SARGEANT, are also soon to be brought out at the Park. The National opened with FORREST, who is to be succeeded by Miss SHIAEFF, Mr. VANDENHOFF and daughter, and several other 'stars' of magnitude. BOOTH is drawing crowded houses at the OLYMPIC, and the 'little FRANKLIN' is succeeding beyond past example, under the judicious and liberal management of Mr. DINNEFORD.

**NATIONAL DEFENCE.** — We ask attention to the article upon this theme, in the present number. The subject is one of vast importance. National strength is indispensable to the preservation of national independence and character. What would Great Britain have been, had she adopted temporary expedients, in this matter, and given ear to hesitating and timid councils? Would she have been, as now, the only shield in Europe between liberty and despotism? Or is it not reasonable, rather, to suppose, that she would long ago have been a mere degraded province of France?

**EPIGRAM.** — Some facetious paragraphist, in a sister city, having publicly stated that the pretty little song of our friend Colonel MORRIS, of the 'New-York Mirror' weekly journal, entitled 'Woodman, Spare that Tree,' had been translated into a dozen foreign languages, another wag has responded to the joke, in the following epigram, which is very clever, yet hints at fractures of old Priscian's scone, which, we have pleasure in stating, the author of the song in question did not make :

'In German, French, Italian, Spanish, Greek,  
'T is said that 'Woodman, Spare that Tree' is sung:  
Oh that some learned philologist would seek  
To give it to us in the *English* tongue !'

There is an old song of THOMAS CAMPBELL's, which, as well as CHORLEY's 'Brave Old Oak,' so admirably sung by Mr. HENRY RUSSELL, has often forcibly reminded us of the original theme of the above epigram. It is entitled 'Woodman, Spare that Beechen Tree,' and is a petition in behalf of an aged beech, that it may be left to stand where it has stood so long, sheltering playful childhood under its boughs, hearing the 'vows of truth and rapture, from youthful lovers, and bearing upon its venerable trunk 'many a long-forgotten name,' once carved there in the light-hearted gayety of boyhood. We scarcely remember any lines of CAMPBELL more pathetic and beautiful.

'MAD DOG! MAD DOG!' — Many a noble and generous animal has fallen, in this metropolis, since Sirius'gan to rage, the present season, and full many along with them, doubtless, who richly deserved their fate — vicious dogs, and 'dogs of low degree.' Hydrophobia demands severe measures of prevention, since its cure is yet a desideratum. A fine or tax, however, on all unmuzzled dogs, at large during the dog-days, would be a more humane, and we should think equally effective, method of keeping them secure from doing or receiving harm. Some years since, we remember, a petition was presented to the Vermont legislature, to lay a general tax on dogs; whereat a friend to the canine race evinced his regard for their interests, in the subjoined squib, which contains a pleasant satire upon those politicians whose principles are the most convenient thing about them :

'TO MY DOG JOWLER.

'JOWLER! they've taxed you, honest friend,  
Assessed you, put you on the roll;  
To exile every dog they'll send,  
Unless some friend will pay his poll.

'By all that's good! the rascals meant  
'Tween you and me to breed a strife,  
To drive you into banishment,  
Or bribe your friend to take your life.

'But, Jowler! do n't you be alarmed,  
If politicians do neglect you,  
For all their tax, you shan't be harmed —  
I love, and honor, and respect you.

'But taxes, says the constitution,  
Convey the right to represent,  
So dogs, by this same resolution,  
May, just as well as men, be sent.

'Now dogs, and men, and voters, hear!  
That Jowler's put in nomination,  
To go, upon the coming year,  
And aid in public legislation.

'Jowler, steer clear of demagogues,  
Steer clear of the minority,  
Take care to smell of other dogs,  
And vote with the majority.'

**THE 'NEW-YORKER.'** — We have had occasion, heretofore, to speak of the many merits of this excellent and widely-circulated weekly journal. It is no small recommendation of the handsomely-executed quarto, that, unlike some of its contemporaries, of less merit and more pretension, it is not printed three weeks beforehand, in order to be 'out early,' but presents the latest literary selections and intelligence, an important feature with the reader. It has acquired its popularity, not by exaggerated and rever-



berated weekly puffa, or the emblazoning of cheap wood-cuts as 'engravings,' but by the industry, taste, and talent, manifested in its entire conduct. New volumes, in the folio and quarto forms, to be printed upon a new and beautiful type, are soon to commence; and we cannot do such of our readers as may desire a valuable news and literary journal, in a neat form, and at a fair price, a better service, than to commend to them a periodical from which they may derive, beside copious metropolitan intelligence, and the news of the day, rare literary entertainment and useful instruction.

**'PITTSBURGH EVENING VISITOR.'** — The transition from the 'New-Yorker' to the 'Visitor' is not an unnatural one; since the editor of the latter, E. B. FISHER, Esq., for some time an associate editor of the former journal, has acquired the tact, and has the ability to 'follow in the footsteps,' and to make, with his own pen and the aid of numerous correspondents, in the fresh and vigorous west, a most acceptable weekly publication. The typographical execution of the 'Visitor' is unexceptionable.

#### L I T E R A R Y R E C O R D .

**THE TOKEN AND ATLANTIC SOUVENIR, FOR 1839.** — We have examined an advance copy of this annual for 1839, and must express our regret, that it has been found necessary to reduce its size and price, the better to adapt it 'to the state of the times, and the demands of the public.' The engravings, with two or three exceptions, are either small bank-note vignettes, or wood engravings, which have already been printed in the columns of a weekly literary journal. 'Friar Puck,' engraved by PRUDHOMME, from a painting by CHAPMAN, is very pretty and effective, and the presentation-plate, executed in two colors on wood, does great credit to the taste and skill of ADAMS. Beyond these, save perhaps 'The first Steamboat on the Mississippi,' by CHAPMAN, the 'embellishments' do not demand particular mention. The literary contents are creditable, but not of exalted merit. We miss many old contributors, and chiefest among them, the versatile and graceful author of 'Twice-Told Tales.' The prose portions are for the most part foreign, in scene or origin. 'The White Scarf,' by Miss SEDGWICK, is a tale of the time of Charles the Sixth, and though interesting, is inferior to those of her own land, which she knows so well how to narrate; 'The Rebel of the Cevennes' is a story of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, by the author of 'Miriam;' 'Thomas Aquinas' is another French sketch; and 'Il Sasso Rancio,' by NATHANIEL GREENE, Esq., is an Italian tale. The author of 'Lafitte' has a clever imaginative sketch, entitled 'The Sacred Fire,' Mrs. SIGOURNEY one of her characteristic stories of a New-England Alms-House, S. AUSTIN, Jun., a pleasant and fanciful 'tail' of 'The Comet,' and MONA SOMEBODY has given us a vivid picture of Cape Cod in general, and Provincetown in particular. The poetry, in the main good, is by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Rev. J. H. CLINCH, Mrs. SEBA SMITH, Miss H. F. GOULD, Mrs. OSGOOD, Mrs. H. WHITMAN, and others. BOSTON: OTIS, BROADERS AND COMPANY.

**DAMASCUS AND PALMYRA.** — MESSRS. CAREY AND HART have published two volumes, entitled, 'Damascus and Palmyra, a Journey to the East, with a Sketch of the State and Prospects of Syria, under Ibrahim Pasha, by CHARLES G. ADDISON, of the Inner Temple,' London. The work treats of the route to the coast of Syria, by the way of Constantinople, and describes the sad state of Greece, under Bavarian misrule; the city of the Sultan, and the route thence to Sardis, together with a journey through the Grecian islands to Rhodes and Cyprus. Then succeeds a description of Syria, and its mountains, of the ruins of Baalbec, the route to, and remains of, Damascus, with the excursion from that ancient capitol of Syria, across the desert, to Palmyra, the once-famed capitol of the East, and of Zenobia. All who have read the 'Letters from Palmyra,' will derive great pleasure from the perusal of Mr. Addison's minute description of this magnificent 'Tadmor in the Desert.'

**FOURTH OF JULY POEM.**—We have received a 'Poem pronounced before the Ciceronian Club, and other citizens of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, July 4, 1838, by ALEXANDER B. MEEK, Esq. We have barely room to remark, that there is a great deal of fine poetical conception in the pages of this little pamphlet, which is occasionally marred, in its effect, by indifferent execution. Beautiful thoughts are now and then bodied forth, in lines which, but for the capital letters that commence them, would never be mistaken for poetry, in the sense of that term which includes melody and harmony of numbers, as well as the evident 'fire within.' In the main, however, it is but justice to add, that the execution, not less than the spirit of the performance, is praiseworthy. Every true-hearted American will applaud the latter quality, whether the verse, in all cases, be to his taste or not. A rapid sketch of American revolutionary history, with 'tributes to the brave who won our liberties,' and injunctions against that narrow feeling which would induce sectional prejudices, are among the prominent heads of the poet's theme. We like not the apology of the author, in the letter announcing his consent to the publication of the poem. The idea that well-regulated imaginative minds are unfitted for the business realities of every-day life, has come to be justly regarded as absurd. The strongest living examples of the falsity of the assumption, may be pointed out at this moment, both in England and America.

**MEMOIR OF MRS. TAYLOR.**—MR. J. S. TAYLOR has issued a very handsome volume, in 'illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the heart,' in the life and death of MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR. The author, Rev. LOT JONES, A. M., was highly favored in the subject of his narrative, and he has wrought up his materials with great skill and judgment. 'The most refined will rise improved from its perusal, and the less favored may learn from it what they may become by a whole-hearted devotedness to the duties which they owe to God and their fellow men.' A well-engraved portrait of the pious and gifted subject adorns the volume.

**POEMS BY RUFUS DAWES, Esq.**—A volume of poems by this accomplished scholar and excellent poet, is passing through the press, and will be published early in October. It will consist of 'Geraldine,' a poem of some eighty or a hundred pages, 'St. John's Eve, a Fæery Tale,' 'Lancaster,' etc., with sundry poetical 'fugitives from justice,' some of which have already been given to the public. The work will be executed with great typographical beauty; and those who are familiar with the writings of the author, need not be told, that the inward beauty will more than 'conform' to the handsomest externals. We predict for the work ample popularity and success.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.**—We must crave the indulgence of correspondents, whose unanswered favors are received after the middle of the month. A constant daylight toil, generally reaching, moreover, into the far night-watches—a toil which only literary enthusiasm and ambition could sanctify, or render endurable—must constitute our apology for what may seem uncourteous remissness. Single-handed labors in the original department, with the careful preparation and watchful supervision of every portion of the Magazine, (to say nothing of our little leisure taken away in teaspoonfuls by unthinking friends, or interested bores,) make up an impetuous, turbulent life of mind, for the last two weeks of every month, which is little favorable to the calm examination of articles intended for the work. We might, it is true, obviate this difficulty, by adopting, in our literary notices, as is too generally the case, the critical *modus operandi* of small reviewers in pencil, on the margin of returned circulating-library novels, 'How beautiful!'—'Cursed proxy!'—'I think Pelham a dandy,' etc., and by omitting much of variety, that costs us both thought and labor; this, indeed, might we do, but the reader would scarcely be content with such cavalier treatment. We therefore choose what seems to us the least of two evils. Many communications, in prose and verse, from old and esteemed contributors, as well as several from new candidates for the favor of our readers, together with two or three books, heretofore alluded to, will receive early attention.

\*. ARTICLES from the pens of J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq., Prof. H. W. LONGFELLOW, author of 'Outre-Mer,' 'OLLAROD,' the author of 'The Kushow Property,' 'GRACE GRAFTON,' JUDGE CONRAD, Philadelphia, and the author of 'Jack Marlinspike's Yarn,' etc., etc., are filed for insertion.

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## EXECUTIONS IN FRANCE.

THE CONSPIRACY AND DEATH OF FIESCHI AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.

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BY AN EYE WITNESS.

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I ARRIVED off Havre, in the latter part of September, and the pilot who boarded the ship, soon after our entrance into the Channel, gave us the first account of the singular conspiracy of the 28th of July. The almost miraculous escape of the king, the great number slaughtered immediately around his person, and in the very midst of the National Guards, the extraordinary character of the infernal machine, and the cool, mocking, fantastical extravagance of the assassin, excited great interest. Fieschi was badly wounded by the explosion of some of his guns; his face was dreadfully lacerated, and fears were for a long time entertained, lest his death might deprive the police of the best means of tracing out the extent of a conspiracy of such alarming boldness. A bullet passed so near the head of the king, as to leave a mark upon his forehead. Fieschi altered the direction of his battery, to avoid Col. Lavocat, whom he observed in the suite of the royal family. He had lived with Lavocat as a servant, and had become somewhat attached to him. Such are the trifles upon which the great events of history turn! The gratitude of a servant saved the dynasty of Orleans from destruction, and France, and perhaps Europe, from a revolution.

The trial was deferred an unusual period. It was not until January of the next year, that the four conspirators, Fieschi, Pepin, Morey, and Boireau, were arraigned before the Peers of France. All offenders against the state are tried by this great body; and the infamous conviction of the Prince of Moscowa, the immortal Ney, in violation of justice and law, and the express stipulations of the treaty of Paris, proves how fit a tribunal it is for the administration of impartial justice. That 'judicial assassination,' as Carrel pronounced it, in the face of the peerage of France, upon a recent memorable occasion, is one of the foulest stains on the impotent administration of Louis XVIII. The peers met day after day, for several weeks, for the examination of the conspirators, and of the witnesses summoned on the trial. It is a singular and wretched feature in the judicial system of France, that the accused are always subjected to a most rigid and embarrassing cross-examination by the court, the

effect of which must be in the highest degree inconsistent with the impartiality so essential to the just administration of law. The trial at length drew to a close. Boireau was sentenced to transportation, and the other three to be guillotined. The execution followed quick upon the sentence.

The population of Paris is far too fond of every species of exhibition, not to find an execution irresistible. It is true, that much of the interest which these scenes tend to excite, has been destroyed by the introduction of the guillotine in place of the axe. In this, as in other things, the improvements of modern times have stripped off all that was picturesque in the customs of our forefathers. In the good old days of the *ancien régime*, an execution was a very different thing from the hurried, secret, mechanical, labor-saving operation of the present day. Then there was no concealment, no attempt to deprive the populace of their rightful participation in the scenes. The nobles had the privilege of a place upon the scaffold, and the people were permitted to press round its foot. Then, too, the executioner was a great man. He had his partisans and his enemies, his admirers and his detractors. He was the 'Monsieur de Paris' of the olden time; a great officer, of fearful distinction; a man whom none would willingly encounter. It was a fine sight to see the keen, unerring aim, the instant blow, with which he severed, at a stroke, the head of the unhappy criminal from his prostrate form. There was a consciousness of triumph pictured in the grim features of this great minister of the law, as he rose from the blow, and the air rang with the shouts of the applauding multitude. But now all is changed. The people are no longer freely admitted to these infernal games; the scaffold is no longer graced with the nobles of the kingdom; the executioner no longer triumphs in the masterly exhibition of his art. Every thing is done by machinery. The king's attendants are slain by one machine, and their assassins are decapitated by another.

The day and the place fixed for the execution were studiously concealed. The populace were extremely anxious to be present, and the police were equally anxious to deprive them of that pleasure. For several days, vast crowds had assembled by sunrise, the usual period of execution, at the different *barrières* at which it was expected to take place. An officer of the National Guard, ordered out to attend the execution, informed a friend of the place at which the scaffold was to be erected. Our cabriolet was in waiting by day-light. It was a mild, clear morning, in February, and the dawn promised a day of more than common loveliness. We drove rapidly along the Boulevards, the Rue Royale, and across the Place de la Revolution and the Pont Louis Quinze, and winding along the southern bank of the Seine, we passed the Quais D'Orsay, Voltaire, and Malaquais, until, turning to the right into the Rue de Seine and the Rue de Tournon, we found ourselves, in a few minutes, at the palace of the Luxembourg. Entering the Rue Vaugirard, which runs in front of this celebrated pile, we turned again to the right, into a street whose inauspicious name sounded sadly in unison with the dreadful object of our visit. We were in the *Rue d'Enfer*. Here, for the first time, we observed the unusual multitude which began to fill the streets at this early hour. The trottoirs and the carriage-way were covered

with a crowd of men, women, and children, all hurrying toward the walls. Cabriolets and carriages of every variety, were moving forward, as fast as they could press along the narrow and crowded avenue. We had proceeded only a few hundred yards, before we perceived men and women on foot, and occasional carriages returning. This augured unfavorably ; but we drove only the more rapidly, concluding they had, in despair of piercing the crowd, which choked the farther end of the street, turned back to seek their way by some less thronged thoroughfare. In a short time, we found it impossible to proceed farther in our cab. Dismounting, we pushed our way through the moving multitude, observing at every step increasing numbers returning. We soon found an explanation in a detachment of cavalry, drawn across the street, with orders to prevent any one from passing in the direction of the *barrières*. Nothing could exceed our perplexity at this unexpected difficulty. Every chance of seeing the execution seemed to be at once cut off. It wanted but a few minutes of seven o'clock, the hour at which it was to take place. We endeavored to ascertain, from the officers in command, whether there was any way by which we could get within sight of the guillotine. We could gather nothing from the imperturbable ignorance or incivility of these men. Determined to spare no exertions to accomplish our object, with a couple of friends, I turned down a narrow street, leading into the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques. The crowd lingered around the spot at which their progress was arrested by the troops, or returned back, along the Rue d'Enfer, into the city. No one seemed disposed to follow us ; yet we had struck the true path. As soon as we reached the Rue du Faubourg St. Jacques, we encountered another stream of people, on foot, men, women, and children, moving toward the *barrière*. The crowd was not very dense, nor was it moving very rapidly ; and we found no difficulty in pushing forward with more rapid steps than those around us. The long street of the Faubourg St. Jacques leads in an almost straight line from the centre of the most crowded quarter of Paris, to the Boulevards, a broad avenue, stretching nearly around the whole circumference of Paris, and generally bounded by the walls of the city. At irregular distances, are the gates which lead into the country ; and at each of these *barrières*, as they are called, are stations of the custom-house officers, appointed for the collection of a duty levied upon almost every article of consumption entering the city. The Rue Faubourg St. Jacques passes the Boulevards, opposite one of these *barrières*, or gates, and forms a semi-circular *Place*, immediately in front, the street opening on either side, and the houses being built around a semi-circle. This was the place fixed for the execution.

As soon as we reached the summit of a small elevation in the street, my attention was attracted by a *woman*, who pointed out the scaffold. I could just discover the tops of two parallel beams, about eighteen inches or two feet apart, joined by another on the top. Now, for the first time, we were satisfied that the execution was to take place, and that this was the spot. Continuing to push forward through the crowd, which had now become almost stationary, I found to my surprise, the street less crowded, the nearer we ap-

proached the guillotine. Whether this was produced by an unwillingness to behold the dreadful scene too near, or from an apprehension on the part of the people that they might be injured by the squadrons of horse who guarded the place, in their movements in the event of any disturbance, I cannot say. But I think this last apprehension was most probably the cause, for the government had plainly shown, by the great pains it had taken to conceal the execution, and by the vast numbers of troops ordered out for the occasion, that it apprehended the possibility of a riot; and the fear of the ministry had probably communicated some alarm to the more timid of the populace.

The guillotine had been erected during the night. It was formed of wood, painted red, and constructed so as to be erected and taken down at every execution. A flight of some eight or ten steps led to a platform about fourteen feet square, raised some seven feet from the ground. Immediately opposite to the steps, two parallel beams, placed near the edge of the platform, rose twelve or fifteen feet high, and were fastened by a cross beam at the top. They were eighteen inches or two feet apart. The axe moved up and down in grooves, in the sides of these upright posts; and the height to which it is drawn, with the weight of its metal, gives the blow with sufficient force to sever the neck with unerring certainty. The blade of the axe is wide and thin, and the edge forms a diagonal line with the parallel sides of the beams, so as to render the cutting more easy. When the criminal ascends the scaffold, he is placed on a step attached, at right angles, to a board rising perpendicularly in front of him, and reaching a few inches above his head. To this board he is lashed by the executioner, so that his body is held firmly in its place. When this is done, the board, with the prisoner's body bound to it, is turned over upon a sort of axle, the prisoner being thus thrown upon his face, and is received on a track along which it is rolled, until the neck of the victim lies immediately under the axe. The neck is then placed in a semi-circle cut in a board, placed between the two beams in which the axe moves; and another board, with a corresponding semi-circular opening, is fastened upon the first, so as to hold the neck fixed immediately in the line along which the axe descends.

The foot of the scaffold was surrounded, at a distance of some twenty or thirty feet, by a line of infantry, eight or ten deep, the sharp blades of whose bayonets formed a dense hedge, almost impenetrable to the eye, above the not very elevated heads of the dwarfish *troupes de ligne*. Infantry and mounted troops lined the Boulevards to the right and left, and choked up every approach to the scaffold, except that through the Rue Faubourg St. Jaques, by which we had come. The walls of the city enclosing the Boulevards, the house tops in the vicinity, and the trees which overlooked the walls, swarmed with a countless multitude of people. There could not have been less than seventy or eighty thousand persons within sight of the scaffold; and this vast crowd had assembled at seven in the morning, about sunrise, although the execution had been kept secret and all the streets, but one, leading to the place had been closed by troops; and at the very instant that this great assemblage was collected at the Barrière St. Jaques, an almost equal number were assembled at



an opposite extremity of the city, expecting the execution to take place there !

I was looking around for an eligible position from which to gain a view of the execution, when, for a small fee, myself and a friend secured a couple of places in a window, looking on the Place, and raised some four feet above the ground. A correspondent of some London paper had got into a corner of the window, and we found no little difficulty in effecting an arrangement by which all might look out at the same time. We fastened a handkerchief across the window, which supported us as we leaned forward. Our position was extremely uncomfortable ; and but for the intense excitement of the scene, and its short continuance, would have been intolerable. We accomplished our object, however, of looking over the heads of the crowd, and the bayonets of the troops ; and were not more than twenty-five or thirty yards from the scaffold itself.

The crowd thickened in the Place. A feverish anxiety seemed to render it unusually restless ; yet there was no struggling for choice positions. A great number of women, of the working classes, were present. I had scarce cast my eye over the curious scene before me, when we discovered the plumes of horsemen moving down the Boulevards, from the direction of the gardens of the Luxembourg palace, and recognised the procession preceding the cars of the prisoners. The great officer charged with the superintendence of the execution, a Marshal of France I believe, and his staff, rode in front. They entered the space formed by the circle of infantry, and the mounted men that accompanied them formed a line within this circle. The cars containing the three prisoners, who were accompanied by a priest a-piece, followed next in the order in which the criminals were to be executed. The procession halted. A moment was consumed in preparation. Presently the long trembling form of Pepin was seen ascending the scaffold. He wore a cap that fitted close to his head, and the usual cloak in which criminals are dressed for the scaffold, after the ceremony of *the toilette*, as it is technically called, has been performed. This is disposed of just before leaving the prison, and consists in cutting the hair close to the back of the head, and tearing off the collar of the shirt, so as to leave the neck clear for the axe. This is generally considered one of the most painful moments in the whole process. The reader may recollect the vivid description of the sensations produced by the cold touch of the scissors on the bare neck, in Hugo's '*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*.' Pepin placed himself on the foot-board ; the executioner threw aside his cloak, and tossed off his cap, with an air of professional coxcombry. His body was firmly bound, and the board on which it was lashed was rolled under the guillotine. The neck was fastened. The executioner stepped aside, and touching a spring, the axe descended ! The head rolled into a pannier prepared to receive it, and the body was pushed off the side of the scaffold, and was instantly removed. The axe was raised, its broad blade red with blood ; and a few handfuls of saw-dust were scattered over the platform.

Morey came next. He was an old man, corpulent, and extremely infirm. The terrors of death had unmanned Pepin and himself. Both exhibited the most dreadful apprehensions, throughout the whole of

their trials. He ascended the scaffold, went through the same ceremonies, and was despatched with the same quickness. Fieschi was the hero of the piece. The multitude waited with impatience for his 'last appearance.' He ascended the fatal steps. His face was pallid as death. When he had reached the platform, he turned toward the people, his head averted from the axe, and prepared to address them a few words. Intense silence instantly prevailed. He spoke in a tremulous voice, scarcely audible even at the short distance at which I was. He said, referring to his testimony before the Peers, '*J'ai dit la vérité,*' or '*toute la vérité,*' for we differed among ourselves as to the exact words which he uttered, and even the journals of the next morning gave contradictory accounts. He was lashed to the machine, and his head rolled from his shoulders in an instant. When the last blow of the guillotine had been struck, and the execution was over, I scanned with interest the crowd beneath my feet. They were evidently deeply excited. An indistinct murmur indicated a muttering of words not meant to be heard. I could feel that there was a struggle to suppress their emotions. The cars with the bodies, and the great mass of the military, began to move off; a few remained to guard the workmen who were already busy in taking down the scaffold. The crowd was dispersing. I lingered some fifteen minutes on the ground, and before I left, scarcely a timber of the scaffolding remained, to show where the guillotine had been. From the time that Pepin ascended the steps, until the head of Fieschi was severed from his body, there elapsed less than four minutes! In this time, three men had ascended the scaffold, been executed, and one had made a speech to the people. Here was the perfection of machinery, with a vengeance! I returned to my lodgings, through the gardens of the Tuilleries; and as I passed under the windows of the royal apartments, I reflected that the man who had brought those poor creatures to the scaffold, felt less concern for the sacrifice, than I, who had been but a witness of the butchery.

A TRAVELLER.

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S O N N E T .

Thou art my idol : I will bow to thee !  
 Sweet flowers I'll bring thee, as the early chime  
 Of the gray morning. I will pray old Time  
 To wait beside me, while I fondly free  
 Each inner thought and feeling of my breast;  
 These shall I offer thee upon thy shrine,  
 Most happy, if such idle gift as mine  
 May win thy favor, and thus make me blest.  
 What shall I bring thee else ? The thought that fain  
 Would prompt a gift of flowers, or fruits, or aught,  
 Is the emotion of a true heart, wrought  
 To sole devotedness ! and when I've laid  
 The heart itself before you, I bestow  
 Thought, feeling, action — with the flowers, you know. A

## THE LOGGER'S JOURNEY.

THE immense forests which cover the interior of the State of Maine, extend from within a short distance of her seaboard over the vast tract which stretches from the St. Croix to the head waters of the Kennebec and Saco rivers. From these wilds, an almost inexhaustible supply of valuable white pine timber is obtained by the enterprising inhabitants. This timber is manufactured into boards and other available lumber, in mills occupying the rivers and streams, upon whose waters the logs are floated by the spring freshets, from the swamps in which they were cut the preceding winter. The toils, privations and dangers, attendant upon this mode of life, have given a character of hardihood and enterprise to the lumbermen of Maine, which can alone account for the wealth and intelligence so conspicuous in this part of our country. The following poem commences at a time when the lumbermen are supposed to be starting into the wilderness, on a logging expedition, with their ox teams, implements, and provisions, for a winter's campaign. The time chosen for the journey is after a snow or sleet storm, which usually succeeds a hard frost, at the setting in of the winter season. The woods then are hung with icicles, and the snow beneath forms a smooth, hard crust, upon which they travel with ease and safety. Their departure is chosen at night, that they may have sufficient time to perform the journey by sunset on the following day, the greater part of their way being through an untracked wilderness.

HARK ! hark ! the north winds call 'Away !'  
And swiftly falls the crystal spray,  
While lake, nor bog, nor hill give back,  
One vestige of the hidden track ;  
Away ! away ! o'er the frozen tide ;  
Away ! o'er rock and mountain-side ;  
Above our heads the pine-tree's bough  
With pearls of ice is bending now ;  
While, pinioned fast beneath our feet,  
The broom is bound with silvery sleet.  
Press on ! press on ! the 'north-light's shroud'  
Beams o'er our path like Israel's cloud,  
And steadily our patient team  
Trace through the gloom its phantom gleam :  
Afar the ring of springing feet  
Is heard in distant forest-beat,\*  
While cariboo and dun-deer bound  
Across our way, with startling sound.

Huzza ! Behold the morning break  
Around the night, on yonder lake !  
Less fearful echoes now our tread,  
Less ominous those hemlocks shed  
Above our path their curtain'd gloom,  
Like Egypt's dark and column'd tomb ;  
Cheer up ! cheer up ! the sun's warm ray  
Shall pierce our forest-cloud to-day :  
All night our cautious course has been  
Through springing shafts and arches green,  
With more of modesty than Rome  
Can boast in her high-altar'd dome,  
With more of grace than Greece' fair isles  
E'er fashioned in their sculptured piles.  
The seasons here conspiring prest,  
To form the bower each loved the best ;  
Pale Spring, upon her mossy bed,  
In slumber droops her weary head,  
Where soft green cedars o'er her wave,  
And murmuring founts her low couch lave.  
Then Summer smiles ; the budding leaf  
Is borne upon her zephyr breath,

\* In the northern parts of Maine, the snow falls to such a depth, that it is impossible for the deer to procure their usual food while roaming through the forest ; they, therefore, assemble or herd together in the fall, upon some spot where the shrub called ground-hemlock abounds. The deer subsist upon the leaves of this evergreen plant, and are enabled to procure it by treading the snow from around its branches, as often as it falls during the season. This spot is called the deer or moose beat, by the hunters.

And Spring, disturbed by nestling flowers,  
 Flies off before the joyous hours.  
 Bright Autumn, then, to grace her bower,  
 Changes the hue of leaf and flower ;  
 Her soft, rich form would scarce be seen  
 Clothed with these shades of sullen green ;  
 And gaudily she decks her bed  
 With crimson leaf, and flowrets red.  
 Now Winter comes, wild, boisterous sire !  
 He snatched the curtain'd robes, in ire,  
 Which Autumn round her bower had hung,  
 And to the winds their glories flung.  
 He said, 'Unto this bower of mine,  
 Give the dark robing of the pine ;  
 I'll wreath their boughs with pearls again,  
 And bind them with a diamond chain !'

How gloriously these arches pour,  
 Their wild, rich flood of grandeur o'er  
 The pure unsullied, snow-white wreath,  
 Which Winter's hand hath thrown beneath !  
 And not a whispering murmur calls  
 In echoes through these gorgeous halls,  
 To break the soft, low symphony  
 Of breathing winds in lofty tree.  
 Onward, still onward, we have pressed,  
 Mid scenes with solemn beauty dressed ;  
 And hard we'll strive to pitch our camp  
 This night beneath Ktadin's Lamp.\*  
 The sun's last lingering rays have shed  
 Their glory round the mountain's head,  
 And some faint gleams of fleeting day  
 Above yon column'd arches play ;  
 Where that calm, soft, mysterious light,  
 Beams pure and still from yonder height.

Hail, mighty shades ! again we've prest  
 Our couch beneath thine awful rest ;  
 But no glad voice to thee we bring,  
 No welcome greets our wandering ;  
 Thy proudest pines are hurled beneath  
 The woodman's axe, like falling leaf ;  
 We triumph o'er thy dread array,  
 And ope thy temples to the day.

Hail to thy power, twice-shadowed Night !  
 How awfully thy dreamy flight  
 Recalls the spirits of the past,  
 With dim forms hov'ring on the blast ;  
 While snow-crowned hemlocks darkly wave,  
 Like sea-foam o'er the billow's grave :  
 Secure beneath this solemn shade,  
 To rest our weary beasts are laid ;  
 While far above, the tempest-path,  
 Is swept with wings of chilling wrath.  
 Stern Winter's hand, with fingers cold,  
 Hath bound each lake with crystal mould,  
 While o'er their heads the spirit-dance  
 Of gleaming north-lights wildly glance.  
 The moose, swift antlered forest-steed,  
 Turns back, amid his rushing speed,  
 And dark his eye and lip of foam  
 Above our forest watch-fires gloam.

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\* KTADIN is one of the highest mountains in Maine. It is situated on the head waters of the Penobscot river. On the brow of a precipice, rising some thousands of feet above a lake, at the foot of the mountain, there is huge ledge of mica slate, over which runs a small stream of clear water. This reflects the rays of the sun by day, or the light of the moon by night, with remarkable brilliancy. It can be seen eight or ten miles, and is supposed by the hunters to be some precious stone, of great value. It is called 'Ktadin's Carbuncle Lamp.'

Now, loud above the night-wind's sigh,  
Is heard the fox' wild piercing cry;  
Then, echoing to the lonely owl,  
The wolf peals forth his mournful howl,  
While safely in his moss-lined lair,  
The snow-wreaths shroud the torpid bear.

Hail! once again, thy temple proud,  
O Nature! formed not for the crowd;  
How soft these tuneful arches bind  
The solemn voices of the wind;  
And here, while their low whisperings tell,  
Amid our dreams, their soothing spell,  
While low, beneath thy columns stern,  
Our calm red tent-fires brightly burn,  
We hear, wild-muttering o'er our sleep,  
The voice of tempest-watchmen deep!  
And start, as every shrill-toned blast  
Cries out aloft the hour that's past.  
Our mighty harvest shields us now,  
Fit covering for a freeman's brow;  
Peace, awful shades! we will not reap  
This solemn grove; still watchful keep  
Aloft amid those mantling forms,  
The mighty voices of the storms;  
While o'er yon stately pine-trees proud,  
With plumed heads, breaking yon dark cloud,  
The logger's sweeping axe shall sound,  
And ringing 'mid their crashing bound,  
Shall gather from the column'd spoil,  
Rich trophies for our lonely toil,  
Till the soft-breathing voice of Spring  
Recalls our weary wandering.

### THE KUSHOW PROPERTY.

A TALE OF CROW-HILL, LONG-ISLAND: CONCLUDED FROM THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

THE reader took leave of the hero of this sketch, in the last number, just as he was about setting forth to attend the sale, at the Merchants' Exchange, of 'that valuable property, known as the estate of Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island.' In order to kill two birds with one stone, he resolved to carry with him a load of hay, which could be readily disposed of, without detaining him. So having 'forked it' on the wagon, and harnessed the mules, he went to the house to take a hasty breakfast. Having no appetite, he merely swallowed a cup of coffee, and took his hat and whip to depart, while his wife brought out a great green bag, drawn together with strong strings, and neatly folded, which she had made at his own request, to bring home the ten per cent. As she delivered it into his hands, however, standing on the threshold, she uttered these mystic words: 'Robin, Robin, don't count your chickens before they're hatched!'

A smile shot over his sharp features, at this token of incredulity. 'Woman,' quoth he, 'I have no patience with you;' and with that, sprang whistling to the side of his mules, which jogged on at a smart pace down the hill. His wife stood leaning over the door, until the descending wagon was out of sight; then drawing in her cap, and breathing a fond wish, she directed her rapid step to the dairy. Many

and anxious were the thoughts that passed through her mind that day, as she sat at the wheel, or toiled at the needle. 'What if Robert *should* succeed in his undertaking!' And when she came to think of it, why might n't he, as well as other folks? Why there were many little things which it was no harm to wish for. She had the laudable ambition of a woman caring not for herself, but for her husband, her children, her cornelian jewels. She would like to send them to the academy at Jamaica, when they got old enough; and for the eldest boy, she had a suspicion, which she had n't so much as breathed to any one, that he was an uncommon child — a genius. With proper culture, he might become a clergyman, a lawyer, or any thing else that he had a mind to turn his hand to. These were pleasant thoughts, springing up spontaneously, and readily finding a place in the mind. But what if Robin should *not* succeed? Ah! that was an idea she did not trust herself to think of. In the cool of the afternoon, a friendly neighbor stepped in, and they talked the matter over, discussing it in all its bearings. It was set down as at least probable, that the place would be sold. 'To be sũre,' said the dame, as she adjusted her cap, and thrust her knitting needles into the ball of yarn, when she arose to depart, 'to be sure, we should be very sorry to lose so good a neighbor, though I say it. But I aint so selfish as to hinder other people's prosperity, if I could, and may be you wont go fur, after all. And,' continued she, still holding the latch, and lingering on the threshold, while she took reiterated pinches of snuff, 'your good man is n't one that would begrudge to do a kind thing, if he *was* rich, nor be too proud to speak to a body, as some that I could mention if I choose; but you know who I mean, well enough. Luddi! they do n't impose on *me* with their airs. I know them!' And so saying, with a triumphant toss of the head, and applying her right thumb and forefinger, charged with the best rose-scented Maccaba, to either nostril, and inhaling it violently three times, she departed, swinging her reticule as she went.

As for Robin, when he left home, he wound carefully down the rocky hills, and arrived ere long upon the level turnpike. An incident, however, occurred on the journey, which, if it be considered a small thing, and not worthy of mention, I shall beg pardon for detaining the reader. But it is presumption to call any thing small, which is the result of God and nature. Small causes, it is tritely observed, produce great events, and the most fragile feather will suffice to tickle a corpulent man to death. Small causes have determined a man's whole life and character, whether for good or for evil. They have given rulers, statesmen, and generals to their country, or have inflicted upon it the curse of bad men. They have involved whole nations in protracted wars, or have cemented the most firm alliance. Could grand results be certainly traced to their remoter causes, they would be found to diminish greatly, as a large river dwindles into an insignificant and hardly-to-be-discovered source.

The incident was simply this. In coming down a declivity, the right hand front wheel of the wagon sank to the hubs in a deep 'rut,' occasioned by the late rains. The superincumbent mass of hay leaned, hesitated for a moment in equilibrio, then indicating a preference for the ground, very softly went over. At the same moment,



the mules stopped, and Robin sprang to his feet. 'Guy!' said he, in a tone which seemed hardly to realize the truth, 'I b'lieve I'm upsot!' This produced a vexatious delay. His time was precious; he had not yet reached the 'Half-Way House;' and the sun was getting 'pretty well up.' Those who know most about it, will tell you that a load of hay overturned is not to be righted easily, or in a hurry. Ten to one if it can be budged an inch, before the hay be all taken off, and then it must be forked on again. Luckily, in the present instance, some milkmen, who were returning from supplying their morning customers, came by in the nick of time, and were good enough to lend a helping hand, or else two hours would not have repaired the damage. Robin felt some uneasiness at first about this evil omen, but he had somewhere read in an old almanac, that 'sich things always go by contraries,' and the thought comforted him not a little. He therefore wished his friends a 'good day,' and jogging cheerfully on, reached the city of Brooklyn at high noon. Having been somewhat detained by this mishap by the way-side, after disposing of the hay, he drove his mules immediately on the boat, and crossed the East River. This was an extravagant procedure, when he might have gone over as well on foot; but the thought of the profit which he was to realize that day, drove from his head all ideas of a sordid economy. 'Ten per cent. down,' said he; 'that will do to begin with;' and the idea tickled him so, that he laughed out, and thrust his hand into his pocket, to see that the bag was safe. Then giving his whip a crack, and shouting out to the mules, he drove at a round rate over the pavement, and guiding the unwieldy wagon with some difficulty through the streets, halted at last in the immediate vicinity of the Merchants' Exchange. His heart beat at the rate of a hundred strokes a minute, as he gazed at that imposing pile. Now then the hour had arrived for which he had so long waited. Here he had reached the place where his destiny was to be decided, where his dream was to be merged in what was real, and the first refreshing drops should fall, which were to precede the golden shower. All of a sudden, his confidence vanished, and a cowardly fear came over him. As the hind trembles on the threshold of royalty, and fears to profane it with his plebeian steps, he durst not enter the place, and began to cast about in his mind what was next to be done. No time was to be lost; he was already late; so, without thinking more about it, he plunged at once into the basement, and began to grope his way through vaults and subterraneous passages, lighted only by a few straggling rays. This part of the Exchange, before that ever-memorable fire, which laid a great part of the city in ashes, was appropriated to the post-office. After wandering several minutes, he knew not where, and stumbling full length over a heap of coals, he arrived at last at a window in the wall, where a great crowd was collected, and one of the clerks, with a green shade over his eyes, was dispensing letters by candle-light. 'Aha!' thought he, 'here they are. This must be the place, and a queer place it is to sell land into. Howsomever, there's a considerable sight of people, and I s'pose that that 'ere man is a-fixin' the pr'liminaries.' Thinking there would be no harm to make inquiry, he edged his way through the crowd, and with as resolute a voice and manner as he

could command, looking up at the clerk, demanded 'if the Kushow property was sold there?' At this question the man stared, eyed him for a few seconds, but not having time to study him out, went on rapidly turning over the package of letters. The crowd which was there, passed out, a fresh crowd pressed in, and he soon found himself jostled out of his former latitude. He put the same question to several others, who went out without regarding him, conning their letters. 'D — n these quality!' said he, 'they are too proud to speak to a poor man. They'll know another story before night comes. See if Bob Kushow don't hold up his head with the best on 'em!' And with that, making up to a woman who sold pea-nuts, by the door, he bought some, and emptying them into his left breeches pocket, until it would hold no more, 'Good woman,' said he, 'will you be so kind as to tell me whereabouts in these quarters the Kushow property is sold?'

'Lord, Sir, I can't tell you; but there is a sight of people up stairs, and a-buying and selling, and a-going, going, going,' and gliding from thence, insensibly, on other topics, she rattled away with great volubility. Bob listened awhile with deference, then, thanking her for the information, emerged into open day.

When he got out, he began staring upward with his mouth wide open, as if he were examining the capitals of the columns, or reading the time of day, upon the dial of the clock; and in this situation came near being knocked down by tumbling against the passengers on the side-walk. At last, mounting the high steps, and inquiring the way as he went, he arrived at that place 'where merchants most do congregate,' and found that a great crowd was indeed collected. 'Here is no mistake,' murmured he to himself; 'who would have thought that the sale of the Kushow property would have caused such a prodigious sensation! No doubt all these quality have come with their pockets full of money, to bid on it. Well, well, let them go a-head; I guess them lots that lays fair on Allegany Avenue will bring their spunk out!'

The room was full of well-dressed men, and as he entered in the midst, he felt that every eye was fixed upon him. He was the hero of the occasion; he had drawn all this crowd together, and no doubt they would immediately notice his presence; as when in a theatre the multitude catch the first shadow of a favorite actor, as he comes upon the stage, and the house greets him with a rapturous applause. This was no time nor place for trembling; and although his knees knocked against each other, he put on a look of the boldest defiance. Luther could not have been struck with greater awe, when he stood up in the Diet of Worms, before that magnificent array of princes and potentates, than did Robert Kushow, Esq., of Crow-Hill, Long-Island, in presence of the august assemblage at the Merchants' Exchange. The figure which he cut was somewhat peculiar, and in striking contrast with those around him. Not that his dress was dirty, or disreputable, but it was in bold defiance of the prevailing fashion. His shirt, though coarse, was scrupulously clean, as his wife could vouch for it, and the collar was so stiffly starched, that it threatened to cut his ears off. He wore a blue coat, bobbed so short as to afford a poor argument *à posteriori*, with great brass buttons

dangling down by their own weight, a cotton 'kerchief twisted about his throat, and a skin-cap of a red, foxy color, fitting close to his crown.

One eye was shut, from having ridden all the morning in the sun, and one corner of his mouth was correspondingly puckered up, and distilled the juice of tobacco. His left hand carried a horse-whip, his right was thrust into his pocket. Thus he bore his points.

To his great vexation, he found the sale had already commenced. This was not only contrary to his expectation, but his express commands. However, to make the best of it, he stretched his legs apart, drew forth a lithographic map, unrolled it carefully, cast his eye over the tempting array of streets, and giving his neighbor a pinch: 'I say, you,' said he, 'jist show me what part of the property they're at now.' In a very short time, he discovered that things were not going on as well as he could wish, which perhaps might be owing to mismanagement, and to not postponing the sale until he arrived. The water-lots were selling at an unaccountable low rate, and there was considerable talking and laughing in the room. Perhaps, however, purchasers were 'holding back,' and prices would 'look up' a little, when the high lands came to be sold. But as the auctioneer proceeded in his business, and prices, instead of becoming better, rather grew worse, he was unable to conceal his uneasiness, and began to vent it in sundry impatient exclamations, to the no small amusement of the by-standers. When at last he saw the choice lots on Allegany Avenue, on which he had placed his reliance, and which 'lay as fair as any thing could in the world,' going at a great 'sacrifice,' he could stand it no longer, but being much agitated, and hardly knowing what he did, cried out, in a nasal twang, to 'stop the proceedin's!' At this sudden and peremptory order, the auctioneer held his arm suspended in air, the crowd looked to see where the sound came from, and being struck with a full sense of the ridiculous, roared out a-laughing. At that moment, Robin would have given any thing to have been back safe and sound at Crow-Hill. The big drops of perspiration rolled down his cheeks like rain. He was 'all alone,' with nobody to advise him, and quailing beneath the glance of the crowd, concentrated upon him in one terrible focus, thought it best to sound a precipitate retreat. 'Oh, oh, oh!' murmured he, dejectedly moving from the place, 'what luck! what luck!'

Misfortunes are sociable in their nature, and are seldom known to come alone. Now it happened a few minutes before this, that two young bucks, seeing just how the matter stood, and not mistrusting that they were about to do a generous act, such a luxury is it to enhance the troubles of our neighbors, escaped unnoticed from the crowd, hastened to the team, untied the halters, and fetching one of the mules a devil of a kick, set them both a running down the street, with the long rickety wagon clattering behind them. Just at this moment, Bob came down the steps of the Exchange, and approaching the place where his beasts had been, was mechanically stretching forth his arm to unloose them, when he perceived that they were gone! 'Dang it!' shouted he, in a voice of mingled surprise and anger, and for a few seconds gaped about him as one bewildered,

not knowing what to do, or which way to turn, when suddenly catching a glimpse of the mules, he ran after them, crying, 'Who-a, who-a, who-a! I say, there, stop them critters! Holloa! Who-a, who-a, who — wh —!' And in this way he bawled himself hoarse. But the perverse beasts, amid the din of the city, either heard not the familiar voice of the master, or hearing, did not choose to obey it, but went scampering and galloping over the pavement, now on this side of the street, and now on that, through omnibuses, carts, and empty boxes, never abating one jot of their speed, until they reached the Brooklyn ferry. There the ferry-master, who knew them 'by sight,' had them taken care of, entertaining the most serious apprehensions for the owner. As for Robert Kushow, he paused, out of breath, and in a rage. 'If you wont who — a,' said he, gnashing his teeth, 'then g — o!' And here he let slip an imprecation, and ripping off his skin-cap, dashed it on the pavement, and stamped on it. The clerks and shopmen, who stood on their thresholds, enjoying this unseemly exhibition of rustic anger, and putting their fingers to their noses, and winking with their eyes, gave a significant, vulgar sort of a twitch. The pedestrians stood still and laughed; the passers-by in carriages, smiled for a moment, but the boys and 'loafers' dogged his heels, pulled at his skirts, and goaded him to madness with their insults. He arrived at the ferry in a state of mind not much to be envied, and hardly to be imagined.

And now his chief desire was to get back to Crow-Hill unnoticed, not feeling in a humor either to ask or answer questions; but as the devil would have it, the boat had that minute left the wharf; so having a little time to spare, he took the butt-end of his whip and belabored the mules most soundly. This was quite a relief to him, and mounting the wagon after it, he sat snapping his whip, and cracking pea-nuts, with a considerable show of resignation. It was not long before his friends and neighbors, and the thick-waisted dames of Fly-Market, got wind of his arrival, and leaving their wicker-baskets, flocked about him, asking a thousand questions, and anxious to know how the Kushow property had sold.

'How did it sell?' said they.

'It did n't sell at all,' said he.

'Ay, ay, did n't we tell you so, and does n't all this come from making a fool of yourself?' said they.

'It looks likely,' replied he.

'I was a-feared your neck was broke,' remarked the ferryman; 'but how those beasts of yours got here without going to dead ruin, is more than I can tell you.'

'Well, I can't tell you, nother. They are knowin' critturs. I never know'd them to run away afore, and I guess they wont again in a hurry.'

Presently the boat rounded in sight; ding-dong, ding-dong, went the bell; the carriages rumbled off, and he drove his unwieldy vehicle aboard, very glad to be delivered from his friends, and breathing more freely when he got out of the city.

Where now were those bright thoughts and glowing fancies, which animated his soul, and made his very whip to crack for joy? Gone, utterly vanished, like too many luxuriant hopes of the morning,

which are blighted and dead, at noon. The waves which rolled beneath him, were an emblem of his ruffled mind. He thrust his hand in his pocket, and unable to endure the bitter sarcasm of the bag, with a nervous jerk of the arm, tossed it into the river.

When he got on Long-Island, and was fairly proceeding on his homeward journey, his anger boiled over. Deep and bitter were the imprecations which he heaped on the imaginary causes of his failure. He called them no better than thieves and robbers. It was all because he was a poor man; it was the jealousy of the rich against the poor, and a settled scheme to ruin his fortunes. He went growling and grumbling along, and from the 'vasty deep' of his indignation, conjured up the spirits of outrage and wrong. He relieved himself by again beating his mules. A man who continues in an angry humor, often renders himself ridiculous, by transferring the energy of his violence from its primal cause, upon petty vexations, not sufficient in themselves to have produced it. To go into a great passion, without some present object to vent it upon, or without an ostensible cause, he cannot, with any pretext or show of reason; if, however, the cause be of so flimsy a texture as to be scarce apparent, while visiting his wrath on the innocent, he draws equal laughter or contempt upon himself, by what appears a senseless and bombastic passion. If you would respect yourself, respect or be respected by others, remember, in the most perplexing straits, to keep your proper temper.

It added very much to his nervous irritability, that he fell in with nearly every man, woman, and child, with whom he was acquainted. They met him, and they overtook him; they came out of taverns, and they confronted him at sudden turns of the road, for all the country knew that the Kushow property was to be sold. He saw, or fancied that he saw, their countenances beaming with sardonic smiles. The man who is conscious within himself of folly, sees every where the reflection of his inward reproach. The inarticulate voices of nature are interpreted into reproof. On board the boat, the rapid plunge of the piston seemed to utter, in the plainest irony, 'Ten per cent! ten per cent! ten per cent!' and now, the very cat-birds on the hedges made game of him; and a little wren, 'in shape no bigger' than a nutmeg, popped on a branch immediately over his head, doubling, and redoubling, and trilling into his very ear. 'Bob-b-b, pret-t-t! prop-r-t-t-t!' 'Take that!' said he, and shattered the branch with his whip; but while the leaves and feathers were flying in all directions, the little dusky bird dropped on another branch, shook his tiny wings, and persevered in the same provoking strain: 'Pret-t-t-t prop-r-t-t-t!'

When a person returns from disgrace by the same road that he went, every step that he takes, occasions by its associations a humiliating contrast of the feelings. When Robin arrived at the 'rut' where he had been so vexatiously overturned and detained in the morning, he could not help soliloquizing with himself, and thought how much better it would have been for him, had his wagon been broken all to smash, and he permitted to advance no farther on his journey. He had however learned a lesson, which, like every valuable one, is bought with pain. At last the sun sank down behind



the Back-Bone range upon his left, the shades of twilight were falling, and the cool breath of evening fanned his brow. He took off his hat, drew out of it his handkerchief, and wiped the perspiration from his face; then halting, and alighting where a pure spring gushed from the hill side, bent on his hands and knees, and took a long draught. He permitted the mules to do the same, and then jogged slowly on. His temper was wonderfully cooled down; he began to reason philosophically on his adventure, and to look at it in a variety of lights. He was approaching Crow-Hill, and his little illuminated dwelling appeared in sight. He approached it as a welcome harbor, after the agitation of the day; for however much the world might jeer at him, in the bosom of his family he was sure to meet with affection and respect. Happy man! that he still possessed a home, when he had so nearly bartered it for money. His views were essentially changed. He thanked his stars that his project had not succeeded, and thought that if Crow-Hill were offered to him in one hand, and ten thousand dollars in the other, he would decidedly take the Hill. If money were to produce the same effect on him that it had on others, he guessed it was better to be without it. He should be sorry to exchange conditions with his former neighbor, Hans Carvel, who sold his place and became rich, and what was the consequence? He did nothing but smoke his pipe, in perpetual idleness, and trouble his industrious neighbors. He neither wrought himself, nor permitted any one else to work, if he could help it. Dick Van Bokkelen, was far from contented since the sale of his land. There was Ralph Sicklen, whom he had known ever since he was a boy. He bought a lottery ticket, 'drawed' the highest prize, and he was rich. What was the result? He became crazed. The change was too much for him, and he could n't stand it. His senses were always 'scary,' and then they flew away for ever. Trustees took care of the money, he himself was held in durance, and thus lost both the capacity and power to enjoy what he had paid for with his reason. There was old Col. —, who was induced by the speculators to sell his estate. But it won't do for the silver-haired man to put his patrimony from him. It is clasped by too many tendrils to his heart, and in a little season he is sure to die. You might as well tear up the old oak, which bears its honors so nobly, and expect its roots and bleeding fibres to adhere to foreign earth. But it never lifts up its head any more.

With such arguments Robin consoled himself, and found them very satisfactory to his own mind. But what sort of a story should he make to his wife? How should he account for it, that every thing had gone wrong? This perplexed him. Alas! how hard it is for a man to confess that he is ashamed of himself! It was a 'smart spell' after dark when he reached the top of the hill, and was just driving his team through the gate, when an enormous bull-frog rushed into the pond, and literally vociferated, in the most prodigious voice, 'B-o-b K—show!' 'Ha, ha! you may well say 'Bob Kushow,' said he, desperately laughing, and wheeling into the cow-yard. At the same moment, the door of his dwelling opened, and the well-known figure of his wife appeared. 'Robin,' cried she, 'is that you? Your tea is a-waitin.'



‘Ay, ay,’ answered Bob, rather hesitatingly.

He could not bear to enter the house. He had his creatures to feed and take care of, and to provide with beds for the night; and he staid so long about it, dogging among their heels with a lantern, that his good woman, who began to feel anxious, was on the point of going out to see ‘what kept him,’ when he entered. All things were prepared for his arrival. The children were put to bed, the tea-kettle was simmering and ‘whistling like a Canary bird,’ on the fire, and the table neatly spread for the evening meal. The wife sat with a countenance of anxious expectation, to hear the result. ‘Well, Robin,’ said she, with a faint smile, and looking at him, as he sat himself down, with rueful sighing, ‘what luck?’

He answered not a word. She was on the point of repeating the question, when suddenly starting from her seat, she came close to him, eyeing him all the time as if through spectacles, and turning him violently around by the shoulders, screamed out in a voice of the greatest surprise, ‘Bless my soul, Robin! — where is t’other half of your coat-tail?’

‘Coat-tail?’ replied he, stammering, and twisting his neck around, as if he half understood the allusion, ‘wh — where’s any coat-tail?’

‘Ay, ay, sure enough, where’s any coat-tail? — but make haste and let me know all about this visit to York, I beg of you.’

At first he ‘hemmed and hawed’ a good deal, not knowing exactly how to unburthen himself of his message; but presently plucking up courage, with a straight-forward honesty, he told ‘just how it was.’ And what think you, did his wife say? Did she upbraid him, as many would have done, for his failure, or did she go into hysterics? By no means. She did all she could to soothe his disappointment. Oh! she was a jewel of a woman! ‘Ah! Robin, Robin!’ said she, ‘I was a-feared nothing good would come of getting rich all to-once. But never mind, never mind; do n’t let us repine at the ways of Providence. It’s all for the best, and so let’s make the best of it. It’s true that our land is n’t ploughed, and our seed is n’t planted, and it’s too late now. Times and seasons wait for nobody. We have not sowed in spring time, we cannot reap in harvest, and we shall never be much the richer for *spekellation*. But let us learn a lesson which shall be of more value than this year’s crop; never to leave what is sure, for the most tempting uncertainty. For the present, we must live along as we can, and I will work my fingers to the bone, but the children sha’ n’t want for bread.’

At this truly christian speech, Bob felt his heart melt within him, and he thought that all the treasures earth could give, were small when weighed in the balance with such a woman. He was truly happy, and his head, which had been so much turned of late, of a sudden got right again. That night he went to bed, and slept soundly, and the next morning was up with the lark, whistling about the farm, and endeavoring by industry to make up for past neglect. Crow-Hill soon recovered what it had lost, and the next season, Allegany Avenue bore the best corn in the neighborhood. As his children grew up, they were sent to the district school, and he was enabled to place the eldest boy at the academy at Jamaica. There he made a very respectable progress in his studies, and although he neither

turned out a clergyman nor a lawyer, prepared himself to be a very useful member of society. The wife's heart was contented. As for Robin, he toiled constantly, and nothing troubled him, except an occasional touch of the fever-and-ague. He frequently carried his crops to the city, but he never, never paid another visit to the Merchants' Exchange.

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INVOCATION: A SOUTHERN PICTURE.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ATALANTIS.'

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COME, Chevilette, my own love, come with me,  
No idle pomp, no bustling world, I seek;  
Enough, if in the shadow of the tree,  
I watch thy glittering eye and glowing cheek.

Enough, if in thy gentle heart and eye,  
Mine own may find a warm, responsive flame;  
Enough, if in thy murmur and thy sigh,  
Breathed out from love's own lips, I hear my name.

Thy hand in mine, thy spirit watchful still,  
Of what mine own hath spoken, and thy heart  
Fill'd with that hope which love can best fulfil,  
We feel how sweet to meet, how sad to part.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,  
And teach the wild vine how to gather round,  
While, with thy lips still breathing songs of love,  
To the deep woods thou lend'st a genial sound.

Things gentle shall be won to gather near,  
Solicitors of all the sweets thou bring'st,  
And the young mock-bird, bending down his ear,  
Shall emulous listen whensoever thou sing'st.

Toward eve, the frisking rabbit 'neath thine eyes,  
Shall overlay the grass plat near our cot;  
The squirrel, as from tree to tree he flies,  
Fling the dismember'd branches o'er the spot.

Thy gentle nature, winning as their own,  
Theirs all unwronging, shall a favorite be;  
And they will gather round thy forest throne,  
And own thy sway, and love thy chains, like me.

Come, be a dweller in this quiet grove,  
Sweet Heart! and with thy spirit true as fine,  
Attune the sleeping chords of life to love,  
Till the high harmonies shall kindle thine.

Shut out the world's coarse discords, till no more  
The heart shall hear of violence or grief,  
And heaven, in mercy to our lot, restore  
The bloom of Eden, blissful, but how brief!

## NOTES BY A RETIRED SCHOLAR.

Memini bene; sed meliori  
Tempore dicam.—HORACE.  
Quod cumque inciderit in mentem.—TERENCE.

## PATRIOTISM.

Is PATRIOTISM a mere name? A vague notion, which the smart of oppression alone makes a reality? Was Leonidas, who died for it, an enthusiast? Is our admiration of Roman virtue a dream? A simple-hearted man, who, from a limited experience, looks out upon the intrigues of politicians, their pliancy, their low fellowships, their self-contradictions, their falsehoods, might well doubt. Yet the love of our country hath reason in it; it belongs to humanity, and cannot be severed from it. It has a virtue too. It warms the blood, strengthens our best purposes, adds to our sense of personal dignity. Our country is our larger home. Our fellow citizens are our kinsfolk. Our words are the same — is not our heart one? Therefore, we *love* our country. But to love deeply, the heart craves always somewhat outward and visible, to which it may attach itself, and which shall become to it a symbol of the idea it loves. The oak which shaded our boyhood, the fountain which moistened our parched lips, when the day's sport had wearied us, as they are abiding memorials of our home, will not suffer our love of that home to perish or decay. Our country gives us few memorials of itself, and has no visible form. Our constitution is that oak, not 'gnarled,' but 'unwedgeable.' That fountain of plenteous prosperity is our union, from which we drink, all of us. But it requires an effort to regard them so, and men seldom love abstractions; and the wise may well fear, lest, in a country so vast as ours, and under a government so simple in its forms, a short-sighted selfishness may finally come to govern the mass of our people, and a worse and meaner selfishness its more active spirits.

In the more heroic exhibitions of patriotism, there has always been another element than love. It may be called the element of wrath. Grounded on a sense of right, when that right is invaded, it becomes indignation; when trampled on, fierce resistance. This it is which brings life into peril. He who in quiet times shows his love for his country, by industry, and good faith, and orderly obedience to her laws, when her hour of trouble comes, and her name may be dishonored, or her freedom circumscribed, shall stain his hearth-stone with his blood for her sake. We have been led to these thoughts, if they are worthy of the name, by reading again the 'Leyer und Schwert' of Theodore Körner. The source of his inspiration was an ardent patriotism. The feeling lived in him. It was his life. He possessed it in all its elements, of personal interest and hope, of fond attachment to the land of his fathers, reverence for its time-honored institutions, jealousy for its fame, sympathy for the suffering, and a righteous hatred of the invader. Originally of a poetic temperament, endowed with a fine fancy and meditative enthusiasm, this passion furnished

an object, and gave a direction, to them all. If he gazes on a bust by Rauch, of Queen Louise, he is alive to its beauty, but stronger is the sentiment which prompts the earnest prayer to her, to be '*ein guter engel für die gute sache*,' a guardian angel to the righteous cause. A forest of oaks reminds him of only his country, in their grandeur and in their decay; and solemnly sad, even, is the closing line of his brief poem, '*Die Eichen*:' 'Thy oaks yet stand, but thou art fallen.' Whatever is the theme of his song, the current of his feelings ever leads to the sorrows, hopes, and revenge of his country. If a prayer, it is addressed to the god of battles; if a drinking song, it is for his brethren in arms. His poems, thus inspired, move us like the neighing of a war-horse. They rouse the blood, like the voice of a trumpet. Let the patriot soldier, who would find a generous companionship for his own noble devotion, or, if such there be, who would rekindle the expiring flame of a true and heroic love of his country, with the war songs of Tyrtæus, and the Bannockburn of Burns, become daily familiar with the bright inspirations of Körner.

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THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

Most writers on the internal evidence of the Christian Religion, have drawn their arguments from the pureness of its morality, and its peculiar fitness to the circumstances and necessities of man. These sources of evidence, as they have been skilfully explored, have been also wisely chosen. For in morals, whatever doctrine is pure, is so far forth true; and that which is a fitting and exact counterpart to what, in our experience, we have known to *be*, has the evidence of truth and reality in that very similitude. Yet other views may be taken, which may open some minds to a clearer conviction, and add somewhat to this vast argument.

It may be said, that the Christian Scriptures alone contain a system of morals, which is true of an absolute truth, in its fundamental principle. Here, most of all, the wit of man is at fault. Here is the jarring point, the beginning of discrepancies, which have made fools laugh, and wise men weep, and have taught all an unwise and perilous distrust of human reason. Moralists have erred in the starting point, and their labor has been often vain, and often has it led them into wild wastes and quick-sands. Utility is not the sole ground of obligation, nor the sole virtuous quality of actions. Sympathy is not the source of all our moral sentiments, and is at best a questionable guide. *Naturam sequere*, needs a wiser interpreter than most men are, and if it be a sound rule, it is difficult to be applied. Now the excellence of a theory of morals, considered as a theory, is, that the elementary *idea* be, if it may be, absolutely and universally true, or as nearly as the nature of the case will admit, an axiom. But in the whole range of moral ideas and obligations, there is no one which carries with it so ample a conviction of its truth and reality, as that the love of God is the primary duty of all moral creatures. There is no proposition in morals from which this duty can be deduced, which does not need demonstration as much, or more than it; there is none therefore more elementary. Moreover, all other duties appropriately moral (as distinguished from such as are merely natural, as compassion,)

are consequences, or rather exemplifications, of this. State it, let the terms be made intelligible, and be the will ever so perverse, be the heart most thoroughly polluted, no moral being can withhold his assent to its justness and binding force. It is self-evident. The Bible is the only treatise on morals, in which this principle is made the centre, is assumed as the indemonstrable, from which all other duties are to flow. As a matter of mere logical arrangement, then, and much more, it might be shown, of moral efficiency, the Christian system approaches nearer the perfect than any other. Nay, it is the very ideal. None more perfect is conceivable or possible. The pure ideal is pure truth. In a similar manner, it may be shown, that the system of the universe revealed in the Bible, the theory of cause and effect, is the most perfect. The being of a God is assumed as axiomatic; an elementary truth, into which, as a first principle, all effects are to be resolved. In truth, the order in which we acquire ideas, is the reverse of their true logical order; first the particular, then the general; first, the finite — after, the infinite. The particular does not contain or infer the universal; it is merely the token or exponent of it, pointing out to our minds that, which once perceived, shines by the clearness of its own truth. We attain the knowledge of a God, our conviction of his being as the great cause, by our previous knowledge of effects, especially of our own spirits, his most mysterious creation. When once we have apprehended this idea, it becomes to us an absolute truth, as necessary as that of space, or any other. It is not then so properly a demonstrable, as an elementary truth, involved indeed in every proposition, at least in every one which expresses a fact, and imparting to them all their meaning and force, while it derives neither from them. The teachings of the Scriptures in this, coincide with the conclusions of the highest reason, and partake of their absolute verity.

Yet, after all that can be said in the way of reasoning, it must never be forgotten, that a truly effective belief of the Christian religion, is an essentially moral conviction, inwrought upon the soul by its own spiritual experience. He has not yet overstepped the threshold of the temple of heavenly science, who has still to learn, that spiritual truth must be 'spiritually discerned;' that the heart, no less than the head, hath its eye; that not only to appropriate, but to understand it, even, we must first love. The moral affections are doubtless subject to their own law, yet within its scope, they are free as the roving and chainless air; and so this faith must be spontaneous and chosen, for it is of the heart. Though it often arises in every heart, it does not force itself upon any. The great law of duty, unchanging and spiritual, ever above us, and ever binding upon us, follows us with its unevadable claim, through every modification of our being, like the flaming sword which 'turned every way,' guarding the entrance to Paradise; yet we may close our eyes upon its intolerable brightness, and turn away from it to the dreariness of our own chosen circuit. A flash from that light may sometimes reach us in our sad wanderings, but, without our own will, it shall not restore us. Still, let not the searcher after divine truth imagine that this faith, though it be a moral election, can be created by a mere will. Often it groweth upon us like the morning light, so dim and feeble in its early coming, that the sense

hardly takes notice of its approach, or wonders whence and wherefore it comes at all; more and more it swells, and stretches itself abroad, and gilds every mountain top, and passes down into the deep sunken valleys, till, flung back from every radiant point, rock and river, lake and leaf, it gains an intenser radiance from its very reflection. It is an unfolding apprehension of the eternal and eternally diverging discordancy of holiness and sin, a sense of personal sinfulness, growing up to the full pressure of law upon the heart. With this comes the full need of a religion, not originating in the sentiments, or fashioned after the models of this world, bringing principles simpler and purer, and hopes higher and holier. When the awakened soul gives itself up, in perfect trust in the revelations of its own consciousness, to the contemplation of hopes and principles thus disclosed, and rests in the rule and model testified to by its inner and higher being, and knows that to realize them is not of its own might, but from above, the discipline is begun; the region of fire that far around encircles the eternal throne, is entered. The law hath entered the soul, and though the law is the minister of death, it is a death which precedes life. Then, when the soul ungirds itself of its own strength, and finds a power descending to meet its aspirations, and breathing strength upon them, is given an appreciation of the surpassing worth and beauty of holiness, and a sense of sin hated and loathed, which are the first buddings of spiritual and eternal life, and hope reaches upward, and faith becomes consummate, resting peacefully on the divine word, and goes on to its perfect work.

THE first lesson of a true philosophy, is to distinguish things which differ; its perpetual method and end is, to ascertain the harmony of these differences, or that in which they converge, and which constitute the system to their variety; its highest attainment the toil at once and the delight of our immortality, shall be the perception of that unity in which all things originate, which pervades them all, and gives them being, and makes them truth.

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FRIENDSHIP AND INGRATITUDE.

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AN ALLEGORY.

INGRATITUDE, by Friendship's fostering hands  
Planted and reared, her shadowy boughs expands,  
But boughs with blossoms clustered, not with fruits;  
And as to heaven her head aspiring shoots,  
To Tartarus nearer still descend her grovelling roots.

But lo the storm! its fury Friendship shuns,  
And to the towering trunk she fostered, runs:  
That treacherous tree her very height applies  
To lure the livid lightning from the skies,  
And lifeless at her foot the hand that rear'd her lies!



## THE ROSE I GAVE HER.

THIR sheltering branches the forest-trees threw  
O'er the spot in the wild where the sweet-briar grew ;  
And its loneliness added a grace to its form,  
As it waved in the zephyr, or bent in the storm.

The last of its roses still hung on its breast,  
Like a hue of the evening that hangs in the west :  
Through the gloom of the forest, it came to the sight,  
As through gathering storm-clouds an opening of light.

I had seen it in sunshine and sought it in shade,  
And had loved it in gems by the rain-drops array'd ;  
I gather'd the rose ere the rain-drop was dried,  
For a place in her bosom who stood at my side.

I mark'd, as I gave it, the drop in its bell,  
Like a tear of regret at it's severing, fell :  
Oh ! well might it weep, for too soon it was thrown,  
Where it perish'd neglected, forgotten, alone !

I would I had left it to hang where it grew,  
To smile with the sunlight, to weep with the dew ;  
For I then might have thought, that, if given, 't would be  
Still kept in her bosom, a token of me !

## DEFENCE OF OLD WOMEN.

BY AN OLD MAN.

I CAN be silent no longer. Old as I am, I have a little gallantry left ; and that little has for sometime been tingling from my fingers' ends into the point of my pen, urging me to take it up in defence of a much-abused portion of the community.

Let me, in the first place, take a short view of the estimation in which the fair sex generally is held in the United States. For twenty years, this subject has occupied more or less of my attention. I have read, and observed, and anxiously watched for that sure token of high civilization, and intellectual advancement, which places woman on an equality with man, in the scale of rational beings, as his companion and friend. I speak not of *political equality*, or those 'rights of women,' which are not so readily explained as their duties ; I have been watching, I say, for these blessed signs ; and in place of them, I see a vast deal of empty gallantry, upon which, as a nation, we begin rather to pride ourselves. It certainly is a fine trait of national character, the politeness that marks our public treatment of women ; but it loses half its beauty, and many of its beneficial consequences, when divested of that sincere and respectful regard, which exalts the character of both sexes, and gives an indescribable and lasting charm to their intercourse. Notwithstanding the insidious flattery and weak indulgence, lavished on the softer sex in this country, in a style truly American, it is only too evident that this heart-felt defe-

rence is wanting; in proof of which, it is but necessary to mention the frequent sarcasms, and unjust innuendoes, thrown out in print against *old women*. What have the poor souls done to merit these attacks? — against which, if we believe the aspersions of their enemies, the ‘diluted state of their intellects’ incapacitates them from defending themselves. What, I say, have old women done, that their faults and foibles must be held up to public contempt, while those of the sterner sex are smoothed over with a tender hand, or smuggled away out of sight? Witness the following words in an otherwise good article in a late *KNICKERBOCKER*: ‘We shall utter no ridicule even upon the faults of the old man. He is sacred to us. Not so of old women.’ (Why not?) And again. ‘Old men *never* (?) meddle with the business of others; old women rarely do any thing else (!)’ I may add, in the author’s own words, ‘I protest against this seriously,’ and wish sincerely that all those who concur in such assertions, could be made acquainted with half that my old woman does for me, and for a family circle of ‘children, and children’s children,’ who look up to her with an affectionate reverence, almost amounting to veneration. For her sake, I would ‘utter no ridicule even upon the faults’ of old women. They are ‘sacred to me.’ Nor can I think that mine is the only family circle in which an aged female relative is regarded as a blessing and a stay. What though the unlovely attributes of age have usurped the place of beauty? Let us remember that the old woman once possessed the attractions which in the days of our youth are our souls’ delight. Ah! let us not forget her devoted love; her tenderness, all unmindful of self, lavished on her offspring, when ‘a young and nursing mother, whose blood is nectar!’ These, her days of delight, are over; her ‘youth, and love, and tender joys, are gone!’ But oh! let us compassionate her infirmities, and ‘utter no ridicule’ even upon her failings!

I had proceeded thus far, and was growing rather sentimental in my defence, when I was interrupted by a kind, familiar voice, at the head of the stairs, calling my name. It startled me, for it was late, and I thought all were sleeping but myself. Then there was a shuffling step heard, descending the stairs, and presently in glided my good old wife, in her night gear, over which she had gathered a loose morning gown, and a large angola shawl, for age is wintry, and the cool breezes with which Summer takes his leave, carry chills through our frames, let our hearts be ever so warm.

‘Are you still writing?’ said my wife, pausing in the door-way, ‘I have been asleep, and when I awoke, and still missed you, I feared something was the matter; but all’s right, I see, so I won’t disturb you.’ (This was ‘meddling with the business of others,’ I suppose!) I detained her, however, and taking her hand, (can I forget how soft, and warm it was when first I pressed it?) ‘Kate,’ said I, ‘can you guess what I am writing about?’

‘My dear Geoffrey,’ said she, very gravely, ‘I hope you are not writing your will. You are not thinking of going without me?’

‘As the Lord pleaseth, my dear,’ said I, ‘but you have not hit upon my subject this time. I am writing a ‘Defence of Old Women.’ For thy sake, my kind partner, will I endeavor to be their champion.’

‘Now I know what you are about,’ she said; ‘answering some of

those remarks which have displeased you so much ; but I fear your defence will find less ready readers than the abuse of old women ; for we have not many friends, and it is partly our own fault. We grow crabbed, sometimes, and selfish, and meddlesome, as we grow old, and display the wilful tempers of children, without their innocence and beauty ; and so the men seem to think we are fair marks for ridicule.'

'The men think very wrong then,' cried I, 'being liable, in their own old age, to like infirmities of temper, which they display with no better grace, and with infinitely more power to annoy. Therein lies the gross injustice of making old women peculiarly the objects of censure, instead of allowing them the same claims to respectful forbearance which are granted to old men.'

'You cannot expect justice from the world,' said my wife ; 'and as for these ill-natured sarcasms on old women, believe me, they are not half so injurious to us as the flattery and foolish homage we meet with, in our earlier days. These indeed sadly unfit us for future plain dealing, and contribute toward making us, what we too frequently are, frivolous and vain. If men would treat us like rational beings, encourage us to think, and to reason, as they do, while we are young, perhaps they would find us less troublesome companions in our old age.'

G. G.

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#### THE FOUNTAIN.

There is a quiet glen, through whose deep shade  
The sunlight faintly quivers. There the boughs,  
Fragrant with bloom, seem pictured in the air,  
So silently they slumber, while beneath,  
For ever bubbling in the shadow cool,  
Runs a transparent fountain. Round its brim  
The wild flowers gather, and the woodland birds,  
Which make the air so musical with song,  
Pause in their love chants, and secure from harm,  
Here stoop to drink. The water is like crystal,  
And from its glassy surface mirrors back  
The bending dome of the blue heaven above,  
As if there were another heaven below.

Here do I often come, at close of day,  
To renovate my spirit, and imbibe  
From its deep calm, thoughts of tranquillity ;  
The turmoil of the world is here unknown,  
And the sharp sorrows that afflict mankind  
Do seldom enter here, for here is peace.  
And should my heart with heaviness be bowed,  
Or my fond hopes be blighted, I will come  
To this lone spot, that I may gather strength,  
And with a Christian confidence bow down  
To the great God who made me.

Like this scene,  
So full of quiet beauty, may my soul  
E'er keep a calm and pure serenity ;  
And as this silver fountain bubbles up,  
And speeds in love upon its joyous way,  
Diffusing life and freshness, so may I,  
Forever true to the All-perfect will,  
Shed forth rich blessings on my daily path,  
In silent love and meek beneficence.

## EASTERN LANDS.

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A TALE OF YESTERDAY: BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE OLD TOWN PUMP.'

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THERE are certain people in this world, who, let the wind blow whichsoever way it may, are for ever grumbling. With this class, every thing goes wrong. Grateful for nothing, the more that is done for them, the more is expected. Half-suppressed mutterings, if the bounty falls in the least short of their expectations, constitutes their staple of repayment. Of this class was BOB MORRIS, a native of Blueville, Rhode-Island. Bob was a tanner by trade, and could, if he had chosen, have amassed a good property, by a steady application to business. But his ambition was of quite another sort. He wanted money, it is true, but his aspiration was, that it might come suddenly, and in one bulk. This he was well assured would one day happen; his mother, before her death, having dreamed, three nights running, that her son Bob would, before many years, ride in his carriage, the possessor of an immense fortune. To sum up all, Bob was idle, and envious of his neighbors' prosperity, little thinking that if he had spent the many years at his trade which he had lost in growling and grumbling, under the portico of the tavern, he might have been as well off as any around him, and have stood a good chance of belonging to the honorable body of the select-men of Blueville.

One bitter cold night, in December, 183 —, Bob was seated over a scanty fire, in his miserable shanty, which a humane landlord had permitted him to occupy, rent free. The winds whistled through the wide cracks in the sides of the hovel, and its inmate sat shivering with the cold, his thoughts, as usual, reverting to his own hard fate.

'Ugh! how cold it is!' muttered Bob, his teeth chattering; 'I shan't sleep a wink to-night. 'Tis confounded strange, that some folks are born with silver spoons in their mouths, and others with chains and padlocks on their ankles. There is farmer Hodgson, while ploughing last week, to turn the frost out of the ground, stumbled upon a coal mine. *His* fortune's cut and dried for him, without his saying 'boo!' And here am I, as good a man as my neighbors, no better off in the world, at thirty years of age, than I was when I started. Ugh! how very cold! The cracks in this hut are so wide, that the wind plays 'hide-and-seek' through 'em, and no danger of being caught. Landlords are dreadful close with their purses, now-a-days. To be sure, I don't pay him any rent, but then I think the least he could do, would be to make the house comfortable, and keep it in repair. It's *infernal* cold! If the old woman's prophecy don't turn up soon, I shall stand but little chance of being able to enjoy it. Money I must have; how can I get it? I'll go out upon the highway, and rob some one! No, I won't do that, neither; I might possibly swing for it, which would 'make it bad.' No, I'll —'

Here the cogitations of our hero were interrupted by a loud double-rap against the board which served the purpose of a door.

'Knock away!' continued Bob, in the same muttering tone, but

without stirring an inch ; 'some traveller, I suppose, who wants a direction to the tavern. Let him find it himself ; I won't be his drudge !'

Again and again was the knocking repeated, until the 'outside barbarian,' despairing of obtaining permission by peaceable means, gave the door, or rather the board, a furious kick, which burst it in.

'Hallo !' exclaimed the intruder, a tall, stout man, wrapped to the throat in a shaggy Tom-and-Jerry, as his eye rested upon Bob, sitting quite composedly before the fire-place.

'Hallo, yourself !' replied Bob, scanning him with no welcome glance.

'Why the devil did n't you open the door ?' said the new-comer.

'Because I did n't choose to. What's your business here ?'

'Precious little to do with you,' was the reply. 'Look you here, I want to sleep here to-night, and am willing to pay you for it. If you like it, well and good ; if not, you can do the other thing ; for over that step I do n't budge *this* night. That's all.'

So saying, the stranger pushed Bob out of his seat, and slipping into it himself, began very deliberately to poke the dying embers of the fire. Bob instantly determined to eject him by force from his premises, but a second look at his size and muscle, convinced him that he might come off second best in such an attempt. Swallowing his wrath, therefore, he growled a reluctant welcome.

'What's your name ?' asked Bob.

'You may call me Joe Jenkins, if you choose ; if not, you may let it alone,' was the reply.

'I say,' continued the stranger, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he had been vainly endeavoring to make a blaze from the scanty coals, 'what have you got to drink ?'

'Plenty of water in the spring,' answered Morris.

'Oh, there is, is there ?' said Jenkins, with the air of a man to whom an important fact had just been disclosed. 'There's half a dollar ; let's have some brandy, 'mazing sudden.'

Quick as thought, Bob clutched the piece of silver, as if he feared his guest might change his mind ; and in an incredibly short space of time, he marched into the bar-room of the 'Red Lion.'

'I want a quart of brandy,' said he, raising his head as high as any in the room.

'I dare say,' replied Boniface, with a wink to a group of such 'loafers' as are always to be found in the bar-room of a tavern ; 'I never knew the day you didn't. But who's to *pay* for it, Bob ?'

'I am, to be sure,' replied he, 'planking' the half dollar.

'Hallo !' exclaimed Boniface, with the utmost surprise, 'where did you raise that ? I'm afraid you did n't come honestly by that money, Bob.'

'Very well, if you won't let me have the liquor, I'll go somewhere else.'

'Oh, no, no !' said the landlord ; 'your money is good, Mr. Morris. Who says I ever turned a customer away ?'

Bob pocketed his change, without a word of comment, and taking his jug, turned his face toward home. Great was his consternation, upon entering his hovel, at finding his visitor upon the point of splitting up the only table he owned in the world.

'Hallo here !' cried he, setting down the vessel, and catching hold of one leg of the table, 'what the devil are you about ?'

'Don't you see ?' answered Jenkins, wrenching off the top ; 'I'm breaking up this old table for fuel. You shall have one fire, at all events. Devil take it, man ! do you suppose I'm going to freeze ?'

Bob resolutely defended his property, but all in vain. Piece after piece was broken off, and thrown on to the fire, in spite of all he could do ; and with a tear in his eye, he beheld the conflagration of his red pine table.

'And now, my boy !' said Jenkins, 'I'll make your fortune for you in Eastern Lands.'

Bob's ears were wide open to receive any thing relating to fortune ; so, forgetting his grievances at once, he helped to empty the jug of brandy, and then sat himself down, an attentive listener to what fell from the lips of his guest. Daylight found them in the same position ; but a neighbor happening to call at the hut, a little after sunrise, found it empty. Bob and his visitor were among the missing. Numberless were the conjectures as to what had become of the former ; no one, of course, knowing that he had absconded in company with any body. The landlord of the 'Red Lion' reported, with additions and variations, the story, that Bob had entered his house the evening previous, bought a quart of brandy, and *paid for it on the spot*, a thing which had never before happened, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and for which he could in no wise account ; and that he also declared, after getting it safely in his possession, that as he expected to leave the world that night, he had determined his last hours should be merry ones. As this was the most exaggerated story that was manufactured at Bob's expense, it was first deemed barely possible, and finally firmly believed, by one and all. Satan had unquestionably claimed his own, and transported the victim to the infernal regions.

The best story, however, soon wears out ; and so it chanced with the tale of Bob's abduction. At first it engrossed the tea-table conversation of every gossip in the village. Then it was declared insipid, by the more fashionable circles. The middle classes followed the example, till at last the lowest laborers forgot the subject, or only mentioned it as a remembrance of by-gone days.

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PRECISELY seven months after Bob's disappearance, on a hot July afternoon, a superb carriage rattled through the turnpike-gate of Blueville, and drove up to the sign of the 'Red Lion.' Presently there descended from it a man dressed in the extreme of fashion, who, after eyeing his establishment with evident satisfaction, turned to the house.

'Here John, Tom, Dick ! where are you all ?' shouted the obsequious landlord.

'Landlord !' said the stranger, with a pompous air.

'Your humble servant, Sir.'

'Have my horses rubbed down.'

'Yes, Sir.'



‘ Hay and oats — the best.’

‘ Yes, Sir.’

‘ Order supper, immediately.’

‘ Yes — Sir.’

‘ And if it aint done in the best manner, I ’ll horsewhip you !’

‘ Yes, Sir — yes, Sir ;’ and the landlord bustled away to execute his orders. Supper was soon announced, and the stranger, entering an adjoining room, commenced devouring the various dishes with hearty gusto.

‘ What are you looking at, landlord ?’ said the stranger, pausing a moment to take breath.

‘ At you, Sir.’

‘ At me ? Why what do you see in me, to attract your attention ?’

‘ Aint you — you *must* be — Bob Morris ?’

‘ Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, if you please. I am no longer plain Bob Morris ; call me so again, and I ’ll throw you out of the window. I ’ve made a fortune within six months ; three hundred thousand dollars, all in Eastern lands. Hold on to your eyes, landlord, or you ’ll lose em ; they ’re half out of your head, already. Keep still about it, or by the powers ! if it goes beyond you, I ’ll not answer for your life !’

Away went Boniface, just as Bob desired, and told it to a neighbor, under a strict injunction of secrecy ; this neighbor told it to another, who, in his turn, told it to a dozen others, and before sunset, it was known in every house in Blueville, that Bob Morris had returned an Esquire, and as rich as a Jew.

Instantly, invitations upon pink, green, and blue paper, were left at the ‘ Red Lion,’ addressed to Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire, requesting the honor of his company. Crowds flocked around the tavern ; the ‘ Lion’ was never so well patronized. Head above head appeared at the window of the dining room, wherein the rich man was seated. The lawyer and the justice of the peace came very near tripping one another up, as they entered the bar-room, in their haste to pay their respects. That evening Bob passed at Justice Wormwood’s.

‘ Have you any land for sale ?’ inquired the justice, as Bob summed up the profits that had accrued to him from one speculation.

‘ I believe I have a *few* lots,’ replied Mr. Fitzmorris, slowly, at the same time, drawing a map from his pocket : ‘ Here is a plan of the city of Gullem, Maine. Lot fifty-three is unchecked. Come, I ’ll sell you that ; right in the centre of the city, and just where the dépôt of the ‘ Grand United North American Eastern Rail Road and Forwarding Company’ will be located.’

‘ But is the road finished ?’ interrupted the justice.

‘ Not *quite*,’ answered Bob, with a slight cough ; when I left, three months ago, there was a bill in the lower house of the Maine Legislature for the incorporation of the company. By this time, it has passed ; the track has undoubtedly been commenced, and ——’

‘ But, consider, my dear Sir,’ again interrupted the justice, ‘ the bill may have been defeated.’

‘ No such thing !’ replied Bob, fiercely. ‘ Is my word good for nothing ?’

‘ Oh, no, no — pray go on, Sir.’

‘I will just read you,’ continued Mr. Fitzmorris, producing a newspaper, ‘a short paragraph from the ‘Gullem Republican Banner, and Independent Tower of Freedom :’

‘The city of Gullem is pleasantly situated upon the banks of Nowhere river, within half a mile of the extensive water works of the ‘United States’ Calico Stamping and North-American Cloth-dyeing Company,’ which are now under consideration, and which will be built in the course of a few years. The proposed canal of the enterprising Water Company, uniting the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Atlantic Ocean, will pass directly across the northern boundary line, near where the great eastern turnpike empties in. The city itself is beautifully laid out in squares, and even now contains upward of ten dwelling-houses, together with a meeting-house in progress of erection. A splendid hotel is also contemplated, to stand on the vacant ground next the corner lot, offered for sale by the editor of this paper, in another column of to-day’s impression. In short, we venture to predict, that at no distant day, Gullem will become the greatest commercial mart of the East. The causes are obvious. The contemplated canal, the proposed rail-road, combined with the intended extensive water-works, cannot fail to render Gullem a city of the greatest importance and first rank.’

‘Now, my dear Sir,’ said Bob, folding up the paper, ‘what think you of fifty-three ? — directly in the centre of Washington Square, opposite the ‘Eastern Moonshine Bank,’ which will undoubtedly be built, so soon as a company is formed. Now is your only chance. I ask but five hundred dollars ; fifty-four sold for a thousand.’

‘Do you think I can sell it at a profit ?’ inquired the justice.

‘Treble your money in six weeks ! Wait but till the rail-road, the canal, and the water works, get going, and the lot will sell for eight or ten hundred per cent. profit. I’ll guarantee it.’

‘Will you give me that in writing, if I buy the land ?’

‘I will,’ replied Bob, unhesitatingly.

‘Then, Sir, I’ll give you an answer to-morrow.’

Mr. Fitzmorris took up his hat, and wishing the justice good night, repaired to the ‘Red Lion,’ where, before he went to bed, he struck a bargain with the landlord for a small strip of Gullem, at the rate of a hundred dollars an acre, half to be paid cash on the nail, and the remainder in bond and mortgage, at one and two years.

The next day Blueville was all alive with speculation in eastern lands. A special town-meeting was held, and it was voted unanimously, to invest the surplus revenue of the parish in Gullem house-lots, through the agency of Robert Fitzmorris, Esquire. Justice Wormwood bought lot fifty-three, and long before noon, every inch of ground, house-lots, and meadow and pasture-land, in the possession of our hero, was all sold ; the purchasers paying cash upon the spot. So many deeds could not be made out at once ; the town-crier therefore circulated notice, far and near, that early on Monday morning, the deeds would be ready for delivery. It was then Saturday. Things passed off quietly until Sunday afternoon, when Bob suddenly ordered his horses to be put into his carriage, and telling Boniface he was only going to drive a little distance into the country, jumped in and drove off, apparently for a ride. He kept on, until Blueville had long been lost in the distance, when he stopped by the side of a thick clump of trees, and giving a low whistle, a man appeared whom he immediately recognised as Mr. Joe Jenkins.

‘Aha !’ exclaimed Jenkins, ‘how did you make out ?’

‘First rate !’ replied Bob, producing several bags of dollars.

The spoils were divided, each receiving seven hundred dollars in specie.

'And now,' said Jenkins, 'we must make ourselves scarce. Take up the reins, Bob, and crack away!' Bob did so, and a few hours sufficed to carry them far enough from Blueville.

Great was the dismay depicted upon the countenances of all concerned in Gullem lands, when they gathered about the 'Red Lion,' on Monday morning, upon being informed by the landlord that Bob had a second time absconded.

'By Christopher!' exclaimed Justice Wormwood, 'my five hundred dollars and lot fifty-three are gone with him!'

'The parish fund has gone to the devil!' growled the parish clerk.

'He did n't pay his board, and has carried off my fifty dollars!' echoed Boniface, of the 'Red Lion.'

'Well, we always predicted how he'd turn out!' said a number, who had been secretly envious, that they were not able to buy lots in Gullem.

This, then, is the reason why Blueville never got ahead. This little circumstance put a damper upon the enterprise of her merchants. A speculator is an outlawed personage there; and to this day, its inhabitants cannot bear the name of 'EASTERN LANDS,' without involuntarily gnashing their teeth. They speak of the above transaction but seldom, and invariably as 'the dead shave!'

#### THE DYING ARCHER.

THE day has near ended, the light quivers through  
The leaves of the forest, which bend with the dew,  
The flowers bow in beauty, the smooth-flowing stream,  
Is gliding as softly as thoughts in a dream;  
The low room is darkened, there breathes not a sound,  
While friends in their sadness are gathering round;  
Now out speaks the Archer, his course well nigh done,  
'Throw, throw back the lattice, and let in the sun!'

The lattice is opened; and now the blue sky  
Brings joy to his bosom, and fire to his eye;  
There stretches the greenwood, where, year after year,  
He 'chased the wild roe-buck and followed the deer,'  
He gazed upon mountain, and forest, and dell,  
Then bowed he, in sorrow, a silent farewell:  
'And when we are parted, and when thou art dead,  
Oh where shall we lay thee?' his followers said.

Then up rose the Archer, and gazed once again  
On far-reaching mountain, and river, and plain;  
'Now bring me my quiver, and tighten my bow,  
And let the winged arrow my sepulchre show!'  
Out, out through the lattice, the arrow has passed,  
And in the far forest has lighted at last,  
And there shall the hunter in slumber be laid,  
Where wild-deer are bounding beneath the green shade.

His last words are finished: his spirit has fled,  
And now lies in silence the form of the dead;  
The lamps in the chamber are flickering dim,  
And sadly the mourners are chanting their hymn;  
And now to the greenwood, and now on the sod,  
Where lighted the arrow, the mourners have trod;  
And thus by the river, where dark forests wave,  
That noble old Archer hath found him a grave!

## THOUGHTS ON HAND-WRITING.

BY THE LATE R. C. SANDS.

I HAVE had reasons for meditating much on the mystery of hand-writings, though my reflections have resulted in no new discoveries; and I have neither solved any of the paradoxes, nor come to a definite conclusion on any of the doubtful points with which the subject is pregnant. The first difficulty which was suggested to my mind about it, occurred in early childhood. I could not discover how the rapping me over the knuckles with a long, round, *lignumvitæ* ruler, until those articulations were discolored and lame, was to assist me in using my fingers with ease and grace, in copying the pithy scraps of morality which were set before me. My master, however, seemed to think it was good for me. The poor man took a world of pains, and gave me a great many, to very little purpose. He was very fond of quoting to me a passage from Horace, in an English version he had picked up somewhere, of the fidelity of which I have since had my doubts:

‘In wisdom and sound knowledge to excel,  
Is the chief cause and source of writing well:  
The manuscripts of Socrates were writ  
So fairly, because he had so much wit.’

I certainly never became a proficient in calligraphy. I have, however, in the course of my life, been consoled for my own imperfections on this score, by observing scholars, statesmen, and gentlemen at large, who passed very well in the world, and obtained professorships, outfits, and salaries, and the entrée into polite society, whose signs manual were hieroglyphics, which Champollion himself would give up in despair. Their whole manipulation (as the learned would say,) with pen, ink, and paper, produced a result so utterly undecipherable, that, instead of its ‘painting thought, and speaking to the eyes,’ if their secretaries or correspondents had not known what they wanted to say, or to have said for them, the persons interested in their despatches might as well have been in the innocent situation of John Lump and Looney Mactwolter, when they had ‘mixed the billy-duckses.’

I have known lawyers and doctors, whose autographic outpourings the solicitor and apothecary alone understood, by professional instinct; and yet the bills in chancery of the former, fairly engrossed, produced suits which are not yet decided; and the prescriptions of the latter found their way into the patient’s system, and caused a great effect.

There is one thing, however, on which I have made up my mind decidedly; which is, that a person who writes so detestable a hand that he cannot read it himself, acts in an improper manner, and abuses the gift which Cadmus was good enough to introduce into Europe.

The character of my own writing seems somewhat amended, since time has laid his frosty hand upon my head, and cramped the joints

of my fingers. It is less capricious in the variety of directions in which the letters run, and less luxuriant in gratuitous additions to their tops, and bottoms, and natural terminations. They look more like a platoon of regular troops, and less like a militia-training; more like an arrangement produced by the agency of human intellect, and less like the irregular scratches made by the brute creation in the surface of the soil. So that I get along without any material difficulty; and have, indeed, been sometimes complimented on the elegance of my writing.

One thing which has always been unaccountable to me, is the nice acquaintance some persons acquire with the signatures of particular individuals, so that they can detect a forgery at first sight, however well it may be executed, and can swear to the spuriousness of the sophisticated writing. Neither, for the life of me, can I understand the wisdom of the rule of evidence, which makes the question important, whether a witness has ever *seen* the person write, about whose autography he is interrogated. I am sure it would puzzle the twelve judges of England to explain why our having seen a man write, should enable us to distinguish the character of his hand, any more than we should be enabled to identify his clothes, by having seen him put them on.

That the intellectual and moral character of a person may be ascertained from his hand-writing, is a theory in which many are fond of believing. It seems, certainly, a more plausible one than those of chiromancy or phrenology; but beyond a certain extent, I think it can be shown to be as visionary as either. Up to a certain point, however, it may be far more rational.

The sex of the writer may be conjectured with more infallibility than any other attribute :

‘The bridegroom’s letters stand in row above,  
Tapering, yet straight, like pine trees in his grove;  
While free and fine, the bride’s appear below,  
As light and slender as her jasmines grow.’

Still, you cannot always tell, from the appearance of a manuscript, whether a lady or a gentleman has held the pen. I had a female relative, who was a strong, stout-built woman, to be sure; but she wrote a hand so formidably masculine, that the only suitor who ever made her an offer, was terrified out of his negotiation by the first billet-doux he had the honor of receiving from her. He was a slender and delicately made man, and wrote a fine Italian hand.

Next to the sex, the age of a writer may be guessed at with most certainty from the chirograph. If the gods had made me poetical, I would paraphrase the seven ages of Shakspeare, (omitting, of course, the infant in his nurse’s arms,) with reference to this theme. But I must ‘leave it to some fitter minstrel.’ There are, however, more exceptions to this than to the former proposition. Some people write a puerile hand all their lives: and the gravest maxims, the profoundest thoughts, the most abstruse reasonings, have sometimes been originally imbodyed in signs as fantastical as the scrawl made in sport by a child. On the other hand, men of regular temperament, and methodical habits of business, will acquire a formal and

deliberate character in their hand-writing, which is often not impaired until extreme age.

The nation, profession, and other accidental properties of a person, may also, perhaps, be discovered in a majority of instances, from his chirograph. But it is obvious that there is no mystery in this, which philosophy need be invoked to elucidate. Mr. Owen's doctrine of *circumstances* will explain it very satisfactorily. I am only disposed to deny that the bent of natural inclination, or the predominance or deficiency of any intellectual quality, can be ascertained by this test. I have never met with any one who possessed the art of divination in this way; nor, as the theory cannot be proved by any process of reasoning from first principles, can it be supported by a fair examination of any miscellaneous collection of autographs. Imagination may carry us a great way, and suggest resemblances of its own creation, between the characters of men known in history and fac-similes of their autographs. But, divesting ourselves of its influence, let us look at the signatures to the death-warrant of Charles I., or the Declaration of American Independence; which instruments I do not bring into juxtaposition irreverently, but because every one has seen them. I believe it will be impossible, without the aid of fancy, from recorded facts in the lives of those who subscribed these documents, compared with the peculiarities of their signs manual, to found an honest induction in support of this hypothesis.

Some conceited people try to write as badly as they can, because they have heard and believe that it is a proof of genius. While all will admit that this notion is very absurd, it is still generally believed that men of genius do write in a very obscure, infirm, or eccentric character: and we are told of a thousand familiar instances; such as Byron, and Chalmers, and Jeffrey, and Bonaparte, etc. A goodly assortment in the same lot! One thing is very certain, that those who write a great deal for the press, will soon write very badly; without its being necessary to ascribe that circumstance to intellectual organization. Bonaparte had no time, when dictating to six clerks at once, or signing treaties on horseback, to cultivate a clear running hand. Distinguished as he was above other men, in his fame and in his fortunes, I believe we may also concede to him the honor of having written the worst possible hand, decipherable by human ingenuity. And when we find, from the fac-similes of some of his early despatches, how abominably he spelled, as well as wrote, we are led to infer that a defective education, and an eagle-eyed ambition, which soon began to gaze too steadily at the sun to regard the motes in the atmosphere, will sufficiently account for a matter of such small importance to so great a man, without resorting to 'metaphysical aid' to account for his bad writing.

The hand-writing of an individual is not as much connected with the machinery of his mind, as is the effect of any other personal habit. Neat people do not always write neatly; and some very slovenly persons, whom I have known, were distinguished for a remarkably elegant formation of their letters. Affectation, on the contrary, being out of nature, will always betray itself in this particular, as in every other.

I am disposed also to treat, as a fond chimera, a notion I have



often heard expressed, that there is a natural gentility appertaining to the chirographs of nature's aristocracy; supposing such a phrase to be proper. Every thing else about a gentleman's letter will furnish better hints as to his breeding and quality, than the character of his hand-writing. Set a well-taught boot-black and a gentleman down to copy the same sentence on pieces of paper of like shape and texture, and few of your conjurers in autographs will be able to guess, from the specimens, which is the gentleman and which is the boot-black.

But to leave this drouthy and prosing disquisition, I am minded to illustrate both the evils and the advantages of bad or illegible writing, by incidents which have occurred, or are easily supposable, in real life. My poor old master, against whose memory I cherish no malice, notwithstanding his frequent fustigation of my youthful knuckles, when he despaired of my profiting either by the unction of his precepts, or the sore application of his ruler, endeavored to frighten me into amendment by examples. He composed for my use a digested chronicle of casualties which had befallen those who perpetrated unseemly scrawls; and, after the manner of Swift, entitled his tract, 'God's revenge against Cacography.' I have long since lost the precious gift; but I have not forgotten all the legends it contained.

The tale is old, of the English gentleman, who had procured for his friend a situation in the service of the East India Company, and was put to unprofitable expense by misreading an epistle, in which the latter endeavored to express his gratitude. 'Having,' said the absentee, 'been thus placed in a post, where I am sure of a regular salary, and have it in my power, while I enjoy health, to lay up something every year to provide for the future, I am not unmindful of my benefactor, and mean soon to send you an *equivalent*.' Such a rascally hand did this grateful Indian write, that the gentleman thought he meant soon to send him an *elephant*. He erected a large out-house for the unwieldy pet; but never got any thing to put in it, except a little pot of sweetmeats, and an additional bundle of compliments.

Few who read the newspapers, have not seen an anecdote of an amateur of queer animals, who sent an order to Africa for *two* monkeys. The word *two*, as he wrote it, so much resembled the figures one hundred, that his literal and single-minded agent was somewhat perplexed in executing this commission, which compelled him to make war on the whole nation. And great was the naturalist's surprise and perplexity, when he received a letter informing him, in mercantile phraseology, that eighty monkeys had been shipped, as per copy of the bill of lading enclosed, and that his correspondent hoped to be able to execute the rest of the order in time for the next vessel!

Many, too, must have read a story which appeared in the English newspapers, a few years since, of the distressful predicament into which a poor fisherman's wife was thrown, by the receipt of a letter from her husband, who had been absent from home, with several of his brethren, beyond the ordinary time. The honest man stated, in piscatorial phrase, the causes of his detention, and what luck he had met with in his fishing. But the conclusion of his bulletin, as spelled

by his loving amphibious helpmate, was as follows : ' I AM NO MORE ! ' The poor woman gazed a while on this fatal official intelligence of her husband's demise, and then on her eleven now fatherless infants ; and then she burst into a paroxysm of clamorous sorrow, which drew around her the consorts of seventeen other fishermen, who had departed in company with the deceased man. None of them could read ; but they caught from the widow's broken lamentations the contents of the 'supernatural postscript ; and taking it for granted that they had all been served in the same manner by the treacherous element, they all lifted up their voices, and the corners of their aprons, and made an ululation worthy of so many forsaken mermaids. In the words of the poet, they made ' 'igh water in the sea,' on whose margin they stood ; when one of the overseers of the poor, who came to the spot, alarmed by the rumor that the parish was like to be burthened with eighteen new widows and an hundred and odd parcel orphans, snatched the letter from the weeping Thetis, and silenced the grief of the company, by making out its conclusion correctly, which was, ' *I add no more.*'

There is a memorable passage in our annals, which must be familiar to those who have read the old chronicles and records of our early colonial history. I allude to the consternation into which the General Court of the Massachusetts and their associated settlements were thrown, when their clerk read to them a letter from a worthy divine, purporting that he addressed them, not as magistrates, but as a set of *Indian devils*. The horror-stricken official paused in his prelection, aghast as was the clerk in England, for whose proper psalm a wag had substituted 'Chevy Chase,' when he came to the words 'woful hunting.' He looked at the manuscript again, and after a thorough examination, exclaimed, 'Yea ! it is Indian devils !' A burst of indignation from the grave sanhedrim, long, loud, and deep, followed this declaration. They would all have better brooked to have been called by the name of Baptists, papists, or any other pestilent heretics, than to be branded as the very heathen whom they had themselves never scrupled to compliment, by calling them children of Beelzebub. If I remember aright, the venerable Cotton Mather notes, in his biographies of the eminent divines of his day, that the innocent offender was, in this instance, roughly handled by the secular arm of justice, for insulting the dignitaries both of church and state, before he had an opportunity of convincing his brother dignitaries that the offensive epithet, *Indian devils*, was a pure mistake in their manner of reading his epistle ; inasmuch as he meant to employ the more harmless phrase, *Individuals*. The apology was accepted ; though I observe that the latter word is, at present, deemed impolite, if not actionable, in Kentucky ; and is as provoking to a citizen of that state, as it was to Dame Quickly to be called a woman, and a thing to thank God on, by Sir John Falstaff.

I knew a gentleman, who would have been very well pleased to have received a lucrative appointment, in a certain state of the Union ; because his prattrimony was naught, and his professional profits, to speak mathematically, were less. His joy was unbounded, therefore, on reading a letter from a very great man, who wrote a very little, and a very bad hand, responsive to his application for the

post which he coveted. He deciphered enough of the letter to make out, that many were soliciting the station for which he had applied, and that *his* testimonials had been received. But the concluding sentence was that from the favorable augury of which the young ambition of the aspirant ran at once, in imagination, to the top of its ladder. '*Though last not least,*' were the cabalistic words, by virtue of which he founded many Spanish castles; destined, alas! like those of Arabian enchantment, to vanish or fly away at the spell of a more powerful magician, or the loss of the talisman which summoned the genii to erect them. He might have launched into dangerous prodigality on the strength of his anticipated promotion, if a friend had not succeeded in convincing him, that the flourish with which the great man had terminated his honorable scrawl, if it was not a verse from the Koran, in the Arabic character, must have been meant for that very insignificant and unfruitful expression, '*Yours, in haste.*'

No executive sunshine ever beamed on him. But being of a philosophic turn of mind, he devoted much of his time, for some years after his disappointment, to an analysis of the precise meaning of these three unlucky words, and read all the writers on our language, from the Diversions of Purley to the last wonderful discoveries on the subject made in this country. I suppose that he passed his time pleasantly in these researches, but not, I should think, very profitably: for the only result of all his reading, which I ever heard him utter, was, that '*yours, in haste,*' is a most unphilosophical, ungrammatical, and nonsensical expression, involving a confusion of time, place, and circumstance. He said, it was a sorites of bulls; a metaphysical absurdity; a moral insult to good sense and good feeling; and that he never would continue a correspondence with any person who had used it in addressing him.

It is very easy to conceive what sad consequences may result in affairs of love and matrimony, from careless scribbling, by which ideas may be suggested directly the reverse of those intended to be expressed by the writer. In insinuating the delicate question orally, much ambiguity may be allowed for, on the score of anxiety and embarrassment; and it has always been understood, that the lady's answer, like a certain character in algebra, which combines the positive and negative signs, must be interpreted by accompanying circumstances; or rather, that it is like the adverb of answer, in some of the dead languages, which is both yea and nay, and requires an inclination of the head, or the expression of the countenance, to make it intelligible. Lawyers say, too, that it is difficult, in many cases, to prove a verbal promise of marriage. But equivocal writing has not the advantage of being illustrated by tone, glance, feature, or attitude, and may lead to very dangerous consequences.

In that department of the post-office, of which Cupid is master, the mails should contain only perfumed and gilt-edge billets, written in fair, soft, legible characters, like the correspondence of Julie and St. Preux, as conducted by their inspired amanuensis. I perceive these remarks have run to a greater extent than I had anticipated; and for this reason, but more particularly because I would not encourage fraud or deception, in any form or under any pretext, I will not even hint

whose double soles were doubly guarded by a double row of iron nails, as large as the studding of a buckler, setting all wear-and-tear at defiance, and laughing in the face of at least a dozen years; or, supposing it to be winter, and bitterly cold, having on his

——— 'old gréat coat  
All buttoned down before;'

in such trim, I say, accompanied with that scrupulous neatness which was characteristic of the man, will present itself the person of the late Mr. Johnny Marsden.

I intend, in the following paper, to unfold a few traits in the character of this peculiar man; for I am performing the office of OLD MORTALITY, deepening with pious chisel the inscriptions of the departed, and removing the moss and lichen which time collects, that they may not for ever fade from the memory of the living. This I consider as well a pleasure as a duty. For while great men alone are apt to engross all the pages of the biographer, I am able to find in this little nook of earth enough that is worthy of record.

It was the humble occupation of the subject of this sketch, and he followed it for many years with an industry, a regularity, and lucid method, which would have invoked success on any undertaking to carry country produce to the adjacent village. Milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, fruits, in short, every thing which a few acres cultivated to the last inch supplied, fell within his province. As his wife was a remarkably clean woman, and attentive to the concerns of the dairy, he found no lack of customers among scrupulous housewives. Day after day, and week after week, he might be seen in the same long and measured step, pacing up and down on his errand. Regardless of the heat of summer, and the most violent rain, snow, and hail of winter, he went as regularly as clock-work about his business. He was a species of moving market, passing and repassing, and dropping the produce of every season at your door. As he kept no horse, wagon, or barrow, of any kind, but travelled always on foot, bearing his baskets on his arms, it cost him many trips a day to supply the town. Some persons, who did not look at the bottom of things, advised the purchase of a horse, by which the labor of a day might be performed in an hour. But this he always opposed, for it would require his 'whole fortin,' and then the horse might die, or a wheel be broken, and the whole affair collapse into ruin, and the investment be smashed. So he believed he would e'en pursue his ancient custom, and rely upon his feet, which, for many long years, had never failed him. Beside, to buy a horse would be innovating upon a well-proved system, and he did not like innovation. On the whole, his plan turned out well, for he arrived at the goal of competence with equal certainty, although he travelled on foot.

Johnny Marsden did all things after a system. In dealing with his customers, he dispensed his change most prudently, not passing into your hands a host of coppers vain-gloriously, as if by largess, judging merely by the eye whether they were more or less — probably more — but, betwixt his finger and his thumb would he pass every individual copper, scrutinizing lest some sixpence, worn and triturated by the friction of a thousand tongues, and money-frequented

pockets, should by the attraction of cohesion, adhere to a revolutionary penny. Experience had long since taught him how many an 'aching void' was the consequence of such vanity. 'There would be a sticking,' he remarked, for though money never came to him under escort, it was very willing to march off in a lump. Hence in all his money arrangements he practised the utmost deliberation. Sometimes a bevy of boys bursting from the play-grounds, attracted by the delicious appearance of his fruits, would rush upon him in tumultuous frenzy, until overpowered by the variety and rapidity of their questions, he stood like a colossus over his baskets, and stretching forth his arms in utter dismay, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen, you *must* stand off a leetle, and not confuse me, or it will be out of my power to transact business.' The extreme gravity with which this was uttered, was a sufficient warning. The impetuous urchins would describe a larger circle, albeit their lips were moistened by delay, until from his cornucopia baskets he had supplied them separately, instead of showering down the contents in a mass. He had a rare knack of testing the genuineness of silver, not vulgarly ringing it on a stone, like a Yankee pedlar, but by a fine touch, and quick glance, he soon settled the point of its currency; and then he did not set himself to denounce the money, but he would 'a leetle rather have other coin, an' it were convenient.' In all his dealings, he was governed by the most rigid honesty. It was his supreme desire to 'toe the mark.' To pass an inch beyond this, would afford as much uneasiness as to fall an inch behind. He would walk five miles to rectify the mistake of a farthing, were it in his own favor, or that of another. The law language 'be it more or less,' had no place in his legal code. When Mr. Marsden, out of two tin pails which were scoured to a dazzling brightness, sold milk to his customers, and please to take notice that it was not like that dispensed in cities, pale, diluted, and of a bluish whiteness; on the contrary, it was white, cream-like, and almost subsiding into butter by its very richness; it was marvellous to see how he would ladle it out without even spilling or wasting a single drop. It was indeed too good and too precious to be lost. One morning, however, as cook was putting a quart of such milk into an Indian pudding, (and take my word for it, puddings like that one are rarely met with,) she was startled by a tremendous crash near by, like the irruption of a pair of horses, and the dashing of a vehicle to atoms. Looking out, an unfortunate spectacle presented itself. Mr. Marsden in going away, made a false step, lost his balance, and rolling and tumbling down the precipitous 'stoop,' was prostrated, with disastrous ruin, to the ground, splintering the bannisters into fragments as he went. There he lay, his heels in air, his hat lying apart from his reverend crown, his sixpences scattered over the ground, his tin pails afar off, with all the milk spilt, and he himself like an unhorsed knight in heavy armor, unable to rise. Now mark the predominant trait in his character. When he was assisted up, he put one hand with an expression of pain upon his left hip, and receiving his collected money in the other, looked at the scattered splinters, and with an instinctive honesty inquired 'what was the damage.' The commiserating crowd regarding the expenditure of milk, and fearful that he was seriously wounded, inquired likewise 'what was the damage.'



Mr. Marsden's notions of integrity were too strict and mathematical, and too much averse to rough calculations, for the community he lived in. The current honesty of the world subtracted from his, would leave a very handsome overplus in the pockets of those who smiled at his simplicity. It is better to err on the right side of a question, than to be too lax in principle. Were there more of these scrupulous characters, many hundreds might be saved, which at present escape from us, we know not where, or how. Let us not smile, then, at the idea of being too honest, but if any have that fear, devoutly pray, that they may keep it, like the fear of God, perpetually before their eyes.

As he was scrupulous toward others, it may be well to add, that he failed not to protect himself, and was on his guard against those persons to whom the words of scripture may apply: 'It is nought, it is nought, saith the buyer.' Such undeviating rectitude of conduct, and such nice adjustment of principle to the scriptural rule of doing unto others even as we would desire others to do to us, it were natural to suppose, would be attended by 'that peace which passeth show.' Yet, wonderful as it may appear, few persons were more tormented than Johnny Marsden. Not that he was the victim of domestic quarrels; for what household was composed of more peaceful elements than his own? His wife was the most prudent of women, and his tabby cat was no snarler. These were the only inmates of the house. The first prepared the dairy, the second guarded it, and he sold it. Neither was he maligned by evil-disposed persons, nor had the breath of calumny ever gone forth against him. For who could say that he had in aught defrauded them? Who so bold as to whisper such a charge? Nor was he indeed afflicted in any manner by external ills. Health crowned his labors, and plenty his board, and he had a cheerful and contented heart withal. But the powers which tormented him were not of earth. They were the invisible spirits of other worlds. In him the ancient superstition of *witchcraft* was revived in all its terrors. Delivered from the penalties of abrogated laws, it seemed to him that witches and malignant spirits had regained their foothold on earth. They rallied around his humble domains, and troubled him at all times and seasons with their influence. They beset his fireside, arrogated his broom-stick, glanced round his milk-pails, and strode to him on the wings of the wind. Did he walk into the fields, they pursued him in open day; did he lie down on his bed, they haunted him in the darkness of the night. Fire, earth, air, and water were full of them. It were impossible to enumerate in how many different forms, sizes, shapes, and modes, they paid their visitations. Sometimes they flitted like motes in the candle, or making a sally upon the dresser, lo! the plates and the saucers danced and rattled, as if convulsed by the throes of an earthquake. Sometimes the old clock that stood in the corner, departing from its grave and regular mode of proceeding, went whiz! whiz! whiz! or sent forth at all hours its 'bewildered chimes.' Again, his chickens would become violently agitated in the middle of the night, and in the morning, numbers were found mysteriously to have vanished. Sometimes his cat would become bewitched, and fly round and round with the rapidity of a vortex, as if the devil was in her.



First in one direction, then in another, then diagonally, and if approached, would shake, and cough, and shrink from you like hydrophobia from water. This was a sore affliction to Johnny, for he loved his cat, and having no offspring, in the benevolence of his nature, caressed and petted her as a child. He loved to hold her upon his knees, to listen to her complacent purring, to applaud her respectable whiskers, to pat her well-washed face, and to stroke her sleek skin, from the tip of her ears, even to the extremity of her tail. Never was a cat better off in the world. Well fed, well kept, a good hearth to sleep on, and not worried by dogs; for Johnny was an enemy to dogs, having once been bitten in the 'hind sinners' (sinews.) Far be from her all rats, vermin, and evil doers of whatever kind. With one energetic spring, and one murderous hug, she retired in triumph from her dead prey. She was in all respects a sweet cat, and he considered it hard indeed that even his 'critturs' should be tormented by the demons. When the fit was upon her, he fancied he saw a witch dancing in every hair in her body, and shrank from the blue and baleful glare of her eyes. He tried various remedies, such as binding her head and eyes with a napkin, wherein were catnip and divers salubrious and medicinal 'yerbs,' but then she did nothing but back, back, back. This was marvellous. He rubbed her hair 'ag'in the grain,' in the dark, but 'as true as he had a living soul, her whole hide spat fire like a blacksmith's forge!' He cut off the end of her tail, but then she became bewitched the more. She uttered an unearthly mew, scaled all the fences in the neighborhood, and was never heard of more.\* But worse than all, and terrible to relate, Mr. Marsden sometimes got bewitched himself. Then truly it might be said that he was not in his 'right mind.' His cheerful equanimity forsook him; he looked daggers at the wife of his bosom, neglected to retire at his regular hour, and sat glooming all night over the coals. Unusual fears, perplexities, and sensations, came over him. He thought that he should be robbed of his substance; that old age should steal on, and find him starving, and that the

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\* I THINK it a proper place to make a few general remarks upon cats. This animal always appeared mysterious to me. Mr. Marsden's is not the only one that ever acted strangely. In my long experience of cats, I have taken occasion to notice the mazes of their behavior. Innumerable dissertations have been written on the subject. Bulwer has a whole chapter on cats, in *Eugene Aram*, with a moral. Theocritus has spoken of them in his *Idylls*. I do not know what put the idea into his head, but he remarketh, 'cats love to sleep on soft beds.'

*αἱ γαῖαι μαλακῶς χρῆσθοντι καθέδον.*

This is true to the letter. They have not altered one tittle. If there is a rug, or a carpet, or a bed, accessible to them in the house, they may be found reposing gently in the very middle of it. They like feather beds much better than mattresses. Who has not shrunk from two glaring balls of fire, upon a dark night, and wondered whether any thing human was staring at him, when upon investigation it has turned out to be a cat? Who has not been awakened from his midnight slumbers by an unearthly wailing, and lo! he has found it to be the battling of cats. Of all animals, they are the most domestic, and yet have little natural affection for any thing. Give them any provocation, and you are likely to be rewarded by a snarl or a scratch. Although a rat is their legitimate prey, yet no beating, however severe, can restrain them from casting greedy eyes upon the Canary bird. Among other singular traits, they love to play with their own tails. Who has not frequently noticed them describe an exact circle about the room; and then ignorance will tell you that they have 'got a fit.' 'Yes,' replied Mr. Marsden, with much simplicity, 'a fit of the devil!'

dreaded poor-house should open its portals to him. Sometimes he felt a pricking and a pinching in the rear, or over his whole body, as if a hundred spiteful little hands were at work, and they pinched, and pinched, until he fairly rose up in his shoes. These fits did not last long. They came frequently and passed over, leaving him once more in his right mind.

Happy is it, that he lived not in the days of the GREAT WITCH-CRAFT, but sprang up in the midst of an unbelieving generation, an isolated instance of a delusion no longer considered penal. In the hands of Cotton Mather, or any other of those godly men, so active in expelling devils, he would have been brought to condign punishment, and the honest memorials which I now write, would have been superseded by the catch-penny confessions of a criminal.

Although in little jeopardy of the strong arm of the law, it seemed as if the old delusion had possessed him, and as if all the witches that ever infested earth, from the witch of Endor to those of Salem, (in which blessed days men feared their own shadows, and were afraid of the devil on a dark night; and then a polled sheep was a perilous beast, and many times taken for their fathers' souls, especially in a church-yard, where a right hardy man durst not to have passed by night, but his hair would stand upright,) it seemed, I say, as if all the witches, spirits, bugbears of those by-gone days had returned once more, each bringing ten others worse than themselves, to rally round the dominions of Johnny Marsden.

The incantations and charms which he employed to meet this legion, were numerous, but in the magic bend of a horse-shoe, he placed his chief reliance and his trust. He nailed horse-shoes on his barns, on his hen-coops, on his fences, on his door-posts, and on his bed. In short, wherever a part lay vulnerable to the witches, he was sure to meet them with a horse-shoe; and in many cases he found them exceedingly efficacious — though not alway.

It happened one evening, after his last trip to the village, when he was quietly seated by the fire to rest from his weariness, and not yet recovered from the loss of the cat, his wife approached him with a doleful countenance, and told him that the milch-cow was bewitched. This was new and disastrous intelligence, and he turned as pale as ashes on the receipt. It was the upsetting of many milk-pails, and with them of many thrifty visions. For his wife, she had never seen a cow act so strangely in her life. She did nothing but wander about as one forlorn, roving miles and miles from home. It was impossible to confine her within any bounds. She opened gates with her horns, and when these were disabled, made use of her tongue, and as a last resource, bounded over the fences like a colt. Such unseemly conduct was undoubtedly the result of witchcraft. The foul fiend, the witch, the evil-eye, or whatever it was that confounded his cow, must be expelled, and that shortly, or where might be the end of this? Already his yearling heifer gave symptoms of the same disorder, and had attempted to butt him down, in the most refractory manner. The history of the past, as well as the experience of the present, told him that this disease was as contagious as the plague. Indeed, he gathered from ancient '*Almanack for the Yere of Lord 1666*,' wherein was '*much knowledge of times,*

seasons, weatheres, winds, and tides, together with divers rare and excellent receipts, and much new and interestynge intelligence of Astrologie and Witchcrafte, that in that same yere came there an exceedynge marvellous bewitchment of the cattle, in some parts of England, insomuch that they were like unto those with devils possessed, and there would have been no telling what would come of it, had there not been those cunnyng in the use of charmes, whereby they did exercise the foul fiends, and by God's help put a stay to that pest.' Having thus much light before his eyes, it became his bounden duty to prevent the like contagion, and not to permit his cow to bewitch all the orderly cows in the neighborhood. A consultation was forthwith held, at which his spouse was inclined to differ from him in opinion, but at last dutifully gave up the point, and it was deemed necessary to resort to extremities. He lost no time in detaching a horse-shoe from the door-post, and having piled the hearth with faggots, placed it upon the coals, until it should become red hot. The shades of night had already begun to descend when, attended by his wife, he marched with solemn pace into the cow-yard. He carried in his arms a cleaver and a block, having fully made up his mind to cut off the animal's tail. This was a painful business, but a necessitous one, and it wrung his benevolent heart. For 'assuredly,' said he, 'it is better to decapitate the tail, than to lose the entire cow.' They found the devoted animal standing beneath a shed, chewing her cud, and apparently in the enjoyment of a lucid interval. Approaching her with all the soothing arts which were so effectual before her estrangement, he had just raised the cleaver in the air, when, actuated by a sudden impulse, she made a flying vault, and laid him prostrate in the dust. A crisis was at hand. Mrs. Marsden reinforced him immediately. She seized hold of the tail, and drawing back with all her main, reined in the refractory cow. The appearance of the animal was at this moment terrific. She roared like a mad bull, her eyes glared, her hoofs tossed the dirt, and altogether she was as much possessed as the hogs that ran into the Sea of Galilee. Rising up all trembling from the earth, he again returned to the onset, and making a decided blow, effected an amputation of the tail very near its junction with the back bone. Then seizing the fallen member, he rushed to the house, and plunging it in the burning coals, where a horse-shoe was lying at a white heat, uttered these mystic words: '*Horum Quorum Spirituum Sidera Diabolus Gemini Taurus!*' The witches were unable to stand this summary mode of proceeding. They vanished forthwith, leaving the cow in her right mind. And she remained so until her dying day, which very unfortunately came shortly after.

Thus much for witchcraft; and let no one be astonished at a man of so much sagacity as Mr. Marsden, for yielding to such a belief. For the time has been, when the agency of familiar spirits has engrossed the attention of the most learned judges, the most wise counsellors, and the most holy ministers of God; and whoever pretended even to doubt their existence, was accounted an 'ignorant Sadducee.' So distinguished a man as Bishop Jewel, in a sermon preached before the queen, in 1558, tells her: 'May it please your Majesty to understand, that witches and sorcerers, within these four last years, are marvellously increased within your Majesty's realm. Your Majesty's

subjects pine away, even unto death; their color fadeth, their flesh rotteth, their speech is benumbed, their senses are bereft; I pray God they never practice further upon the subject.' Did not King James, at his succession to the throne of Elizabeth, publish his royal Treatise on 'Dæmonologie,' with a preface about witches or enchanters, 'those detestable slaves of the devil?' Need I remind you of the disastrous spread of this belief among the Puritans of New-England, and how many were brought to a violent death for their supposed compact with Satan? Did not Addison, in the *Spectator*, acknowledge that such things once were? In short, this same belief is found to exist among many portions of the civilized world, even unto this day.

Mr. Marsden, to the scandal of the clergy, never entered the doors of a church. He was, however, a bit of a theologian. His system was founded mostly on the Old Testament, and when occasion offered, he was very fond of a little discussion about the WITCH OF ENDOR. In fact, this scrupulous story was his strong hold, and lay at the very bottom of his belief in witchcraft. So long as he was thus safely moored upon the Bible, he felt that no argument could confound him. He held long conversations with the justice of the peace, who being obstinately opposed to his belief, disputed loudly, and with much passion, upon the subject. But Mr. Marsden was ruffled never a bit, and after listening very meekly, invariably handed him over to the witch of Endor, and slightly tapping the Bible, where the whole matter was recorded in black and white, requested him to 'answer him to that.'

Unlike many of the self-righteous persons of the present day, he modestly supposed himself unworthy a place in heaven. He believed there was a 'middle place,' not exactly in heaven, but pretty well out of the suburbs of hell, about equi-distant from both, where persons of his humble pretensions might pursue the line of their earthly rectitude. There he hoped for admittance, having always striven to do 'the thing that was right.'

In all his long life, he travelled very little beyond his circuit, which included a circumference of about five miles. He once made a journey to New-York, where he supposed that all men were as honest as himself, and frankly told whence he came, whither he was going, and for what purpose. But some villains maltreated him sadly, cutting out his waistcoat pockets, and robbing him of his tin pill-boxes, which were full of sixpences to the brim. After that, his confidence in the world was entirely demolished, and he scarcely ventured beyond the precincts of his home.

A few years have elapsed, since this worthy man was suddenly missed from his customary rounds. It was reported that he was sick, and shortly after slipping unnoticed into the tomb, it was announced to the little world where he moved, and to their great grief, that he too had departed to his fathers.

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EPICRAM.

VAIN is thy labor, to create  
From all that little is, the great:  
Reverse it — turn the great to little,  
'T will suit thy genius to a tittle.

## T E A R S .

BY HON. CHIEF JUSTICE MELLEN, MAINE.

CRYSTALS, where are your recesses,  
 Where the home of your repose,  
 When the world around caresses,  
 And the heart no sorrow knows?  
 Then, the eye is bright and gleaming  
 As a summer's smiling day;  
 Joy and peace may there be beaming,  
 Still uninfluenced by your away.

Why should sudden bursts of feeling,  
 Why should transport, flood the eyes?  
 Why, when from your fountain stealing,  
 Do ye flow mid rapture's sighs?  
 Where 's the fount, whence pain and anguish  
 Call ye forth for their relief?  
 Causing agony to languish  
 Into deep and dark'ning grief?

Crystal tears, so freely pouring,  
 Prompt their duty to perform,  
 Tell when gentle gales are blowing  
 Round the heart, and when the storm:  
 Messengers of gladness, rushing,  
 Bearing orders from the heart;  
 Showering cheeks, in beauty blushing,  
 Laughing at the painter's art.

Messengers of deepest sorrow,  
 From the seat of cruel pain;  
 Hoping still relief to-morrow,  
 While hope's promises are vain!  
 Messengers of tender passion,  
 Melting sympathy and love,  
 Hearts o'erflowing with compassion,  
 Warm'd with influence from above.

Messengers from hearts despairing,  
 And from Conscience, in alarm:  
 Its frightful catalogue preparing,  
 And no aid from mortal arm;  
 Messengers from hearts repenting,  
 Washing out the stains of sin:  
 Mercy smiling — Heaven assenting —  
 Peace around and peace within!

## T O E. R. F.

'Ζῆνι ποῦ εἶς ἀναπῶ.'

YOUTH on thy cheek, and heaven in thine eye,  
 And beauty in thy movements! 't is a pleasure  
 For me to count thee my heart's brightest treasure,  
 Remembered best when stars are in the sky,  
 And the calm moon hangs o'er the eddying water;  
 Then thy sweet voice, in soft melodious laughter,  
 Comes o'er me with a feeling, and thine eyes  
 Enchant me with their radiance, and I see  
 Less wo in life; so let me think of thee,  
 Enchantress! when the stars of midnight rise, —  
 And if thou shouldst contrive to think of me,  
 Remember then thou art the one I prize,  
 As being to my heart its lovely gem,  
 Outshone by one alone, — the Star of Bethlehem!

B. W. R.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.

## SCENES IN PARIS.

## A BALL AT THE HOTEL OF THE MINISTER OF THE —.

THE honor of the most splendid fête which Paris had seen since the accession of the citizen king, belonged to the late president of the council, Casimir Perier. It was the ambition of the Minister of —, to eclipse the fame of the French Lucullus. A ball, projected for many months, was the great topic of conversation in the courtly circles of the metropolis, and of incessant speculation in the journals of the fashionable world. A report by some means got into circulation, that one object of the minister was, to collect an assembly of the most beautiful women ever seen in France; that to effect this, great personal attractions would alone secure an invitation; and, with the exception of persons of the most eminent rank and fashion, that no others could expect to be admitted. Such an intimation, of course, produced great excitement. Those who had held undisputed possession of the saloons of the metropolis, trembled lest this new and revolutionary principle should cut them off from the enjoyment of rights they regarded as indefeasible; while others, in whom the want of rank or wealth had suppressed all hope of admission into the first circles of the capitol, found an unexpected resource, in that most plebeian of accomplishments, their beauty. This painful suspense continued several weeks. At length, the distribution of invitations terminated a period of so much anxiety. Last of all, came the eventful evening.

I left my rooms at an earlier hour than is usual with me on such occasions, that I might mark the arrival of the guests, and recognise the more distinguished, as they were announced and entered. More than three thousand invitations had been issued. To prevent the confusion apprehended from so great a multitude of equipages, crowded in the narrow and tangled streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, a note was appended to the invitations, requesting that we would approach by the Rue de —, or the Rue du —. I crossed the Pont Louis Quinze, a little before nine. Along the quai, on the southern side of the river, I found parties of the municipal *Guard à Cheval*, stationed to preserve order; and on turning into the Rue de —, I was soon arrested by a *queue*, or train of carriages, formed, under the direction of the guard, in a line on one side of the street. Every two or three minutes, these carriages moved forward a few feet, then stopped, until some *voiture*, at the head of the line, a quarter of a mile off, could discharge its load at the hotel of the minister. On the other side of the street, a thoroughfare was kept open. From time to time, an equipage would dash down this closely-guarded way; and if recognised by the police to belong to a foreign minister, or a member of either chamber, was permitted to pass. Other carriages attempting the same thing, were invariably turned back, and, not unfrequently, after an angry struggle between the guards and the coachman. Despairing of reaching the hotel by this street, I directed



my driver to try the approach by the Rue du ——. I gained little by the change. Finding that every moment added to the long and constantly increasing line, I ordered my carriage to be joined to the *queue*, as the last alternative. I folded my cloak over my breast, and amused myself with counterfeiting a resignation I was far from enjoying. Three quarters of an hour elapsed, before I reached the hotel. The entrance was brilliantly illuminated; and a large open square, a little to the left, was covered with pyramids of lamps. It was more than an hour since I left my lodgings, less than a mile distant.

I loitered a few minutes near the door of the ante-room, to listen to the names of those who entered; but the multitude was so great as to weary my attention. Indeed, the rooms were already crowded, and I concluded that most of the great personages likely to be present, had arrived before me. A series of five elevated and spacious apartments, opening into each other, extended through the whole length of the building. Beyond these, in the rear, a gallery, erected for the occasion, formed a magnificent promenade, capable of holding more than two thousand persons. The whole scene was one of most unusual splendor. The grandeur of the rooms, the richness of the hangings, the profusion of light from so many chandeliers, of the costliest workmanship, in gold and glass of the purest transparency, the indescribable variety and elegance of the female costumes, and the dazzling brilliancy of the military and diplomatic dresses, covered with decorations, formed a picture it is in vain to attempt to describe.

Two rooms only were prepared for dancing; the rest were carpeted. Following the crowd, I ascended a couple of steps, which led from the apartment I had first entered to the gallery in the rear. Here I succeeded in obtaining a position that commanded a view of the gallery, of the two dancing rooms, and the ante-room I had just left. Not far from me stood the Turkish ambassador. He was dressed in a rich oriental costume, which not even his dignified and noble figure could redeem from an air of eastern lasciviousness and effeminacy. If I viewed his dress with aversion, I beheld his face with equal astonishment. If ever man's countenance was made in the image of his Maker's, his might be said to have been. Full of serene thought and compassionate humanity, venerable with years, reflection was stamped in its every lineament. He stood apart from others, looking on the scene around him, mute, absent, unconcerned, to all appearance buried in deep meditation. Here, alone, among Christians, he was the solitary representative of a religion which once threatened to extinguish Christianity itself. He stood in the capitol of the European world. The ministers of a great king were in the assembly before him; the generals of his armies mingled in the crowd; all the beauty and fashion of his court were there, buoyant with life and health; and it seemed to me, I could read, in the silent expression of his face, the thoughts that passed through his mind. Admiration of the greatness of Christian civilization, and a profound desire to penetrate the mystery of its future history, seemed mingled with the melancholy reflections suggested by the contrast of its ascendant fortune with the decaying greatness of Mohammedan power, and the contemplation of his own fast perishing race. I gazed on the noble

countenance of this dignified old man, until, forgetting myself and the scene around me, I fell into a long reverie, suggested by his presence. I thought upon the grandeur and decline of nations, upon the various great religions of the past and present world, upon the weakness of man, his perishable existence and uncertain fate, until I became so deeply interested in the workings of my own fancy, as to turn with regret from one who had given rise to a train of such melancholy yet pleasing thoughts.

I passed into the gallery. A military dress of unusual splendor caught my eye. It was the uniform of a general of division, who had served under Bolivar! Here was the new world in the presence of the old. Liberty and America — despotism and the East! What a contrast!

Abandoning myself to the crowd, I moved with the current, examining the thousand figures which I passed. A very large force is always stationed in the capital; and as it is the policy of the king to court the favor of the army, by every species of attention, the saloons of the ministers are crowded with officers, dressed in the various uniforms of the different branches of the service. The number present on this occasion was even unusually great. French women, I speak of those one meets in the fashionable assemblies of the capital, it is well known are not generally handsome; but in grace, elegance, and the exquisite taste with which they dress, they excel the whole world. The vast majority are neither handsome nor ugly; the rest are beautiful or hideous. Those who filled the apartments of the Minister of the —, formed no exception to this remark. In my whole experience of the sex, I never encountered cases of more extravagant ugliness than were to be found in this brilliant assembly, and they were generally women of the greatest rank and fashion; and I have rarely, if ever, looked upon faces of a higher order of beauty, than were to be seen mingled in the same crowd.

Turning toward the dancing rooms, I found these apartments still more crowded than the rest; indeed, it was not until a late hour in the evening, that the company had withdrawn in sufficient numbers to allow the necessary space for the evolutions of the dance. The supper rooms, when thrown open a little after twelve, took off a great number, and many had by this time retired. The Duke de Nemours, second son of the king, was in the quadrille. His hair and complexion are light, and his face perfectly English in features and expression. He wore no sort of ornament on any part of his dress; and no attention shown to him by others, would have ever led a stranger to suspect that so important a person was among the guests of the minister. The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son, and heir to the throne, was also present; and I can mention nothing that will be so likely to give an idea of the total absence of all state upon similar occasions in France, as the fact, that I remained in the same rooms, throughout the whole evening, without being aware of his presence.

As my eyes glanced over the various figures of the dancers, one, a girl of some sixteen years, arrested my attention. Never before had I beheld a face of such surpassing loveliness. Her extreme youth would alone have distinguished her from the rest of the assembly.

An expression of girlish, unaffected enjoyment, beaming from a countenance of more than Grecian regularity, betrayed the almost childish delight which the music and the dance inspired. Her figure was radiant with beauty; she seemed an angel descended upon the earth. Enchanted, spell-bound, by a vision of so much loveliness and innocence, I sought a position whence I might gaze unobserved upon her face, and contemplate, like some enthusiastic admirer of the great works of the ancient masters of painting, this *chef d'œuvre* of nature itself.

Two of the five rooms the farthest from the entrance, were occupied by the supper tables. These rooms had been thrown open some time; and as many as could be accommodated, filled the tables; others had succeeded in their turn. Between two and three in the morning, it was found necessary to close these apartments for a while, to give the waiters an opportunity to rearrange the tables, and make further preparations for feeding a multitude, who were in no humor to be contented, without a miracle, with a few loaves and fishes. These arrangements consumed some time. About three, I left the dancing apartments, and joining a friend, proceeded toward the farther end of the gallery, which led to the supper rooms. The most distant of the two was separated from it by a slender balustrade, very tastefully supported by vases, filled with rare and beautiful flowers. The only entrance to these rooms, was between two of the largest of these vases, and was scarcely wide enough to admit two persons abreast. This fragile partition was but little calculated to keep off a horde of impatient fasters, as will be seen in the sequel. We observed a crowd gathering toward the end of the gallery. An object of some interest evidently attracted it. The tide was setting in this direction, and the numbers increased from moment to moment. Passing beyond this entrance, to the extreme end of the gallery, we managed to obtain a position, whence, secure from the pressure, we could watch the movements of the crowd. The preparations for the reception of a fresh company were nearly completed; and from time to time, some poor woman was squeezed through the crowd, and turned into the supper rooms. The vociferation of '*Place aux dames !*' and the various entreaties with which those who occupied positions near the door-way, were importuned to make room for the frail and hungry fair ones, who, instigated by some serpent of a beau, seemed, like other Eves, determined to gratify their appetites, though death itself should be the penalty, produced no little confusion. The crowd, still increasing, became at last so dense, as to render the passage of ladies entirely impracticable. Pressing from every direction toward the entrance, those who were near this point must have suffered extremely. Sullen expostulation and muttered curses, betrayed the agony of their position. It was with great difficulty those in front could keep the crowd from breaking down the barricade of vases which obstructed their entrance to the supper rooms. The numbers and the pressure continued to increase. It was evident that the resistance of those near the entrance could hold out but little longer. They already touched the barrier, which required but a touch to be overthrown. In spite of all their entreaties and resistance, the pressure was becoming every moment more severe. The

great vases forming the door-way, and the whole barrier, trembled, tottered, and in an instant, the whole fabric fell, with a startling crash, to the floor! Appalled at their own work, the invaders shrunk instinctively back. The little minister (he is scarcely five feet high,) happened to be at this time in the supper rooms, superintending, with Madame, the arrangement of the tables, and the accommodation of the ladies, who had entered through the crowd. Seizing, with the promptness of a great general, the critical moment, he charged in person and alone, against the invaders, and with violent gestures, and words half entreaty and half reproach, actually forced the column of assailants back, almost to the very wall on the opposite side of the gallery. The ground being thus cleared of the enemy, troops of waiters instantly reërected the prostrate barrier, replaced the vases, which, being of wood, had escaped unbroken from the fall, and restored, with the skill of veterans, the shattered defences of the besieged; when Madame, the lady of the minister, seizing a chair, planted it in the breach, or passage way; and turning her back upon her guests, guarded, with the assistance of another lady seated near her, the entrance to these favored apartments!

This violent, indecorous scene, shows how easy it is for men, even in the most polished and elevated circles, to sink to more than clownish rudeness. A large number of those who formed the very front of this phalanx of Frenchmen, were evidently well bred men; but I must confess, that I remarked, here and there, certain *vielles moustaches*, whose fierce, hungry looks, and gaunt forms, half persuaded me that they found much more congenial employment in this mimic assault of a supper room, than in any other of the amusements of the evening.

At length, Madame withdrew from the breach; and I entered the supper rooms in the rear of the party who had formed around the entrance, after the overthrow of the barriers, and their retreat before the minister. Here every thing was of the greatest elegance and luxury; the rarest and most costly dishes, whatever fancy or extravagance could suggest, abounded; the most expensive wines of Europe were alone served at tables prepared for thousands! For more than five hours, they were spread for a succession of guests, few of whom remained longer than ten minutes in their places.

I soon withdrew from a scene which lost its interest after the first *coup d'œil*. The gallery was now less oppressed with numbers, and the dancers began to move with greater ease in the two apartments allotted to their use. I strolled, with a friend, up and down the long promenade, and observed at more ease the various figures of the guests. Among the first persons whom we met, was our little minister, with a grand daughter of Lafayette on each arm; two blooming girls, with yellow hair, and blonde faces, of much sweetness and intelligence. Returning to the dancing-rooms, my attention was again rivetted by the beautiful girl whose extreme loveliness I have before attempted to describe. I watched her till she withdrew from the quadrille, and in a few minutes after, retired from the rooms.

It was nearly six when I left the hotel. My friend accompanied me. The impure atmosphere of the rooms, and the exhaustion of the evening, had produced a sort of feverish excitement, from which

I have always found relief in the cooling effects of the open air. We determined to walk to our lodgings. The court-yard and street were still crowded with carriages. Making our way, as we best could, over the wet and slippery pavement, we entered the *place* on the left. The illuminated pyramids, with their partly-extinguished lamps, threw a glare of irregular light over this deserted square. A few minutes brought us to the bridge in front of the Palais Bourbon. The Place de la Revolution lay directly in our way. In Paris, every inch of ground is full of history. We crossed the very spot on which Louis XVI., the Duke of Orleans, Barnave, the Girondists, the great personages of the revolution, had perished under the axe of the guillotine. The bloody and fantastic scenes of that wonderful drama, the great men of that great and memorable period, filled our imaginations. Our conversation turned from the splendid fête we had just left, to speculate on the future history of a people who had done and suffered so much in the cause of liberty. To our right, beyond those stately elms, and in a palace where the people had placed the red bonnet of Jacobinism on the royal brow of a son of Saint Louis, slept a king, no heir to the sceptre which he held, who, raised to the throne by the arms of the multitude, now oppresses them with a cunning despotism, worse than that hereditary slavery which the fury of the first revolution, in its passage, swept from the earth. The king recalled his minister back to our thoughts. The former, from the dukedom of Orleans, had reached the throne; the last, from an *employé* on a republican journal, earning a scanty subsistence by the hire of his pen, was in a few months to become one of the great ministers of an almost absolute prince, and distributed his invitations to balls that cost fifty thousand francs! The step was not so great from the Palais Royale to the Palace of the Tuilleries, as from the bureau of the newspaper, to the hotel of the Minister of the —.

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SAYINGS OF BIAS.

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EX SENTENTIIS SEPTEM SAPIENTUM.

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WHAT is the greatest good? a mind which can  
 Look in itself, and find its purpose pure;  
 What the worst pest to man? his brother man,  
 Whose pride delights to make his kind endure;  
 Who's rich? who nothing wants; who's poor?  
 The anxious wretch who's always wanting more:  
 What's the best marriage dower? A modest life,  
 Becoming both to maiden and to wife;  
 Who's virtuously chaste? She of whose fame  
 Report doth fear to lie, in dread of its shame:  
 What marks the upright man? To do no wrong,  
 When power, occasion, pretext, all are strong;  
 What notes the fool? To wish, with mind unstable,  
 To do a wrong, yet find himself unable.

## A REVERIE.

BY LIEUT. ROBERT BURTS, UNITED STATES' NAVY.

A son of the ocean stood gazing on high,  
 Where the tall tap'ring spars stretched away to the sky,  
 And the wide-spreading sail caught the breath of the breeze,  
 That so often had fanned her along the deep seas ;  
 Then his full bosom heaved, and his eye then grew bright,  
 For his country's gay pennant there greeted his sight,  
 With its stripes of the morn, and its stars of the night,  
 An Iris in peace, but a meteor in fight ;  
 And he smiled as he thought how in victory's pride  
 That banner triumphant was borne o'er the tide ;  
 Though war swelled in thunder along the free air,  
 To daunt the proud heroes that hoisted it there !

Still dashed the ship on, and the swift winds were free,  
 And clear was the sky, and calm was the sea ;  
 When 'Oh !' cried the sailor, in transports of bliss,  
 'What object in life is more lovely than this ?  
 The gaudiest warbler that sails through the air,  
 Spreads never such pinions as those which fly there ;  
 And where is the fish in the fathomless sea,  
 That sweeps through its waters so graceful and free ?  
 No steed of the desert, no light-limbed gazelle,  
 No bird of the forest, no beast of the dell,  
 Ever gladdened the eye, like a ship under sail,  
 As she bows to the wave, or she bends to the gale !

'There's nothing,' he said, 'from the Pole's icy chain,  
 To the shores where the Ganges rolls on to the main,  
 There's nothing,' he said, 'that I've ever yet seen,  
 More lovely in aspect, more graceful in mien ;  
 There's nothing,' he said — but e'en as he spoke,  
 A fairy-like touch the fond dreamer awoke ;  
 He turned, and a pair of bright eyes met his own,  
 That sparkled with love, yet reprovably shone :  
 And he smiled a sweet smile, as he caught to his breast  
 His own dearest Mary, the girl he loved best ;  
 'O forgive me,' he cried, and he sank on his knee,  
 'I was wrong, but oh, never unfaithful to thee !  
 Forgive me this once, and I promise no more  
 To forget, for a moment, the girl I adore !'

## VOLTARE: A SKETCH.

Yes ! Phoebus and the Nine might all despair,  
 Without the pen of BAYLE, to paint VOLTAIRE.  
 A form Monboddo might with rapture hail,  
 And beg to search minutely for the tail ;  
 With scarce enough of muscle, nerve, or skin,  
 To sheath the trenchant wit that lurked within,  
 A wit that, like the tiger's velvet paw,  
 In deadly gambols dealt the elastic claw ;  
 And, not unworthy of that form, a face  
 Made up of half expression, half grimace,  
 That, struggling still to smother a concealed  
 And latent scorn, what it would hide, revealed ;  
 With eye that secrets from all bosoms wrung,  
 And curling lip, that spoke without a tongue ;  
 For all we love, loathe, seek, or shun, nor tear  
 Nor smile had they, but for the whole, a sneer ;  
 Features that fix, but freeze our gaze, and yet  
 We must remember — but would fain forget.



## RANDOM PASSAGES.

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

## NUMBER THREE.

'PHILADELPHIA, February 13. — I've got 'the blues,' or *something*! My pulse keeps not time, this day, to wonted measures. Icicles hang dejectedly over the top of my dirty window, unwelcome to all but my baby, who 'lifts her hands, and eyes, and heart, and craves of them a gift.' The wind is playing a wintry dirge around my ears, and great snow-banks are rising, in fierce reality, against my meek-eyed phantasms of returning to West-Point. Sweet sound! blest spot! Have my senses, of a surety, drank in thy peerless beauty, day by day? Have thy grassy paths been soft under my feet? Have I yielded up my heart along thy river's bank, or at thy mountains' base, with all it knew of fulness and of praise? It is no dream I carry forever pictured in my bosom, of golden sunsets gliding to the waters; of far hills breathing out against the sky, in silent, silent greenness; of twilight's cool and fragrant-closing wing; of eve's first star, coming to sit in love, till morn, amidst the quiet heaven. Oh, balmy summer nights, wearing too much of fairy for long life, with what a hushed and eager breath have I stood listening to the music of that band! — now swelling in full, delicious harmony, till all the dewy air seemed floating o'er; now caught and loitering in bewitching play upon the voice of echo. White in my eyes, this night, crossed by the shadow of its trees in the moonlight, shines my happy cottage-front! Again I am there, at the window, by the door; the near-stirring leaves, the whippoorwill's note from the bank, are in my ear. I feel it to be beautiful, oh, beautiful! those grassy haunts, fit cradles for a soul's first holy thought, those mountain-thrones, the perfect work of God! Amidst the world's known, and by some considered overbalancing, deceits, snares, mockeries, and wo, it would seem unavailing to follow the earthly walk of our chosen and remembered ones, with the spirit's pressing measure of fervent yet futile wishes. Why cry we peace to the bosoms whose hapless clay shuts out diviner ministrations? Yet there are some wandering sieurs, whom late I knew in all kindness, welcomed to my doors in all honesty, whereon my 'sweet charities' do fall like dew. Where-soever ye stray, brave hearts! my fair memory goes with you; not for a week, a month, but warmly, while the sun shines over you and me.

'14TH. — Fat Mr. C., our arch gourmand, is sick of a sore-throat. Paid him a visit this afternoon, advancing on tip-toe, and throwing all the sympathy I could command, into my benevolent inquiry of 'How do you find yourself, now, Mr. C.? Lifting toward me, from under a dotted silk head-kerchief, two most lamenting eyes, he replied, with dolorous impressiveness, '*I have n't eaten anything since Wednesday!*'

Snow, snow, snow! not descending fitfully and coquettishly, as if

trifling with sunshine, (winter's though it were !) but falling on the devoted earth in an unfailing, downright manner, wavering neither right nor left, till my soul grows shivering and sick within me, and I feel as if never more to be united with the objects of my mortal love and yearning. Distance seems twice distanced ; spring-time and its hopes, but a dear and envied mockery ; sweet-burthened summer, a passing, joyous queen, whose 'lap of flowers' is not for us to share ! *What do I here*, with never a dear voice to answer when I speak, and never a spirit flowing forth to meet my own, the weary or the glad ! Poor life, dim days, which yet I cannot spare from that allotment, written they say in heaven, against one's birth. Wish the people down stairs were n't so absolutely beyond all Christian encouragement. Sweet Grace ! how serene she appeared at dinner, in her starched black silk gown, dead-crimson scarf, lace mittens, and hair à la porcupine. Invited, to-night, to the theatre, to see 'La Somnambula,' but never *could* do any thing except cry, when it snows ; ergo, shant attend theatre. Snow's my bugbear. As for 'sleighing,' I consider it the most savage proposition that can be made by one civilized member of society to another. Used always, in snow season, to plunge home from school, with my head hanging down on my breast, my mouth shut tight together, and a melancholy at my heart, said to distinguish the first stage of hydrophobia. I wonder if, at this minute, my image is with the memory of any one whom I love ? Who thinks of me this hour, in blessed kindness ? Upon whose lips liveth my unworthy name ? What heart, divided from my side, should quicken with pleasure to be near me again ? Pray heaven I live to be once more surrounded with spirits whose presence is a welcome, whose blessed influence is felt, in every flying moment !

'Saw a horse flourishing past the window to-day, whose bold and showy canterings were prematurely spoiled by his violently knocking one hoof against another. The hurt leg suddenly thrust out from the rest, and several awkward limps thereafter, gave evident token of agony. Remembering late contacts of my own ankles with the great long rockers of a certain chair, up stairs, I held my breath in sympathy with the poor brute, as long as I could see him, then followed him yet on, to the sanctuary of the manger, annoyed by the conviction, that a horse can never know the consolation of rubbing himself when he is hurt.'

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We have already spoken of the minute observation of character and events, and the pleasant vivacity, that so frequently characterize the 'passages' which form the matériel of these papers. Few, who knew the writer, can peruse them, without calling up before them, her arch eye and speaking face, the gems of wit which seemed to sparkle from her lips, and the rich music of her joyous, infectious laugh. If her gayety was sometimes assumed, when, as will have been seen, her heart was pining in loveliness, or for an interchange of that human sympathy, with which it was overflowing, it is but an evidence of that accommodating sweetness of disposition, for which she was remarkable. The following poetical, epistolary mosaic, addressed to a distinguished military professor and author, at West,

Point, will afford an added proof of the great versatility of the writer's style :

*Philadelphia, Evening, March 30th, 1838.*

TO MR. ———, WEST-POINT.

It is the hour when from the board  
The tea-things are removed away ;  
It is the hour when lamps afford  
The light that is denied by day ;  
But it is not to muse at the twilight fall,  
That I have left our dining-hall ;  
And 't is not to sew on my baby's hood,  
Though my hands expect a work as good.

Fair Sir, it is to write to you, I'm sitting in my chair ;  
My work'd French cape is on my neck, my band is round my hair ;  
For if the bell should ring, and John should usher in a beau,  
And bring his card to Mrs. P ———, she must go down, you know !

Not that beaux leave so frequently a friend or a cigar,  
To seek a widow's company, beneath the evening star ;  
But now and then some passer calls, to quote the latest prints,  
And sure, the effect one then must have, depends upon one's chintz !

And here I beg the privilege, in words both plain and brief,  
To mention something which to me would be a great relief ;  
It is to make my bundles up, and so go out of town,  
Where I could take the liberty to wear a faded gown.

For hair that's à la Grecian knot, and waists made à la Turk,  
Do vastly well on gala days, or the day not made for work ;  
But frills and edgings, silk and lace, stand only sorry chance,  
Where fond mamma is teaching her first baby for to dance !

Well, I've little to tell you, do all that I can,  
Of aught new or funny here, Mr. MA — N ;  
I'm in a high chamber that's back o' the house,  
Where I shun the world's trappings, and live like a mouse.

Dame S ——— r, thou knowest, is outwardly slim,  
But her brain is a sound one, and fill'd to the brim ;  
And she lying sick a-bed, round us likewise,  
At 'sixes and sevens,' as they say, every thing lies !

The cook drops her chickens, and threatens vacation,  
The people can't stay where there's chance of starvation ;  
The porter and waiters, not having 'a head,'  
Swear as to live so, they as lief would be dead !

Confusion confounded through every room  
Rides o'er us all day, like a witch on a broom ;  
But I trust before long this unhappy hodge-podge  
Will be turn'd to plain pudding, by learn'd Dr. Hodge :

Who comes every morning with lancet and pill,  
With 'one pound of powder, to water one gill,'  
And all sorts of mixtures, in measure discreet,  
To set our poor hostess again on her feet.

Once more she's 're-chartered !' — to Nicholas Biddle  
We'll play, not the second, but just the 'first fiddle !'  
With cries of rejoicing, and candles in rows,  
We'll break of the midnight its solemn repose.

And also at table, again of plum-cake,  
Which lately is wanting, a slice we will break ;  
And black tea and green tea in health shall go round,  
To our landlady missing, that was, but is found.

Though early the season, and colder than ice,  
By travellers our rooms will be filled in a trice;  
My long-slumbering eyes expectation are proving,  
To judge by the *trunks*, there 's a caravan moving!

I think I 'll go down, in the hope to procure  
Some food for my letter, that's starved, to be sure!  
New faces, new faces! — 't is aye my delight  
To peel off their 'varnish,' for wrong or for right.

*Au revoir.* Two young women, a tall and a short one,  
The short, an intelligent, or sure would be thought one;  
There 's nobody t ld me her strokes had been felt,  
But she has a gold pencil tuck'd under her belt!

The other speaks soft, parts her hair on one side,  
Her breath comes in sighs, and her walk is a glide,  
As if she were hinting, 'In heaven and earth  
There 's more than you dream of,' who sit by the hearth.

Escort of the maids, if he be not their sire,  
A monstrous fat gentleman looks in the fire;  
And hold in his name, to the winds here I toss  
The axiom that 'fat people never are cross!'

Adieu! — there 's valises and people in plenty,  
To fill, not one sheet overflowing, but twenty;  
But late is the season, my eyes give me warning  
To blow out my candle, and slumber till morning.

Present me all round, in the liveliest affection,  
To your every friend and your every connexion;  
Will you tell Mr. — I've enough love for two men,  
Sent here from his house, by a parcel of women.

Of our halcyon spring-weather, I only can say,  
It hailed and snowed yesterday, rained some to-day;  
At present the moon would shine, but for her sorrow,  
To see a great storm getting up for to-morrow!

' 15TH. — The walls of our house, *ici, chez Mad. S* — , are apparently about two inches thick, which I think must account for the continuity of colds I've enjoyed for the last five months—nasal, catarrhal, ossivorous, respiratory, and compounded. Wonder I'm alive to speak it, for a more unhealthy edifice than this I have the pleasure to inhabit, 'rears not its brazen front' in the world. From November to January, I wore the 'sober livery' of the intermittent-fever family. Thanks to Providence and Dr. P — , at this present writing, I've a 'clean tongue,' which all have not; my veins are filling with the flood of life; sleep waiteth on mine eyes at night, I wait upon hot cakes and butter in the morning. Phials, not of wrath but of vitriol and sweet nitre, are gone from my shelf over the fire-place; people have done sending me custards and quince jellies; and I begin to think about a spring-bonnet, having given away a late purchase of the sort, thinking I should n't live to want it. What would become of us, without Hope, the bright, the fond, the unwearied? Hope, whom we call 'phantom' and 'cruel,' that sits laughing amidst her garden, crowned empress of its flowers, holding aloft their blossoms in the sun, that we may see how fair! It seemeth as a dream, my long, long sickness among strangers; dismal and hard

enough, at the time, to bear ; but assuredly, lie where we will in weakness, we rejoice in health. *There* day telleth unto day, and night unto night, with an equal pace ; and so when we sit us down at length, to *think thereon*, it matters nothing. Mortality clings to its ties, and setteth up ever, away from the shade, its coveted idols of riches, or pleasures, or length of days. But with the chill of disappointment, cometh perhaps a colder heart to feel it, and to bear.'

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'SAW a man this morning in a musty brown coat, old slouched hat, and crooked boots, yet seemed he more lovely in my eyes than the daintiest loungeur in Chestnut-street, for after him trailed a ladder, and in his hands was a pair of pruning shears, wherewith, stopping under a tree in the public walk, he began nipping away the unseemly and dead branches, preparing, blessed be heaven ! for the gales, and buds, and birds of spring !' \* \* \* 'Miss Murphy, my baby's white nurse, recounting her last night's dream to me, about *the Indians*, with all the gesture and fervor peculiar to Erin's speakers, thus concluded her inauspicious vision : 'And at last, ma'am, a big Indian that wanted me to marry him, stud over me with a knife, and siz he, (myself a-screeching and begging,) now *profess black*, or die !'

'Long walk this morning. Met divers city belles, with cherry-colored cheeks and noses, and black muffs, all hastening on their momentous commissions of ribbon-buying, or returning calls. Remember nothing else of note, except some boys and dogs fighting in front of a large edifice called 'Harmony-Hall !' No snow to-day, beyond what has lain on the ground since Christmas. Sun, cheery and warming ; air, soft and promising ; felt its influence, for the first time in many a long week, 'go (as they say) to the right place.' Exercise opened my pores, and benevolence my bosom. Miss L —, to my sweetened fancies, limbered down from an iron poker to a wooden broom-stick ; our students ascended from the scale of pigs to the grade of monkeys. Forgave Mary — her neglect, and bought a little tin-kettle for mon petite Miss P —. Then was the time for a chimney-sweep to have asked me for a penny !' \* \* \* 'How strange it does seem to me, that any thing with breath in its nostrils, like mine, a heart, and head, and *hair*, and otherwise resembling the human frame divine, should be content to live behind a small counter in Waterton-street, and sell molasses candy ! Bought some there, by this token, of a woman, to-day.

'Some one decrying the weather, 'I'm always in good spirits !' shrieked Miss L —, looking round on the company in a sunny way, and backing her assertion by an elaborate grin. And to show what good spirits she's in, Miss L — flies screaming to the window, at the sound of every mob and sleigh-bell, goes bouncing every now and then through the entries, with the noise of a fire-engine, warbling, at the top of her choral strains, 'Begone, dull Care,' or 'Behold, how brightly breaks the Morning,' slams all the doors, and walks out every day in the snow, before breakfast. Short 'pow-wow,' which I heard to-day between M'lle and Doctor H —, who is reported to be suffering Cupid in that quarter.

' ' Arch street 's a pretty street, do n't you think so, Miss L —— ?' (with an insinuating side look.)

' Miss L —— . ' *Very !* (for Grace is emphatic.) Very much so, indeed ! — *remark-ably* so !'

' Dr. H —— . ' I think Arch-street is prittier than Chisnut.'

' Miss L —— . ' Much, *much* prettier ! — there 's no com-PAR-ison in summer.'

' Dr. H —— . ' Chisnut-street is violent noisy ! — but it 's more frequented than Arch-street.'

' Miss L —— , apparently uncertain, after this, on which street it was safest to fix her preferences, began winding thread, at which apex I left the tender pair.'

' 17TH. — Dark, cold, forlorn ! Snow falling again, as if for the first time this winter, whereas it has snowed like mad, every born day since Christmas ! Lucky I took that walk by the forelock, yesterday. Nobody, thank the Lord ! can take that fresh air out of my nostrils ! The warm blood did visit my veins, in a healthful glow, the ground *did* leave my feet with a speed and lightness, as of olden times. I made acquaintance with the woman in Waterton-street, and came home to dinner with a frame and functions most excellently adapted to the discussion of the divers edibles spread out on Madame S —— 's table. Yes, lucky I went out into the sunshine thrown to us yesterday, like a bone of contention between two growling days. What to do *now* ? Stand almost any thing — cold room, separation, baby's red hair, sickness in a strange land ; but another harrowing, curdling, whitening *snowy day*, indeed, I give up ! As Miss Murphy hath it, '*I profess black !*' Work-basket, books, piano, olive branch itself, are neither more nor less in my eyes than nothing at all. That dismal great side of the United States' Bank, staring me forever in the face, 'forgets itself to marble,' but I continue in the flesh, a shrinking, shivering witness to the

——— 'blasts that fling  
Unlooked for winter on the face of spring.'

' How idle this hour ; how thin, beyond a shadow, seem all the heart's romantic trusts of love, of remembrance, of the ineffable union which absence toucheth not. Life, life ! — thou fleeting breath ! — thou worshipped mist and dew ! See how our struggling human souls and hands, forgetting, dropping all, do cling and clasp to thee ! How we follow up and about, all day, the beloved feet arising every morning in our presence ; how we pine and yearn amidst the household, for some absent face, which when returned, we yet some time must leave, or that shall be called to leave us. And I make one among the thronging denizens of a loveless city, who, if I were buried to the eyes in a snow-drift, would gather round with their hands in their pockets, and wonder who I belonged to !'

' 18TH. — Went out yesterday ; met a woman, buried to the chin in fur, with purple cheeks, nose as red as a beet, and bonnet trimmed,



inside and out, with *roses*! A long row of these queens of the garden sprang, in surprising abundance, from the crown, while buds of the most promising size and quantity, nestled together in different corners, under the shelter of the 'fore-part.' • • • 'Another fair creature, lying quite across the pavement, with no flowers about her, but a few shouting school-boys, particularly attracted my attention. She was apparently suffering under the prostration so often caused by the reaction of too, *too* ardent spirits. Had my usual walk this morning, too, and saw nothing, not even the people and carts, nor the calico which I went out to buy, and which was thrust between my eyes a dozen times by the demoiselle in waiting. 'My thoughts were elsewhere' — leagues away. 'T is very funny, this outward and inward separation! — the mind, and memory, and affections, departing to other climes and creatures; the body going up and down Chestnut-street!

'20TH. — Rain to-day, instead of snow. What a relief! Hear there's to be a mob on Monday night, for the purpose of pulling down the United States' Bank. Our near neighborhood to the devote dedifice, makes the hope not too presumptuous, that we stagnant boarders shall share in the stirring enjoyment of the appointed 'spree.' Never believed I should come to such a pass, as to hail as an entertainment the destruction of so beautiful a building!

Fine locale I'm in, for the growth of a *Journal*! Kept in close confinement, like a Bengal tiger, by the weather; nothing to feed on but a few poorish animals, shut up in the same cage, or my own heart, which is said to be cruel eating. Mrs. R——, by the way, continues her severe regimen on sponge-cake. Mem. Always help myself hereafter to cake, before bread and butter.

'There's the moon, as I'm alive! the blessed, lovely moon! smiling in safe and quiet distance from the snowy, dreary earth. Young queen and fair! — with the first sight of thee, to-night, come straight to my bosom some memories of gentlest eves gone by — some feelings born of life's dearest and best. I will remember for ever!'

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'SUNDAY, 21ST. — This day, alas! is marked by the sickness of my baby. Heavy and sad are her guileless eyes, and the white bosom which knows no sin, yet is paying sin's penalty, in restless motion and uneasy breath, this hour. Now peace be with thee, playmate! and spirits, visible or unseen, bring thee healing on their wings! A worthless world thou'rt come to, with thine unspotted innocence upon thee as a garment! Yet stay thee here, sweet voice, and little hand! Thy mother's soul without thee, child of love! were as a winter sepulchre.

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AMIDST all the loneliness of heart — in the absence of the oak around which the ivy would fain have twined — there was one 'dewy, sweet blossom' of being, which formed alike a pleasant care, and an effective solace, in days of gloom; that 'child-angel,' whose innocent sleep, when it was yet scarce a span long, was watched over by a fond mother, as only a mother can watch, at the little stone cot-

tage at West Point, while she breathed forth a wealth of maternal affection, in lines of melting pathos and surpassing harmony :

## STANZAS.

—  
'Tread lightly, for 't is beautiful !'  
—

BREATHE low ! thou wind that wakest the leaves,  
And soft ye birds ! o'ersweeping my eaves,  
And veil thee half, thou light o' the morn,  
With shade of the weaving branches born,  
And thus descend on a breast to lie,  
That never hath open'd to sin nor sigh.

And come ye feet that are fain to trace,  
This hour, the round of an innocent place,  
And eyes, a-weary of age and pride,  
And of all linked only with *earth*, beside,  
Come, see the pillow of chosen love,  
Where hath dropt in quiet the journeying dove !

There's a breath astir in my chamber lone,  
Of blameless lips unto slumber gone ;  
There's a bosom at rest whereon kisses of mine  
Fall fervent and soft, but they sully the shrine,  
For naught of the world, and its years defil'd,  
Seems meet for that altar, my spotless child !

I have words, fond words, from the fountains clear  
Round the soul which shower, for thy gentle ear :  
Pleasant are they, but they move thee not,  
Perchance unheeded, or all forgot ;  
And what is the touch of my hand to thee,  
Midst the angel-arms round thy dreams that be !

And my love, oh, my love ! must *that* delay,  
Nor follow aright on thy gleaming way ?  
Loos'd from the circle of mortal bound,  
Do thy feet show white on the fairy-ground ;  
And thy robes, are they swelling with happier gales  
Than caught their sweet folds in the earth's green vales ?

My pure bow'd blossom ! as here I stand,  
And thou away to the dreamy land,  
Waiting thy lips midst the scented flowers,  
I deem there's a summer more bright than ours,  
And a smile thou wilt waft from that fairer sphere,  
Back on the heart that enshrines thee here.

I may not come with my yearning eyes,  
Where the slumber breaks from thy soul's dear guise,  
But this I know, oh, image of light !  
All folded thus in thy garments white,  
That all who are treading the world's broad path,  
Who glance in scorn, or mantle in wrath,

Whose pride of youth is upon them now,  
The exulting step, and the thoughtless brow,  
Or whose days are descending life's shaded sky,  
With their burthen dim of mortality,  
Seem ever of hope, of brightness shorn,  
Beside the clear halo of thy young morn !

They may reach that shore where the hills rejoice,  
They may catch the sound of the seraph's voice,  
And wash, albeit with latest tears,  
The wrongs and sins of departed years ;  
But can they rise — can the marvel be —  
And face the true Heaven with a mien like thee ?

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart. By J. G. LOCKHART. In two volumes, 8vo. pp. 1360. Philadelphia: CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD.**

It struck us, when we first heard Mr. LOCKHART was about to write the life of SIR WALTER SCOTT, that a very important task had fallen into the hands of an improper person, and that the work, in the end, would have to be done over again. The result has fully justified this expectation; for while the book is unquestionably one of interest — with Mr. Lockhart's means, and Mr. Lockhart's talents, it could not well have been otherwise — it is false in principles, dangerous to the young, and far from being free from the imputation of mystification and insincerity. We believe, notwithstanding what has just been said, that the effect of this biography has been to lessen that blind respect for the character of Scott, which sprang up as a natural consequence of his unprecedented literary popularity, rather than as a consequence of investigation and facts, by exposing motives that are never admitted by the upright, and never avowed by the sensitive; but, we believe, at the same time, that this result has been unlooked for by Mr. Lockhart; for we think it sufficiently obvious, that in all those cases in which he has rendered Scott most obnoxious to the censures of the discriminating, he has been totally unconscious himself of the conclusions to which all right-thinking men must arrive. It is true, Mr. Lockhart occasionally appears to have a lively consciousness that Scott could and did sometimes grievously err; but, in the very face of his own testimony, in the summing up of his case, he claims for his father-in-law a character for worth and probity, that is utterly irreconcilable with his own facts. This circumstance constitutes the predominant moral defect of the book; for when such a conclusion is audaciously drawn from such premises, the world sustaining, or quietly submitting to, the justness of the former, we are not to be surprised if we find the young and inexperienced following in footsteps that are made to appear hallowed. We think it time that the voice of truth should be heard, in this matter; that those old and venerable principles which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied; and that public attention should be drawn to the really distinctive traits of Scott, in order that public opinion may settle down in decisions that are neither delusive nor dangerous. The limits of a monthly periodical will not allow full justice to be done to the subject, but we may have space enough to set inquiry on foot, and to give some check to the progress of fallacies and falsehoods.

Some who are entirely disposed to acquiesce in the justice of our opinions, may feel a wish to inquire into the *cui bono* of the exposures we are about to make; for the admiration of Scott's talents is so general and profound, that the imagination, in such instances, prefers to cherish a delusion, in preference to giving up one of its own most pleasing pictures. The answer is not difficult to find. In the first place, the failings, not to use a harsher term, of Sir Walter Scott, have been paraded before the world, in a way that really seems to bid defiance to principles; and, in their very

teeth, we are called on to venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owes its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude, that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature. We think it time that some one should step forward in defence of truth. In the next place, Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to the benefit of the venerable axiom of '*Nil nisi bene de mortuis*,' since he commanded that his personal history should be published, and designated his biographer. A man has a perfect right to order his life to be given to the world, certainly, but after thus openly courting investigation, no one can claim in his behalf, that he is to be protected against just criticism, by the grave. Sir Walter Scott did more; he transmitted materials to his biographer, for this very work, and materials that reflect injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, on third persons; materials, too, that he knew would be published after he himself was removed from earthly responsibility; and least of all can it be said, that they who have been injured by the strictures of Sir Walter Scott, in this reprehensible manner, have not a perfect right to show their want of value. The very fact of designating a biographer, unless in extraordinary instances, infers something very like a fraud upon the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge, in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth. Nor does this cover all our objections. Mr. Lockhart, as we shall soon, and we think, unanswerably show, was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office, by his antecedents, his long connection with a periodical that was conceived, and which has been continued, in fraud; circumstances that no person, *according to his own admissions*, knew better than Sir Walter Scott, and which disqualify him for the task, since a man can no more maintain a connection with a publication like the Quarterly Review, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious, and think to escape pollution. We are not now following the loose example of the periodical we have mentioned, by dealing in unmeaning and frothy epithets, but that which we assert, we shall prove; and as our present object is connected with the sacred cause of truth and human rights, it shall be our aim to do it in the simple manner that best advances both. There is one more reason to be offered, why we think Sir Walter Scott, in this matter, is entitled to the benefit of no other considerations than those of abstract justice, and that is his Diary. In this Diary he comments freely and loosely on others, and yet he tells us that he has sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it! We have even a right to infer, from the text and context, that some of these entries were made when his mind was not exactly in a fit condition to comment on others, and we find reason to believe, from the Diary itself, that he looked forward to its future publication.

In addition, we shall add another reason for the existence of this article. Happening lately to allude to the deception of giving letters of introduction, with private marks to apprise the correspondent that he was not to heed the words of the communication, we were astounded at finding the practice defended by a remark, that 'Sir Walter Scott did it.' It is indeed time to inquire into the moral value of Sir Walter Scott, when we find his example quoted as justifying such baseness, instead of his name's being involved in obloquy, as a consequence of the offence against the plainest laws of morality and truth! As our limits compel us at once to commence our strictures on the book, or rather on Scott's character, we shall begin with this case of the false letters of introduction, premising that all our quotations and references will be found in CAREY, LEA AND BLANCHARD'S octavo edition of the work before us.

At page 462, volume 1st, in a letter to his brother Thomas, Sir Walter Scott says: 'Dear Tom: I observe what you say as to Mr. \* \* \* ; and as you may be often exposed to similar requests, which it would be difficult to parry, *you can sign such letters of introduction as relate to persons you do not delight to honor, short, 'T. Scott;' by which abridgment of your name, I shall understand to limit my civilities.*' Here is an unequivocal invitation to give letters that shall express on their face recommendations that are contradicted by a private mark. A similar arrangement is also recommended, unless we are mistaken, to Mr. Morrit, but we do not look it out, since we deem one such fact as clearly illustrative of the scale of moral integrity in a man, as a thousand. No reflection is necessary to characterize such an act. He who is not shocked at the fraud, the instant he is told of it, has reason to distrust himself, for he may rely on it, he is wanting in the very elements of honesty. Reflection only makes the matter worse. If the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood, and a falsehood that is so much the worse, as it is connected with treachery, cloaked in the garb of friendship. We admit that this crime, for such it is, against all the laws of honor and truth, may be aggravated, or extenuated, by circumstances, like all crime; but it is inherently foul, and every way unworthy of a man of high literary fame. The practice is said to be by no means unusual; and we do not doubt it. Lying, which forms its essence, is the commonest of human vices; but it will be conceded, that it is an extraordinary mode of vindicating a man's claims to rare virtue, by showing that his failings are of the most ordinary kind. The pretension in behalf of Sir Walter Scott is to *uncommon*, and not to *common* qualities. How easy would it have been for Mr. Thomas Scott to have given a letter, generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost both the parties a supporter! No one can have confidence in a mind so constructed as not to revolt at the admission of such a deception, and we shall soon see how thoroughly the propensity to advance his interests by such means, pervaded the character of our subject. If Sir Walter Scott advised false letters of introduction, to save himself from the risk of showing a little bootless civility, who can doubt that he resorted to the same expedient in more important matters? We now propose to show how completely the vein of insincerity ran through his entire moral system.

Were we to select any one letter of Scott's, among all those published by Mr. Lockhart, as completely illustrative of the man, we should take that to Mr. Gifford, on the subject of establishing the Quarterly Review. Its length prevents our extracting it entire; but it will be found on page 328, vol. 1., and we earnestly entreat the reader to turn to it himself, and to peruse it with care. This letter is Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud. The *professed* object in establishing the Review, was to set up another tribunal of taste, sound principles, and just criticism in literature. This was what the world had a perfect right to expect, and a perfect right to insist on. Any deliberate or premeditated departure from such a plan, was inherently a fraud; a wrong done to the laws of truth and justice, and consequently a violation of the standards of morality. Any advantage obtained to a collateral and unavowed object, was an advantage obtained under false pretences. Now we learn by this letter, the deep-laid scheme of deception that was practised on the public, the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world, by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course

of upright reviewing, the periodical might turn its batteries insidiously on those it was designed to injure. All this we learn from Scott himself, in the most unanswerable manner; though he presents his artifices with so much skill, as to require clear moral perceptions, to see at once the whole deformity of the procedure. It was alleged that the Edinburgh had embarked in politics, abusing its professions also, and that it was necessary to counteract its influence by a similar publication. The fair and honest course would have been, to assail the political opinions of the Edinburgh directly, trusting to reason and facts for success; and so Scott tacitly admits himself, for he censures the fraud of the Edinburgh loudly, and certainly he could not have believed that any fault of Mr. Jeffrey's could justify a fault of Sir Walter Scott's. We repeat the invitation to the reader to turn to the letter itself; to peruse it with care; to reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was; and we leave the result to his own judgment. In order, however, to point out how deep-laid was the fraud, we make a few extracts, ourselves: '*It would not certainly be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality, as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries.* BUT AS THE REAL REASON OF INSTITUTING THE PUBLICATION, IS THE DISGUSTING AND DELETERIOUS DOCTRINES, WITH WHICH THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR REVIEWS DISGRACES ITS PAGES, IT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONSIDER HOW THIS WARFARE SHALL BE MANAGED.' 'At the same time, as I before hinted, *it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition*, and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purposes it was written to serve.' 'I should think, *an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought, for the same reason, to be avoided.*' Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak; but what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when, the subject of establishing a Review being in discussion between them, the latter gravely reminds the former, that '*it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition*'—meaning, only, too, as we shall unanswerably show, presently, until the public confidence was obtained? It strikes us very much as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world, with an understanding that they would be on their good behaviour, until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity. We are not surprised at learning this history of the Quarterly, for we are familiar with its motives, and know its character among the intelligent in England; but we do confess astonishment at the coolness of the impudence with which it is related by the editor of the periodical himself! Sir Walter speaks of the 'disgusting and deleterious doctrines of the Edinburgh,' but we are to understand by this merely the slang of party, and not a high moral aim, as a brief consideration of the facts will show. The Quarterly is Tory; the Edinburgh Whig. The first party taught the doctrine of undue deference to rank, of perpetuating the institutions, which was perpetuating an aristocratical polity, of obedience and homage to the king to cloak the power of the nobles, and of submission to the thousand abuses that belong to such a system. Now, the sincerity with which Scott held such doctrines, may, in a measure, be gathered from his own words. It has often been remarked, that they who are servilely submissive to the great in public, take their revenge by abusing them in private; and we quote the following as proof not only of the existence of this trait in Scott, but of his real sentiments concerning those in whose behalf he was so anxious to counteract 'the disgusting and deleterious doctrines' of the Edinburgh.



In a letter to Mr. Ellis, a brother reviewer, by the way, page 351, vol. 1., he says: 'This (a peace) if his (Napoleon's) devil does not fail him, he will readily patch up, and send a few hundred thousands among our coach-driving noblesse, and perhaps among our princes of the blood.' 'It is not these (the Burdettites,) whom I fear, however; it is the vile and degrading spirit of égoïsme, (selfishness) so prevalent among the higher classes, especially among the highest. God forgive me, if I do them injustice, but I think champagne, duty free, would go a great way to seduce some of them, etc., etc.' Again, in a letter to Mr. Morritt, page 479, vol. 1., he says: '*What a miserable thing it is, that our royal family cannot be quiet and decent, at least, if not correct and moral, in their deportment.*' What a miserable thing it is, indeed, that a man like Scott should have sold himself, principles and talents, to people such as he has here described! Let us fancy, for a moment, paragraphs like those we have just quoted, in the pages of the Quarterly, in place of the infamous and corrupt slanders that publication has notoriously lavished on all opposed to its party, and imagine the result!

But to return to the history of this review, as it is connected with Scott. Bad as were the motives avowed, and unjustifiable as was the proposed mode of proceeding, it seems there was a wheel within a wheel, and that Scott deceived Gifford, as he wished Gifford to deceive the public. It is altogether a curious and melancholy specimen of profound deception, which Mr. Lockhart naïvely qualifies by the word 'frankness!' In a letter to his brother Thomas, page 332, vol. 1., Scott draws aside the veil, and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which appears to have been entirely, or, in a great measure, at least, personal. In urging his brother to contribute, he says: 'He (Gifford) made it a stipulation, however, that I should give all the assistance in my power, especially at the commencement, to which I am, *for many reasons*, nothing loth.' 'Constable, or rather that bear his partner, (who published the Edinburgh,) has behaved to me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail, on account of his review of Marmion, and thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.'

We have said that Scott, by his advice to maintain 'impartial disquisition' in the Review, did not even mean to urge a principle, which most honest men would have taken for an insult, but merely a temporary expedient, by which to obtain the public confidence; and we shall now prove it, by his own acts and his own words. In order to do so, we refer to page 370, vol. 1., where, in a letter to Mr. Ellis, he says: 'I have run up an attempt on the 'Curse of Kehama,' for the Quarterly; a strange thing it is — the Curse I mean — and the critique is not, as the blackguards say, worth a damn; but what I could, I did, which was to throw as much weight as possible upon the beautiful passages, of which there are many, and to slur over the absurdities, of which there are not a few.' 'This said Kehama affords cruel openings for the quizzers, and I suppose will get it roundly in the Edinburgh Review. I would (should) have made a very different hand at it indeed, had the order of the day been *four déchirer.*'

All this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place, we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing, and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done himself, had not the unjustifiable course he had actually taken, been part of the system. We hope all the devout believers in the Quarterly Review, of whom still a few truckling temperaments remain in this country, will ponder well on these matters; and it may help to liberate their faculties if they are told, that nothing is better understood in England, than the fact, that the publication in question was early discovered to be nothing but a party print, got up in the form of a review.

But a word remains to be said. This review of the 'Curse' was written *after the public confidence had been obtained*, by 'impartial disquisition,' thus carrying out the fraud *in extenso*!

But the whole history of the Quarterly Review is eloquence itself on the subject of Scott's motives, advice, and character, so far as he was connected with its establishment. In the first place, we have his letter to Gifford, a production every way unworthy of a man of probity, and still more so of a literary man; then his revelations to Thomas Scott, betraying a fraud on his brother in the original fraud, and his own precious confessions of the spirit in which he himself played the reviewer in this very periodical, so openly made, moreover, to a brother of the craft, as to leave no doubt that the practice was common. To complete the matter, the whole is laid before the world by the editor of the very review in question, with a *sang froid* that is altogether in keeping with the rest of the transaction! It is known that soldiers get to be so indifferent to fire, by exposure, as to disregard batteries, and it is fair to presume that a man can become so dead to the ordinary moral sensibilities, by too long familiarity with the practices of a publication like the Quarterly, as to fancy he is merely doing a clever thing, while all just men believe him a knave. There is another curious affair connected with Scott's letter to Ellis. It is without date, although, in general, Mr. Lockhart is so particular as to give dates, even when he gives mere extracts from the letters of his father-in-law. This letter is complete, from 'Dear Ellis,' down to 'Ever Yours,' *but it has no date*. It is certainly possible that Scott may have forgotten to date this particular letter, though there is one circumstance which induces us to suspect that the date has been suppressed, not *pour déchirer*, but, *pour cause*. We think the date has been suppressed, lest it should be seen that Scott had actually written the review on Southey, *previousiy to the date of the letter on an adjoining page*, in which he tells Southey that he had not seen his poem, but that Ballantyne, who was printing it, had excited his impatience by the accounts he gave of its beauties. Were the letter to Southey actually written subsequently to the letter to Ellis, the exposure would probably have been too strong, even for Mr. Lockhart's nerves. We are aware our suspicions would be unkind, or even unjustifiable, without more positive evidence, in the case of a man of established probity and sincerity of character; but neither Mr. Lockhart nor Sir Walter Scott can now come before the world with any pretensions to be superior to suspicions of this nature. (Not to travel out of the record — and we could easily do it, if we chose, more especially in connection with a review of the life of McIntosh, not long since, in the Quarterly, but we hold it to be unnecessary — without travelling out of the record, then, what moral insensibility is betrayed by the man who coolly exposes to the world, Scott's false reviewing, and then audaciously claims for the latter a character of extreme goodness and virtue, that should place him above the suspicion of suppressing a date, at need? As for Scott, himself, had he actually written to Southey after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed? But luckily, we have other evidence to show how far Sir Walter Scott could carry professions, when it suited his aim. Among many that offer, we select the following.

At page 273, vol. i., in a letter to Mr. Ellis, Sir Walter Scott says: 'Poor Lord Melville! how does he look? We have had a miserable account of his health in London. *He was the architect of my little fortune*, from circumstances of personal regard merely; *for any of my trifling literary acquisitions were out of his way.*' Begging the reader to recollect, for another purpose, the last words *Italicised*, we put the first in contrast to the following, which appears on the same page, in a letter to the late Duke of Buccleuch: 'I cannot help flattering myself — for perhaps it is flattering myself — *that the noble architect of the Border Minstrel's little fortune*, has been

sometimes anxious for the security of that lowly edifice, during the tempest which has overturned so many palaces and towers.' The first of these letters was dated February 11th, and the other February 20th, 1806. Now did there exist but one of these letters, the person to whom that one referred would have had a perfect right to claim the honor of having been the architect of Scott's little fortune, but there having been two, the whole matter is left in its original darkness!

As it may be profitable to the American reader to expose the true character of the Quarterly Review still more, we shall pursue the investigation a little farther, in connection with that branch of the subject. At page 26th, vol. n., Mr. Lockhart alludes to the well-known fact, that Sir Walter Scott reviewed himself in this periodical. The history of this transaction is now distinctly given, at least as distinctly given as Mr. Lockhart usually gives any thing, for there is scarcely a fact prejudicial to his subject, in the two volumes, that is fairly and fully laid before the reader; or, if the facts be given, the conclusions are either smothered entirely, or perverted from their true natures. It seems that in 1816, Scott volunteered to Mr. Murray to write a review of the '*Tales of my Landlord*.' In the letter making this offer, he distinctly denies that he was the author of the *Tales*, offers to prove it by the very act of reviewing them, and merely asks for the assistance of Mr. Erskine. The review was furnished, it having been extended, at Murray's request, to a reviewal of the whole series of the novels. Mr. Lockhart admits that Scott had been much censured for this act, but he thinks unjustly, as he does not believe that Scott wrote the passages *which contain the critical estimate of the Waverly novels*, which he ascribes to Erskine; and even if he did write them, that the estimate placed on the works was below rather than above their value. This apology will be found in a note at the page already mentioned.

A review, on its face, professes to be, as far as it goes, an impartial judgment, made up by an impartial judge. If authors were known to review their own works, few would take the trouble to read their strictures, and those who did, would regard the comments with very different eyes from what is usually done. When one reads a review, secretly written by the author himself, he becomes the subject of a deception, and this objection lies at the very threshold of Mr. Lockhart's apology; though one professionally engaged in all the chicanery that attends this branch of literature, may well have become indifferent to those points of feeling which influence men less indurated. | The review of the novels was highly laudatory, though Mr. Lockhart thinks not sufficiently so. At all events, it did the novels great good, whereas, had it been known that it was written by the novelist, in person, it would probably have done the novels great harm, and thus a benefit was obtained by means of a false pretence. No man of true modesty, of much sensibility, of habitual fairness in his transactions, or of a strong love of truth, would have ever done what his biographer admits Scott did, even putting the biographer's version on the entire affair. But how do we know that Erskine had any connection at all with the article? Scott professed a wish that he might have the assistance of Mr. Erskine, but in the same letter, he deliberately and gratuitously denied that he was the author of the novels! One so fond of mystification, may have mystified on the subject of Mr. Erskine, as well as on the subject of the authorship. The review was entirely in the hand-writing of Scott, and Mr. Lockhart thinks the former took the pains to *copy* Erskine's eulogies on himself, with a view to help along the mystification. Why should Scott do this? He had announced Erskine's expected assistance, and why wish to conceal it when obtained? | Taking all together, in conjunction with Scott's known habits of deception, as we have shown them in this article to have existed, we are much more disposed to believe that the name of Erskine was introduced in the letter as a mere cloak, than to believe he wrote this part of the review, and that Scott took the trouble to copy

member that, in 1828, a report prevailed, in the high circles of London, that he was in Germany, negotiating an establishment for an illegitimate child of the king, by a married woman. In short, he has the reputation, and we doubt not justly, of doing all such offices for his master, and great injustice has been done that master, if the money used was always honestly obtained. Kings are seldom safe factors, and George IV. did not escape severe imputations of this nature. [ The motive of Scott's letter is to be found in the postscript. His son was about to be married, and promotion was desirable, on the occasion. This promotion was actually obtained, and Sir Walter went on to use his 'word and pen,' if not 'his sword,' in behalf of those whom he thought it was a pity 'could not be decent, if not correct and moral.' So profound did Scott's deference for his sovereign become, that, in more than one instance, he actually affirms, in these volumes, that he was king *de jure*, in defiance of the claims of the descendants of Charles I., and *through females*, (let this be remembered,) of whom some twenty or thirty stood before him, according to those laws, by which the right *de jure* could alone be transmitted. Scott was a genealogist, and must have known this fact, and even Mr. Lockhart looks upon his declaration, as a singular proof of a delusion *growing out of his loyalty*! ] Let us apply a very simple test to this sentiment.

According to the laws of the British empire, females take the crown; according to the laws of clanship, a male is the head of a clan, the system being patriarchal. Now Scott shows his loyalty to George IV., who was king *de facto*, and not king *de jure*; and his homage to the Duke of Buccleuch as his chieftain, who was precisely in the same predicament, although the principles under which the incumbents held, were exactly different in the two cases. In other words, Scott was true to the instinct of his own interests, by showing loyalty to a sovereign, whose right is derived from a revolution, and arbitrary political enactments, to the prejudice of female rights; and homage to a chief who derived all the right he had, through females, though females cannot carry chieftainship! To be more explicit: } George IV. was king of England *de facto*, while the Duchess of Modena, (we believe the right is in her,) is Queen of England *de jure*, and the Duke of Buccleuch was head of the clan Scott *de facto*, while Mr. Lockhart himself tells us that Lord Napier is the head *de jure*.<sup>\*</sup> Scott, in both instances, sticks closely to the fact, leaving sentiment and right to take care of themselves; the Duke of Buccleuch holding through females, who cannot carry chieftainship, if we understand the laws of the clans, on the one hand, and George IV., in the teeth of the old law, holding to the prejudice of females, who, according to the law of England, could inherit the crown. Thus we see, that Scott is always true to actual power, and just as far as possible from displaying that high-toned feeling in favor of hereditary right, that Mr. Lockhart claims for him.

The reader may better understand our distinction, when he is told, that in the male line, the Dukes of Buccleuch are descended from a bastard son of Charles II., by Mrs. Crofts, the unfortunate Duke of Monmouth, and that they got their titles and estates through an heiress of the house of Buccleuch. What renders this sentiment of Mr. Lockhart still more questionable, is the use to which Scott puts his homage. From the king he obtains various important favors, by means of letters like that written to Sir William Knighton, and the duke he styles the 'architect of his little fortunes.' Sentiment would avoid, instead of seeking, such favors.

We desired the reader to note the admission of Scott, that Lord Melville had not favored him *on account of his literary claims*, but for what he chooses to term per-

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<sup>\*</sup> Mr. Lockhart may not use these words, but he says, that he thinks Lord Napier, who had also changed his name for a fortune, is the male head of the house of Scott.

*sonal regard.* Abstract personal regard was one of the last things for which Henry Dundas would become the 'architect' of any man's 'little fortune.' He was Pitt's manager for Scotland, and he has the reputation of having employed more corruption in discharging that trust, than any man of modern times. Now we deem Scott's admission as confirmatory of an accusation of the Scottish Whigs, who charge him with having been, in secret, one of the most ruthless political writers of their country; and this, always, let it be remembered, in behalf of those whom he thinks might be bought with the gold of Napoleon! Although the evidence in this case is not as unanswerable as in most of those which Mr. Lockhart furnishes against Scott's disinterestedness and principles, it is, in our eyes, one of the clearest admissions in the book, as to the real history of his career. To be favored by Henry Dundas, for the motives that usually influenced his favor, is to us sufficient; although it is probable that the Quarterly will throw itself into one of its melo-dramatic attitudes, and remind us that we 'are writing of the Rt. Hon. Henry Dundas, Viscount Melville!'

We have dwelt on these things, because we know that much error exists in this country, concerning the value of men and opinions in the other hemisphere, and more particularly in England; because we are satisfied that advantage is taken of an ascendancy obtained by the foulest agencies, not only to influence the public mind in America, to the advantage of antagonist interests, but to our own direct detriment; and because we regret to see a disposition to view principles, abroad and at home, through their connection with the conduct of great men, instead of viewing great men through their connection with acts and principles.

Mr. Lockhart's book — though apart from its mystifications, and its obtuseness in matters of moral concern, it is sufficiently manly as a whole — is not entirely without a certain sort of puerility, that is only too common with the sentimental school of biographers, but from which he ought to have been free. Of this class of portraying, is the anecdote he relates, how Lady Scott got up new chintz curtains, how Sir Walter did not discover the improvement, and how he complimented his wife's taste, when the fact was pointed out to him! If this story is told by way of showing what an amiable person Scott was, it is absurd, as probably there is not the man living, to whom some such incidents have not occurred. It is in singular contradiction to this attempt at extraordinary amiability, moreover, that Mr. Lockhart tells us, no one dared to let Scott into the secret of the falling off in the sales of his novels, and this, too, at a moment when it was of the last importance to his interests that he should be apprized of the facts.

Mr. Lockhart also assumes, that it was a thing altogether without precedent, the 'gallant manner,' as he terms it, in which Scott set about writing a new book, before he was aware of the reception of the last. Perhaps there is nothing more common in the course of an author's life, than this very 'gallantry,' and Mr. Lockhart ought to have known it. It is no unusual circumstance for authors to have several works in progress at the same moment; some just about to be published, some just published, and others just commenced. We mention these trifles, as they tend to mislead the uninstructed, and as blemishes in a work that might well depend on its more material matter, had that matter been fairly offered to the world.

We pass over the affair of Miss Seward, and several others, that discover similar traits in Scott, in order to find room for things of greater gravity. 'His alienation from his brother, bespeaks any thing but that extreme goodness of heart, on which his biographer dwells with so much stress, nor does it say much for the nature or depth of his religious impressions. / It would seem that this brother, whose name was Daniel, had been guilty of some crimes, moral or legal, we know not which, and was sent to the West Indies, where employment was found for him, under a friend. This

person, with whom Scott occasionally corresponded on the subject, was left in profound ignorance of the precise degree of affinity, even, that existed between his correspondent and the individual in his employment. On some occasion, Daniel Scott showed a want of courage, when Scott dropped him entirely, carrying his resentment to the grave, for he even refused to attend his funeral. Mr. Lockhart, as usual, seems to think that some very heroic quality lay at the bottom of this conduct. As we are left in the dark as to the brother's original misconduct, we can say nothing of the course Scott took in the outset; quite likely it was right; but the pretension that a man was so brave himself, that cowardice was odious to him, is in the last degree absurd. The truly brave have the most consideration for the infirmities of others; and the most thoroughly lion-hearted man we ever knew, rebuked his officers because they did not allow the seamen to 'duck,' when they first went into fire. It is scarcely possible to read this account, without seeing that Scott was more hurt by the disgrace reflected on himself by the bad conduct of his brother, than by any abstract reverence for virtue. The best part of the affair is, that Sir Walter Scott deeply repented, afterward, of the course he had taken. Still the transaction must take its place in the catalogue of his deeds, else might a tardy repentance make a pure biography of a very corrupt life.

Mr. Lockhart has not very distinctly told the story of Scott's efforts to pay his debts, which has probably done more than any thing else to give the great man a high personal character with the world, though he has given us nearly all the facts that are necessary to make up an opinion for ourselves. As much deception has been practised in this matter, we will consider it regularly, though briefly.

Sir Walter Scott early became a sleeping partner in the establishment of the Ballantynes, who were printers, publishers, and, we believe, stationers. In the course of time, this house became involved with that of Constable, and the failure of the latter brought down Ballantyne and Scott. What was the precise connection between the two firms, that rendered the latter liable for so large an amount of debt, is not known. Sir Walter Scott has been censured, blindly, for having entered into such a connection at all, and has been as blindly commended for the manner in which he devoted himself to the extinguishment of debts that, personally, he never contracted. The world may, and probably it does, decide right, in the end, in all those cases in which it can arrive at the truth; but truth is the most difficult thing for man to reach, and it would not much exceed the fact, if we were to add, that he never finds it, without some alloy, when there are any interested in concealing it.

The occupation of a printer and publisher is, *per se*, an honest occupation; and it is far more creditable to Scott to have embarked in such an enterprise, than to have employed his money in nine-tenths of the speculations, in which the noble and *quasi* honorable daily do engage. There was nothing improper in the pursuit; and Walter Scott might much more creditably make a hundred pounds by employing workmen on a press, than in writing false reviews for the Quarterly. We dismiss this part of the subject, then, as unworthy of serious comment, and turn to its more important features.

When Scott's eldest son married, the father settled on him the estate of Abbotsford as a make-weight against the lands of Lock. Now, Scott was bound to ascertain how far Abbotsford was his, in law and in honor, before he took any step of this magnitude. If he owed money, or was indirectly liable for debts of any sort, the creditor had a right to insist he should not put his property out of his hands, but that it should be kept in a situation to meet his liabilities. In this particular, then, Scott erred, though there is no reason to suppose that he erred wilfully, since all his collateral conduct, and all the divulged facts, go to show, that his sin was a sin of omission, instead of being one of commission. In short, he was ignorant of his true situ-



ation, overrated his prospective receipts, and probably had not the smallest intention of wronging any one, when he made the settlement. If the nature of the connection with Constable had been clearly put, as it ought to have been put, it is probable we might have had it in our power to say, that the settlement, under the circumstances, was absolutely proper. But Mr. Lockhart, while he tells us so much, tells nothing very explicitly that involves the real character of Scott. He writes like a man who is fond of ambiguity, in all such cases. He makes, however, one sensible and fair remark, by stating that Scott, had he contemplated fraud, might have called in all the old securities, and issued new ones, after the marriage, with a view to defeat the lien. Had the debts which existed at the moment of the failure, existed at the time of the settlement, we do not see how the latter could destroy this lien. When the failures, and Scott's liabilities, became public, the creditors claimed a right to hold the estate of Abbotsford responsible for their demands; but Mr. Lockhart tells us, that they soon became sensible that the property, for the moment at least, was beyond their reach. It is therefore possible there had actually been a substitution of new debts for the old ones, in the interval, in the regular course of business, and without Scott's agency; but the settlement itself became no protection against the claims of the creditors, in the event that the son had no issue by the particular lady he had already married. At the time of the failure, the parties had been married a year, or more, and there being no appearance of issue, a case was created that rendered it doubtful whether there ever would be children by that marriage. The twelve years that have succeeded, have confirmed the doubt which then arose, the present Sir Walter Scott being still childless.

We have now what may be termed the legal facts of the case, and a few words will put us in possession of those that are less technical. At the period when the Ballantynes failed, three out of four of Sir Walter Scott's children were, in a measure, provided for. Lady Scott soon after died, and there remained only Sir Walter, his daughter Anne, and himself, to support. To do this, Sir Walter had an official income of near eight thousand dollars a year. How much, or how little, or whether any portion of his two salaries was appropriated to the payment of his debts, does not appear. We know, however, from personal observation, that Sir Walter Scott maintained the appearance and manner of living of a gentleman, after his failure. Abbotsford was his residence, and when in London and Paris, he kept his own carriage, never using hackney-coaches, etc. All this we presume he did out of his salaries. These salaries, then, put Sir Walter Scott in a very different situation from that of most bankrupts. In his circumstances, with Abbotsford so peculiarly placed, so far from its being an extraordinary act that he should attempt to pay his debts, it would have been extraordinary had he not attempted it.

Although the creditors of Ballantyne and Co. might not have an *immediate* claim on Abbotsford, there was always a probability that they would have an *eventual* claim on that estate; a fact that, of itself, puts a very different complexion on the whole affair; since Sir Walter Scott, devoting himself to hopeless toil, from a sentiment of probity, and Sir Walter Scott, virtually working to pay off a mortgage for the benefit of his posterity, present very different pictures to the world.

There is still another point of view, in which truth requires that we should regard this matter. The debts were enormous, and considered in reference to the pen as a means of payment, they strike the imagination with unusual force; but nothing can be plainer than the fact, that Scott, with his great talents, and unprecedented popularity, could discharge an enormous debt more readily with his pen, than many a man, engaged in pursuits in connection with which we are more accustomed to deem thousands of no great importance. It is plain, his devotion ought to be altogether measured by his means; and the man who could command some forty or fifty thousand dollars for a work like the *Life of Napoleon*, was aided by fortuitous circum-

stances of great account. These circumstances detract from his devotion, precisely as they do credit to his talents.

But we are not at a loss to know how Scott regarded his means, since he has spoken frankly of the prospects under which he devoted himself to the task of paying his debts, in a letter to Mr. Morrit, page 483, vol. II., where he says: 'I have obtained an arrangement of payment, convenient for every body concerned, *and easy for myself.*' We have touched on this point, as great injustice is done to others, laboring under similar difficulties, by the senseless hurrahs of the world. Notwithstanding the manner in which the public has been dazzled by the grand scale on which Scott conducted his literary operations, it is probable that a hundred cases have occurred, in our own times, in which writers have shown greater devotion to their duties, suffering and toiling in unobtrusive silence. All the merit, of an exclusive nature, that can be claimed for Scott, in this transaction, is that of possessing the rare qualities to command such vast sums by his pen; but this touches his talents, rather than his principles.

We shall barely allude to the Diary. As a literary composition, it has rare beauties and egregious faults. In the way of morals, it is more exceptionable. | This, too, is another instance, in which the world suffers itself to be mystified by appearances. Most persons read a diary as they would ponder over the parting sentiments of a dying man, whereas all its records are as much made under the influence of the passions, errors, and impulses, of this state of being, as any other species of composition. When, as in Scott's case, there is a perfect conviction that what is written will certainly be published, it almost amounts to fraud, since the air of confidential communications with one's self, is a sheer deception. | We confess we were shocked with the avowal that Scott makes, where he tells us, and under such circumstances, too, that he has sworn never to erase a syllable that he had written in this diary! If his declaration was sincere, it discovers a want of feeling, since every man ought to stand ready to correct his errors, and the diary is not sufficiently exempt from unjust comments on others, to be beyond this reproach; and if not sincere, it was a fraudulent parade of an unmeaning frankness before the reader. | This diary, too, was conceived in puerility, and in imitation, even to the affectation of the 'Gurnal,' the whole being manifestly taken from Byron's manly and quaint, though not faultless, record of the same nature. None but a strictly conscientious man, to say nothing of other qualities, should ever leave a diary for publication.

There are many facts illustrative of Scott's true character, that remain to be examined, but for lack of room, we shall allude to only one more. It appears, by the Diary, that Lady Scott had been gradually wasting away for two years. Scott tells us that he had foreseen the result for that length of time. On the eleventh of May, he leaves Abbotsford for Edinburgh, with a perfect consciousness of the danger of his wife; his daughter Anne promising to send him constant information of her mother's state of health. The record in the Diary, on taking leave, is bad; being words, as substitutes for feelings and duty. He complains, it is true, of the *necessity* of leaving his wife, at such a moment; but we nowhere learn what that necessity was. Important, all-important, as this reason is, in making up an estimate of the heart and real character of his subject, Mr. Lockhart does not add a word of explanation to what is said in the Diary. Scott complains a little, in measured language, of the hardship of being compelled to quit the bedside of his wife, but the record is so forced as to wear the appearance of an apology. He goes to Edinburgh, where he remains until the 15th, when he gets the news of Lady Scott's death. The Diary tells us that she had been *much worse* for the last *two days*. As soon as he heard of the death of his wife, Scott returns to Abbotsford, where he finds his daughter in

hysterics. Now how is this apparent desertion of the death-bed of a wife to be explained? Is all we have heard of his domestic qualities, and of his goodness of heart, a deception, or has this extraordinary abandonment of one of the first of his duties been left unexplained, by inadvertency? We have met with various answers, when we have asked for an explanation. Some think duty in court called Scott away. No court would be so exacting, and a right-feeling man would not have obeyed its mandate, if it had. Others believe his sensibilities drove him to Edinburgh. We have no faith in those natural feelings that do not produce natural results; and, moreover, the Diary itself contradicts this, as its author alludes to some other *necessity* for quitting his wife, though it is a necessity that ceased as soon as *she was dead*. Perhaps Miss Scott deceived him with false intelligence. This is unnatural, and opposed to her pledge. Perhaps she remained silent. Would a man of kind and domestic feelings, conscious of the danger, remain in ignorance, within a few hours' journey of a dying wife? If intelligence did not come to him, would he not go after the intelligence?

Again: The Diary professes to record Scott's feelings on his return. Would not the prevailing emotion of an affectionate husband, under such circumstances, be anguish, at having been kept from the side of his wife, to watch over her wants, to catch her last gleam of intelligence and love, to hear her last sigh? Sir Walter Scott speaks of 'pinched features,' and 'symmetrical limbs,' but there is no regret, of the sort we have named, in the Diary. If he did not feel this regret, this anguish, what are we to think of the man? If he did feel it, what are we to think of the Diary? We beg the reader to turn to this portion of the work, and to examine it for himself.

We have said nothing of Scott as a writer. The subject has been too often discussed, to require any thing but an elaborate criticism, from attempting which we are precluded by the character and limits of a monthly magazine. On the whole, we do not think Mr. Lockhart overrates Scott's powers, though we might differ from him in the details. Perhaps no two men would entirely coincide in their estimates of the works of so powerful and voluminous an author. There are, notwithstanding, one or two points connected with this branch of the subject, on which we differ *toto celo* from Mr. Lockhart. He claims for Scott a high character as a moral writer. In a negative sense, Sir Walter Scott is sufficiently correct; but affirmatively, it strikes us his claims, in this respect, are of very little moment. We scarcely know a writer who so often limited his object to a pleasing exhibition of manners and customs, without any ulterior moral aim, as Scott. Even his besetting weakness, deference for power, pervades his works, rather as a reflection of his habits of mind, than as a matter of design. His sole object was to direct the imagination of the reader, or perhaps it were still truer to say, that he gave vent to the workings of his own fertile imagination, and dashed on paper the passing images of his teeming brain, without other thought of any moral consequences, than a proper care not to offend. His incidental reflections were seldom profound or original, though, like all he did, they were agreeable, and introduced with tact.

The pretension of Mr. Lockhart, that to Sir Walter Scott is the world indebted for the healthful class of novels that have succeeded, and indeed eradicated, the sickly sentimentalism of the old school, is so extravagant as almost to amount to audacity. We see in it the cool assertion of the hireling reviewer, rather than the well-weighed remark of the historian and biographer. To say nothing of twenty others, Miss Edgeworth alone had supplanted the sentimentalists, before Scott was known, even as a poet. This whole school, which includes Mrs. Opie, Mrs. More, Miss Austin, and Mrs. Brunton, not to say Madame D'Arblay, was quite as free from sentimentalism as Scott, and, because less heroic, perhaps more true to every-day nature. Still he was vastly their superior, for he raised the novel, as near as might be, to the

dignity of the epic. Neither was Scott the head of his own particular heroic school, except in talents. The Scottish Chiefs alone, to say nothing of others, was a work of his own country, class, and peculiar subject, differing from a Waverly merely in power. We have known persons, however, so much bewitched with this transcendent power, as to fancy that Scott wrote the first novel the world ever saw; and to this day, very many persons suppose he was the introducer of the custom of placing mottoes at the heads of chapters. All this proves the great influence of his pen, no doubt, but it also proves the delusions to which it gave birth.

The greatest peculiarity of Scott, as a writer, was *tact* in throwing a high degree of grace around all he did. He has been surpassed in invention, in power, and in vividness of description; in nice delineations of character even, though rarely; but he has never been equalled in this faculty. In many cases in which he has failed in his conceptions, he has redeemed himself by the graceful manner in which he has presented his fallacies. He had a just estimate of men, more especially in their vices and weaknesses; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of Scott, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.

To the peculiarity named, however, Scott added high powers of the imagination, though they were subordinate rather than inventive, requiring to be quickened by associations, and depending as much on memory, as on any other faculty of the mind. Thrown purely on his own naked resources, unaided by legend and traditions, and reading, and the poetical habits of a poetical country, Scott would have had many superiors; and thus it is that we find him more disposed to embellish than to create. The fitness of his particular excellence for his particular style of writing, has induced many to give him credit for more general powers than he possessed; but Scott was probably conscious that his *forte* lay in this indirect copying. Whatever he could see, or read of, he could portray with an ability that baffled competition; and although he necessarily often misconceived his originals, he threw so much seeming reality around his pictures, that even those who ought to have known better, were frequently puzzled to distinguish between the true and the false. This faculty of creating a *vraisemblance*, is next to that of a high invention, in a novelist; and as it was sustained in Scott by the additional, or perhaps it were better to say the subsidiary, powers of the humorous, the dramatic, the pathetic, and the eloquent, the united qualities put him at once at the head of his class.

The personal character of Scott, as is only too often the case, strikes us as having been a union of good and bad qualities. We do not know that there is proof to establish any thing unusual, either for or against him, in this respect; for if his virtues were those that are generally found in men of his social condition, his failings were sufficiently common. The effort which has been made to set him up as a model character, is abundantly absurd; and to make it in the face of this book, is presuming too much on the ignorance and compliance of mankind; for while the biography has been followed by the usual unmeaning adulation of the periodicals, a quiet sentiment has been working adversely among the observing and the discreet, ever since Mr. Lockhart's book appeared. There are no apparent reasons to doubt Scott's courage, his liberality, his philanthropy, in the ordinary meaning of the term, his probity in

every day transactions, or his neighborly propensities; while there is no proof, but phrases, to show that he possessed either quality, in an unusual degree. We presume, had he not been the great writer he was, he would have passed among the mass of his fellow creatures, as remarkable in neither respect, on these several points. It is so much a matter of course for a man to love those nearest to him of kin, that we should never have dreamed of calling in question his ordinary goodness of heart, or his possession of the domestic affections, but for his own account of the manner in which he was absent from the death-bed of his wife. On the other hand, it is not easy to suppose, after the proof that has been here furnished, and much more that might be adduced, had we room, that Scott was a man of nice moral sensibilities; of lively perceptions of right and wrong, except as right and wrong are subjected to the comments of the world; of even common sincerity; of a proper degree of frankness; of true simplicity of character; of a just manliness in matters touching his own interests; or of due independence of thought, or conduct. To claim these qualities for him, after Mr. Lockhart's *evidence* to the contrary, (we put his *opinions* out of the question,) is to deny the inevitable consequences of admitted causes. The high moral qualities which this gentleman claims for his father-in-law, directly in the teeth of his own testimony, leave no alternative between the suspicion of a profound mystification, and a belief that the biographer's notions of what high moral qualities are, are neither very settled nor very accurate. Scott was a man of a century, as respects talents; one of the mass, as regards motives and principles. He had a keen relish for the humorous, and, placed beyond the necessity, imaginary or real, of artifice, he would most probably have been a hearty, convivial, and winning companion. The disposition to conviviality, indeed, was strong within him, and probably, under the influence of Scottish habits, it contributed to the breaking up of his constitution. Following early the bias he had taken toward advancement, however, nature was soon supplanted by factitious expedients, and it was only on occasions, or when among his youthful associates, that he showed himself in the true colors of his originally hearty character. Circumstances soon made him an actor, (he tells us even the precise time, where he alludes to his introduction into the society of his superiors,) and possessing a native aptitude to seemliness, he succeeded in making his acting pass for nature, with those who had not the opportunities for comparison, or who were deficient in observation. His ambition led him to aspire to a place among the cold, artificial aristocracy of England; and, jealous of his own original position, he never acquired their ease, while he did assume a large portion of their marble-like mannerism. Still, the impulses of the natural man would sometimes break down these restraints, and glimpses of his conscious superiority were had through the veil of convention. But, on the whole, he was an actor in general society, to a degree even exceeding the arbitrary laws of the world. Without this acquired desire to assimilate himself to a caste, Scott might have been of simple manners; but with this disposition, his simplicity of deportment was elaborately feigned, though, like all he chose to embellish, so well feigned as to induce most observers to believe it true. We question if it would be easy to find another man who, in mixed society, so rarely expressed his true sentiments, or betrayed his real emotions. It is unnecessary to say, that there could be no simplicity of character in all this.

Had Sir Walter Scott not been so great a man in the estimation of the world, he would have been a much more estimable man, in a moral point of view; and had he been a more estimable man, in a moral point of view, it is not probable he would have been so great a man in the estimation of the world; since his acting, in a measure, was necessary to secure an approbation that is certain to depend on conflicting principles. As he was ambitious of, so was he careful to preserve, his personal popularity, of which we have a striking proof, in the studied kindnesses that for years



were laid before this country, in deeds and words, as compared with his real acts and sentiments toward America and Americans, which are now revealed in his letters. That which he did so surpassingly well in his tales, by throwing around all he delineated a grace of manner that almost supplanted truth, he did equally well in life, by successfully substituting appearances for reality. In short, he paid the penalty of popularity, by being compelled to feign that which he did not feel, say that which he did not think, and do that which he did not desire. He visited the infirmities of a brother with relentless severity, and shut his eyes to the vices of a profligate king; and yet he did both so gracefully, as to cause Mr. Lockhart to think, that, in the one case he was influenced by a stern regard for the higher virtues, and in the other by a sentiment so venerable and lofty, as to clothe it in the garb of poetry! Although, in his acts, he was true to the instinct of his interests, he had the address so to conceal the motive, that it became exposed only when brought to the tests of reason and principles. He was not avaricious, in the vulgar acceptation; his object being advancement on a large scale, rather than pence; though the pretension of the extent of his secret charities involves a contradiction, since that which was strictly private could not have been known, and that which is negligently or coquettishly revealed, must take its place among the less orthodox virtues. Every man of probity must regret, that one gifted as Scott, could so completely mistake the expedient for the right, the seeming for the real, the false for the true. Still we must admit this was the fact, or deny the existence of principles that are immutable.

Until we read this book, we have already said, we believed that a profound deference for rank, a weakness that resulted from education and the factitious state of society in which he had been educated, lay at the root of Scott's principal infirmity, and that when he erred, it was a failing rather than a vice. But after reading this book, we deem it impossible not to see, that his needle was true to the pole of interest, and that no other delusion than one of the most vulgar character had any influence on him, however excellently the motive might, at the passing moment, be concealed. He may have had the pride of talents; it is difficult to believe otherwise; but he could not have had pride of character. The self-reviewer—the habitual mystifier in matters touching his own interests—the flatterer of dissolute princes and vapid nobles—the humble follower of wealth and power, could not have possessed that lofty sentiment, which dignifies, though it may not justify, pride. In a word, untrammelled by any of those nice sensibilities that mark great characters, in a moral sense, Scott well understood the important difference, in the eyes of mankind, between 'being' and 'seeming;' and supported by the faculty of representation that sustained his literary fame, a species of dramatic morality, it is quite probable that, beside deceiving Mr. Lockhart—a matter of no great difficulty, we should think, from the blundering manner in which this gentleman reveals his moral *non sequiters*—he deceived even himself. Admitting this to have been true, he would not have been the first, by many, who was the dupe of his own artifices. All Scott's sentiment, on which his biographer has dilated with so much unction, pointed to self. If he venerated the head of his clan, he got his endorsements on his notes; if he were so loyal as to obscure his knowledge of history, he contrived to get baronetcies, commissions in the army, and places in the public offices, out of the mistake. A shrewd judge of human nature, in its lower aspects, he resorted to his governing agency of seemliness to the last, and endeavored to maintain his assumed character with posterity, by designating a biographer qualified by profession, practice, devotion to a bad cause, and we apprehend by nature, to 'make the worse appear the better reason.'



**RICHARD HURDIS; OR THE AVENGER OF BLOOD: A Tale of Alabama.** In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 644. Philadelphia: E. L. CARRY AND A. HART.

WE live in such a novel-reading age, that every work of romance, possessing more than ordinary excellence, is seized on with avidity, and made popular at once. Excitement is the order, or rather disorder, of the day; and he who panders to bad passions with the most adroitness, is sure to win the highest reward for his labors. Thus far, the history of civilization has been that of progressive corruption; so that if the literature of an age may be regarded as the exponent of its quality, ours is not far removed from the last stage of advancement. The object of novelists in general, (there are some praiseworthy exceptions,) appears to be to seize the public mind, and hold it with a sort of enchantment; a fascination which arises from the power which a master will exercise over the volition of inferior spirits, leading them captive, and exciting them with the stimulus they love most. Accordingly, there are no novels so saleable as those which lead the affections step by step into a sphere of irritating tumult, fevering the blood with uncontrollable sympathies, and steeping the interior man in a sea of voluptuous sensuality. To young people, the charm of such writing is irresistible. It is in vain to talk of principles early inculcated on the inexperienced heart. Human nature is physiologically the same. Chemical affinities are not more sure and certain, than are those of real and well-depicted passions.

The quality of novels here referred to, is well enough understood. We know it is in vain to speak against such books, for the simple reason that 'the child is father of the man,' and reform must commence in the cradle: yet we cannot help regretting, that if the depravity of the age must be catered for with such abominations, novelists cannot contrast their 'demon-lovers' with characters of human excellence, in order that virtue may have its advocates, even in the show-men of deformities. Some, it is true, contend that the very worst novels of their day have their moral, intended for instruction. The same might be said of that class of books whose first intended effect is to fill brothels, and whose second invariable one is, to disgust their very victims. It is a fact, stated on the authority of M. DUCHATELET, in his great work, '*De la Prostitution dans la Ville de Paris*,' a work which cost that pure-minded philanthropist the unremitting Howard-like toil of eight years, that while books of mere obscenity are never seen in the hands of abandoned women, and are known never to be read by them, novels and romances, of the most exciting kind, constitute nearly their whole literary amusement. It must be the same in England and in America, which may account for the enormous editions that are issued of these bad books; books which degrade their authors while they enrich them, and which can only afford them the unenviable distinction of excelling as literary distillers, for the worst species of intemperance, the intoxication of the soul.

'Richard Hurdis' is a novel of another species of the same genus to which we have alluded. It is undeniably a work of much power. We believe that the author never intended to do harm by it, and that he was not aware of its bad qualities. It is entirely free from the distinguishing trait of the most popular novels of the day, while at the same time, it is really vicious in its tendency. It is a tale of blood, which might possibly be the antitype of facts, since the phases of human passion are infinite; but it presents the most hideous distortions of character, and is enough to make a man sick of his humanity. We will attempt a brief outline of the story.

Richard Hurdis, a young man of Marengo, Alabama, having become of age, and being impelled by the spirit of adventure, is about to start for the Choctaw Territory, with a view of improving his fortune. He is farther prompted to go, from the fact that his brother, John Hurdis, who is rich, has supplanted him in the affections of Mary Easterby. John Hurdis, an imbecile, whose character, the very opposite of his

brother, arouses the hatred of Richard, by his wily treachery in this affair, till the latter is prompted to treat him with the grossest personal violence which one man could endure from another. Richard in this mood departs from Marengo, in company with a very intimate friend, William Carrington, who is successfully in love with Katharine Walker. Carrington is on his way also to buy lands afar from home, with the intention of establishing himself with his promised bride. As soon as the travellers are on their way, John Hurdis entices a ruffian, Ben Pickett, to follow his brother Richard, and despatch him. In the meanwhile, the travellers proceed on their way, from which they diverged for the purpose of collecting a debt due to Carrington from Matthew Webber, a man of doubtful character. Not far from this man's house, they encounter a set of gamblers, who cheat them out of a part of their money, and meditate their complete robbery. They proceed toward the place of their immediate destination, and make the acquaintance of Colonel Grafton, who had endorsed Webber's note to Carrington, and from what they learn of Webber, from him, they are put on their guard against him. At Colonel Grafton's, they became known to his daughter Julia and Mr. Clifton, to whom she is about to be married. They now proceed to Webber's, who appoints the next day for the payment of the note. After passing the night at Colonel Grafton's, whose house is near, they arrive once more at Webber's. While sitting there at table, counting the money which he had paid down, the travellers are suddenly surrounded by the same fellows who had cheated them at cards, the accomplices of Webber. Richard Hurdis is secured with ropes, and fastened down to the floor, while Edward Carrington escapes on Richard Hurdis's horse, which, in the emergency, he had mounted. The robbers, who belonged to the 'Mystic Brotherhood,' a consociated band of fifteen hundred outlaws, pursue Carrington, who, not far from where he started, is shot dead from his horse, in sight of the robbers, by a person concealed in the bushes, who turns out to be Ben Pickett, accomplishing, as he supposes, his diabolical agency. The robbers immediately despatch an emissary to follow the '*striker*,' it being the custom of the Mystic Brotherhood, when it discovered the secret crime of any one, to attach the criminal to their confederation, *volens volens*, or else to sacrifice his life. Accordingly Barrett, one of their number, is sent off after Pickett.

In the interim, Carrington's horse flies to Colonel Grafton, who, suspecting something wrong, hastens to Webber's, and releases Richard Hurdis, who, learning the fate of his friend, swears vengeance on the murderers. Richard returns to Marengo, and relates the melancholy tale to Katharine Walker, who goes raving distracted, and soon after dies. Barrett arrives at Pickett's house, and secures him, as well as John Hurdis, whom he discovers to be the principal in the murder of Carrington, as confederates in the Mystic Brotherhood. Richard Hurdis discovers himself to his brother John, who is horror-stricken at the turn of events, and forgets and forgives all past difficulties, little dreaming that John Hurdis had been the cause of Carrington's murder. Richard Hurdis makes love again to Mary Easterby, explains his suspicion of her love for John, which turns out to have been only in the imagination of Richard, and is accepted. He now starts again, with the sole object of revenging his friend's murder. Having disguised himself as a gambler, he becomes acquainted with Clem Foster, the head of the Mystic Brotherhood, and pretending to be a rogue, is admitted as a member, and is conducted to their haunt. Here he is astonished to find the lover of Julia Grafton a confederate of the robbers, and here he learns the true history of the murder of Carrington. Clifton, the lover of Julia, having repented of his bad deeds, begs hard of Foster to release him; which request is, after great difficulty, secretly complied with. Foster connives at Clifton's escape, but the rest of the confederates determine on his death. Richard Hurdis, who the day before had seen his brother John and Ben Pickett introduced as mem-

bers, is commissioned by the Brotherhood to follow and despatch him, he being about to marry Julia. Richard eagerly embraces the opportunity, designing to caution Colonel Grafton against the marriage, which end he accomplishes; but immediately after, Clifton himself arrives, and confesses every thing — his first crime, and his forgeries of letters to Colonel Grafton. The next day had been assigned for the marriage. Clifton is secured, in an attic chamber; Julia goes half demented, and the company of gentlemen which were to constitute the bridal-party are armed, under Colonel Grafton and Richard, for the apprehension of the Mystic Brothers.

While this troop are on their magisterial excursion, Julia Clifton releases her beloved from confinement, who sacrifices his own life on the day following, to save that of Colonel Grafton. The robbers are surprised, routed, and slain; among the rest, John Hurdis, who does not, however, fall by his brother's hand, as the brother intended he should. Foster escapes in a very ridiculous way, on a bale of cotton, which he tumbles into the river. Richard Hurdis marries Mary Easterby, and Julia Grafton dies of a broken heart. There are several characters which are not essential to a mere outline of the story, some of which ought to be noticed; such as the wife of Ben Pickett, and his idiot daughter. These serve as a sort of under plot, and add materially to the interest of the story.

Since the story of Cain and Abel, we doubt whether there has been a more diabolical narrative than this of Richard Hurdis. It is indeed worse than the first murder, in all its particulars. Richard Hurdis is quite as bad as John, and perhaps worse. He hates his brother, and beats him from mere unfounded suspicion, while the injured man plots fratricide in the meanest of all possible ways. The mother of the two brothers is represented as being partial to the one she calls *her* Richard, while the father has used him as a slave. There are some inconsistencies, beside, in the narrative; as where Richard speaks in one place of Mary Easterby's transferred affection as a *fact*, and in others as only a chimera of his own fancy. The idiot girl is not well drawn. She is *not* an idiot. Yet, had she not been so called, the character would be considered as an interesting one. Pickett's wife is a strong delineation, and ought to have been of farther use in the plot. With all the faults of 'Richard Hurdis,' critically considered, and they are many, it is a work of uncommon talent. The author has not followed in the beaten path of novelists, but has boldly struck out a way of his own. If he resembles any one, it is DANA, in his 'Idle Man.' His narrative is well sustained, and the interest never flags. Some of the scenes are admirably drawn, and show that the author, who ever he may be, is capable of still better things.

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LETTERS TO MOTHERS. By MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY. In one volume, 12 mo. pp. 240. Hartford, (Conn.) New-York: J. ORVILLE TAYLOR.

MRS. SIGOURNEY has been so uniformly successful in her works, and they have been so widely circulated, that we are surprised she should now appear as her own publisher. It can scarcely be possible, that with all her reputation, her books can be as extensively distributed by herself, as by an active, energetic house, familiar with those transactions which appear to be indispensable in the spreading abroad of books. Let us hope the contrary, however. But this in passing.

'Letters to Mothers' is not inferior to the best of Mrs. Sigourney's books. It is in many respects superior to them all. How delightful to find a superior woman, admitted to possess the finest intellectual endowments, shining still more splendidly in the first characteristics of her sex, which live in the development of the affections! Her precepts to mothers are all based on the law of heavenly and maternal love; and it

has been her high privilege to perceive the obligation imposed on woman to cultivate the young mind in the right way. What can be more angelic than the following brief passage? It contains volumes of heavenly arcana: 'The religion of a new-born babe, is the prayer of its mother. Keep this sacred flame burning for it, in the shrine of the soul, until it is able to light its own feeble lamp, and fill its new censer with praise.'

Mrs. SIGOURNEY would have education begin while the babe is at its mother's bosom. She is right. The selfishness of our nature is innate with us; it begins to show itself before the tongue can articulate, and it is then that the will must be subdued and directed, if ever. The mother, who understands the infinite meaning of the words 'Thy will be done,' can never hope for its active recognition by her child, unless she controls the selfishness of her infant charge. Mrs. Sigourney fully comprehends the importance of this truth. She says to mothers:

'Establish your will, as the law. Do it early, for docility is impaired by delay. It is the truest love, to save the little stranger, in this labyrinth of life, all those conflicts of feeling which must continue as long as it remains doubtful who is to be its guide. As the root and germ of piety, as a preparation for submission to the Eternal Father, as the subduing process, which is to lead it in calmness through the storms and surges of time, teach obedience.'

She remarks elsewhere:

'Let us, in our domestic teachings, do all in our power to extirpate selfishness, especially from the breasts of our daughters. Selfishness is not to be endured in woman. In the catalogue of her faults, we do not expect to have forbearance with that. It wars with the nature of her duties, and subverts her happiness. It will be found, on a comparative analysis of character, that those females who through life have been distinguished for true goodness, were eminently disinterested.'

There can be no better moral instruction than this. Would it were in Mrs. SIGOURNEY's power to illustrate its truth completely. It is the key to the secrets of education which have never been appreciated, nor even seen. It involves the whole future of man, and is inseparable from the improvement of society.

It would afford us pleasure to make large extracts from this book, which is calculated for eminent usefulness; but we have, in our scanty extracts, furnished our readers with enough to awaken their interest, and to induce them to peruse it themselves. Like '*Fireside Education*,' noticed in our last number, it is throughout crowded with admirable lessons, such as every mother ought to learn by heart.

We cannot dismiss this valuable work, without finding a little fault, which Mrs. SIGOURNEY can very well afford to have suggested. Does she not allow herself to use some similes which enfeeble instead of strengthening the didactic style? And might not such stereotyped ones as this, better have been spared? 'The passions, like Minerva, have sprung armed into life.' If 'like Minerva' were out, would not the figure be suggested in a more forcible expression? We leave it also to our accomplished author to say whether, on reflection, the following passage would not be stronger, and more elegant, without the illustration:

'If nurture of an immortal being for immortality is an honorable work, and if its earliest impressions are allowed to be most indelible, those who minister to its humblest wants, partake in some measure of its elevated destiny; as the porters and Levites derived dignity from the temple-service, though they might not wear the Urim and Thummim of the High Priest, or direct the solemn sacrifices, when the flame of Heaven descended upon the altar.'

The volume is characterized, in its externals, by excellence of material, and much typographical neatness.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**MR. STEPHENS' 'INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.'** — After the previous pages of the present number had been sent to the press, we received, from a distinguished source, a communication in relation to certain alleged errors, in that portion of Mr. STEPHENS' late volumes, which treats of his travels in, and remarks upon Greece, and the character of her people. The critic pays a deserved tribute to the style of the work, and the inexhaustible good humor of the author; and doubts not that 'it has afforded pleasure to thousands, who, stretched carelessly upon a sofa, have wiled away pleasant hours, rambling in imagination with the lively writer, among the scenes he describes;' but the reviewer presently declares his intention to deal, 'not with the merits, but the demerits of the book; to point out some of its errors, and to show that the work is to be read rather for pleasure than profit.' It is conceded, that where our author gives an account of what he himself saw in Greece, he does it well, but that 'he betrays gross ignorance, and inflicts great injustice,' when he talks of the character of the people, or their social and political institutions. 'And how,' says our critic, 'could it be otherwise? He passed but eight weeks in the country; he knew nothing of the language; he was in the hands of cunning dragomans, and ignorant muleteers,' and placed implicit confidence in the 'stories of any body who could talk English.' The writer proceeds:

'We were grieved at our author's misrepresentations of some points of the Greek character, but shocked at the cruel injustice he does the nation, when he says: "The Greeks speak of Byron with all the rancor and bitterness of party spirit!" What! has not that accursed old leaven of ingratitude yet worked out? Can the descendants of those who so quickly repaired the wrong done to Aristides, and mourned repentantly over the remains of banished Cimon, cherish hatred of the dead, and refuse to do honor to him who, with his pen, and his purse, and his good right arm, did their cause so much service? — who threw himself into their ranks, in the darkest hour of their dreadful struggle, and sealed his attachment with his life? Can it be that the Greeks are not grateful to Byron? Our author says they are not; but we say *they are*; and we appeal to the shock felt throughout Greece, when the sad news went forth from Missolonghi, and was received in every town with loud lamentations; we appeal to the acts of the government, to the funeral pageant, to the language of the press, to all the foreigners who were then in the country, in proof of our assertion. It was not Tricoupi alone who pronounced a glowing eulogy of Byron; it was not alone Kalvas who sang his praises, and mourned in verse for his loss; but in every newspaper or book, that has since been printed, the sadness and the gratitude of the people have been expressed, whenever allusions are made to Byron.

'It may be said that this has changed, and that the people now speak of Byron, as the author of the 'Incidents' accuses them of doing; but it is not so; and we boldly appeal to those who spend time enough in Greece to get any knowledge of the people, at *first hand*, and not through interpreters, to confirm our denial. Nay, we speak from our own knowledge; for we too have travelled in Greece; not like our author, 'doing up' the country in eight weeks, but in more than as many months; we know something of the country, for we have bivouac'd in the tambouris of her 'kleftes' and her 'braves;' we have eaten *yemourtzi* with her *jopasides*; we have bounded among the Cyclades with her sailors; we have taken *gleeko* with her primates; we have drank wine with her young men, and danced with her maidens, and held converse with all, not through a valet or a dragoman, but in their own melodious tongue; and we can bear witness to the language of admiration, and the tribute of a sigh, which the mention of the name of Byron ever extorted. We had a miniature engraving of him, and we have seen many a soldier's eye dimmed, while gazing upon the features; and it even yet bears the mark of a rough old captain's tear, who would insist upon kissing it again and again. No! Be the sins of the modern Greeks what they may, ingratitude to Byron is not one of them. Their feelings toward him are correctly expressed in the ode of Kalvas, and especially in this stanza:

Σὶ ἡ Ἑλλὰς ἐθγνώμων  
ὡς φίλον μεγαλόψυχον  
ζητεῖ να στεφανώσῃ.  
ὡς παρηγορητὴν, τῆς,  
ὡς ἐτεργετὴν.

The reviewer proceeds to cite other instances, wherein 'the random, rattling style of



writing leads our author to do injustice to others, and to betray a superficial knowledge,' and begins with his remarks upon the character and administration of Capo d'Istria:

'Our author says truly, that Capo d'Istria was a man of great talents; but he errs egregiously, when he states, that the motives of his withdrawal from the service of Russia, is conclusive evidence of his patriotism; and he does great wrong, when he flippantly says, that 'Capo d'Istria, strong in his own integrity, and confidently relying on the fidelity and gratitude of his countrymen, was assassinated in the street, on his way to mass.' He is wrong in the general view of the character and administration of the President; wrong in supposing him to have relied upon any thing but the fidelity of his body guard, and his friends in the Russian fleet; and wrong in the details of the affair. He evidently knows no more about Capo d'Istria, his administration, and his death, than about the seventy-seventh emperor of China. The reader of the 'Incidents' would infer that young Mavromichalis was a cowardly assassin; but did he know the true history of the case, he would rank him with such assassins as Brutus. The brave old Mavromichalis was the hereditary feudal chief of the Mainotes; the hardy descendants of the old Spartans, who had kept their mountain region free from the contamination of the Turks; forced them to acknowledge their prowess, and the authority of their feudal chief, and paid them only a nominal tribute. During the long and bloody struggle for independence, no chief more distinguished himself than the grey-headed Bey of Mama. That brave old man, with his braver sons by his side, exposed his person in battle, and expended his riches in supplying the wants of the army; and at the end of the war, his brothers were all slain, and of his sons, two only remained. After the long agony was over, and the independence of Greece had been achieved, came Capo d'Istria, followed by a swarm of hungry leeches, Europeanized Greeks, who had kept aloof during the seven years of peril and strife. The native chiefs were stripped of their possessions and their power; old Mavromichalis was decoyed to Napoli, and imprisoned! Ay! the wild mountaineer, the independent chieftain, who from his cradle had been taught to prefer death to servitude, was confined in a prison! And what did his sons do? How did they reason, and feel, and act? Like men; uncivilized, to be sure — unused to law and to submission — but still, like men — brave men. The feeling was almost universal in Greece, that Capo d'Istria had trampled upon law, had violated his pledges, had assumed tyrannical power, and intended to make of Greece a Russian province. We say this feeling was almost universal, and we believe it was well-founded.

'The sons of old Mavromichalis resolved to free their country of the tyrant; but they resolved to sacrifice themselves like brave men. They repaired to the public square of Napoli, armed, as was their wont; and when the President issued from the church, surrounded by his guard, armed to the teeth, the young men sprang forward, and with their pistols' mouths almost touching his person, blew him to pieces. Instantly one of them was pierced with a score of swords, but the other broke away, and in spite of yatagans grazing his body, and pistol bullets whistling through his hair, gained a place of refuge. He was soon taken, however, and glorying in the deed he had done, was condemned to be shot. He was a gallant and a goodly youth, that same 'assassin.' He was an Apollo in person, and a Hotspur in courage; and though rash and impetuous in conduct, was noted for his frankness, and generosity, and spirit. He was led out to the death of a felon, and by a refinement of cruelty, was marched by the castle where his old father was confined. But his bearing was bold to the last. He looked up to the castle-wall for some signal from his father, distinguished his waving hand, and after answering it, turned and bared his bosom to the levelled muskets of his executioners.'

Another instance of what the reviewer terms 'gross injustice done to individuals by our credulous traveller,' is thus recorded:

'The author of the 'Incidents' says: 'The Americans who served in the Greek army, were rather a shabby set. Jarvis was the most distinguished, and I never heard any imputations on his character.' He then mentions several individuals, among them 'Allen, another American patriot, who was hung at Constantinople,' and adds: 'Another behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money entrusted to him by the Greek Committee.' Now this sweeping denunciation of men who toiled and suffered for years, without reward, is unpardonable in one who is evidently ignorant of the whole matter. This Jarvis whom he lauds, passed for an American, until some *bona fide* Yankees found him to be a Jew, from Altona, who never had seen America, and whose only claim to citizenship of the United States was, that his father had been consular agent, and that he himself spoke cockney English. While the Americans in the army served as volunteers, Jarvis drew pay for two hundred men, and kept twenty!

'By the American' who behaved gallantly as a soldier, but sullied his laurels by appropriating the money entrusted to him by the Greek Committee,' the writer must mean a gentleman now resident in Vermont, for he was the only one of the army entrusted with funds by the Committee. He did distinguish himself most gallantly, and won golden opinions from the Greek 'braves,' who called him the American *Delhi*, or 'dare-devil.' But a fouler aspersion never was put upon a brave man, than our author (ignorantly, we doubt not,) has put upon this gallant Phil-hellene. He did serve without fee or reward in the distribution of the supplies of the Greek Committee; he did have *carte blanche* in the disposal of money and goods; and, we happen to know, came home not only without money, but with hardly a whole shirt to his back.

'As for the other gentlemen, whom our author denounces as a 'shabby set,' we believe their services are known and appreciated in Greece, at least; we never heard their names mentioned there, save with respect and affection; and one of them, at least, has received numerous tokens of the grateful recollection of distinguished individuals, and even of the governments of Capo d'Istria and King Otho. Doubtless our traveller believed all that was told him by his authority, whom he calls Mr. M., and whom we suppose to be the same discontented and carping Scotsman, who was 'loafing' about Napoli when we visited it; but he should be careful how he retails stories, for the truth of which he cannot vouch.'

Our reviewer denounces as 'most uncourteous, nay, even most ungentlemanly,' the manner in which mention is made of the 'Maid of Athens:'

'This lady, the daughter of a Greek who acted as English Consul at Athens, was a beautiful and interesting child, when Lord Byron lodged at her father's house, some twenty-eight years ago. She grew up to womanhood with an irreproachable character; and during all the horrors of the



revolution, though flying with her family several times to the islands, or the mountains, from the Turks, and enduring the pangs of bitter poverty, she and her sisters ever contrived to keep up an appearance of respectability, and even of gentility. Several years ago, she gave her hand and heart to a Scottish gentleman of good character; and with him has lived happily. But now she must be dragged forth to disagreeable notoriety, by every flippant tourist; and even our author exclaims: 'The *'Maid of Athens'* is married to a Scotoman! the *Maid of Athens* is now Mrs. Black! wife of George Black! head of the Police! and her son's name is \* \* \* \* Black! and she has other little Blacks!' Now this is not only in bad taste, but it is an outrageous violation of propriety; it is the besetting sin of tourists, who pander to a depraved public taste. Doubtless copies of this book will find their way to Athens, and excite any thing but pleasant feelings in the minds of the parties concerned. We know not how the husband may feel, but we suspect that if the tourist again visits Athens, he may chance to find that *'black is the white of his eye!'*

The reviewer hints, in conclusion, that in addition to the 'random passages of error' which he here designates, he has reserved others for another number. We are well satisfied that Mr. STEPHENS will gladly avail himself of any authentic corrections in subsequent editions of his work; and it may not be amiss to remark here, that his descriptions of the other countries through which he passed, are pronounced signally faithful, by eminent travellers in the same regions.

**THE MARINE ARMOR.** — One of the most interesting practical exhibitions which we ever remember to have seen, was that of the 'marine armor,' off the battery, during the late fair of the Mechanics' Institute, at Castle-Garden. As we neared the vessel, whence the 'man-in-armor' was to descend, we beheld suspended at the side of the craft, and on a level with the deck, the ambassador to the court of Neptune. His form was after the model of KNICKERBOCKER's Dutch official, 'like a robustious beer-barrel on skids.' He fronted the town, an uncouth agglomeration of four limbs. Soon after we reached the sloop, the diver began to don his submarine habiliments, which were swung inward from the vessel's side, for the purpose, by means of a block-and-tackle. These were, first, a bronze head-piece, or hat, like an inverted iron pail, with a small glass door, on hinges, in front; this was attached to an India-rubber jacket, terminating near the middle of the body in a strong copper hoop, which was screwed to a corresponding hoop, belonging to the pantaloons, which were also of caoutchouc, save that below the knee a species of bronze metal was employed for the 'leggings' and boots. A long cord was fastened to his 'mailed right hand,' and a small engine-hose, (which, yankee-like, the inventor alluded to, as 'that air-pipe,') coiled up like a huge snake on the deck, had wormed its head into the top of his hat; and thus accoutred, and suspended by the head, he rested his iron feet gently upon the rail, and bowed, with very little of French grace, to the swarming crowd in Castle-Garden, and the dense multitude on the Battery. As he turned toward us, with his red night-cap'd head, and flushed countenance, he looked, behind his narrow glass window, like a rejuvenated mummy, in a rude Egyptian sarcophagus. He stretched out his arm, and a gloved hand, as large as the 'hand of Providence,' which we took with fearful forebodings, remembering Spenser's warning:

'Certain who hides his grasp, will that encounter rue!'

But we found him no 'great shakes,' considering his 'deadly aspect.' His was merely a hearty hand-salute, of the pump-handle class; 'right up and down, and no mistake.' He presently descended slowly into the water, here some twenty or thirty feet in depth, singing as he went,

'Come, mariner, down in the deep with me,  
And hide thee under the wave!'

and soon began to walk off very deliberately, indicating his whereabouts by the great air-bubbles which ever and anon gurgled up from below. In about twenty minutes, he emerged near the embankment-wall of the Garden, and saluting the audience, who were looking down upon him from the battlements, soon re-descended into the water, and after walking about in the depths below, for half an hour, and climbing up a high pole, rising out of the water, he made a signal that he had found something of moment, but what it was, he did not communicate, although no less than four persons were busily engaged in 'pumping him,' from on board the vessel. He was drawn slowly up, when

lo! clasped in those huge arms, 'capable of a wide embrace,' rose to view a brimming basket of champagne; and while the 'rover of the deep' hung in a state of suspense that scarcely permitted his feet to touch the deck, the bottles were opened, and the foaming wine passed around to the invited guests. Certain aldermen, and other *bon vivants*, triumphantly confirmed our own impressions of its delicious coolness and excellent quality; and the purveyor himself, who swallowed a tumbler *via* his opened glass orifice, looking, meantime, like a man taking refreshment in a pillory, pronounced it unexceptionable. He conversed with us from his window, and exceedingly well, too, while the wine was circulating. The proprietor was occupied, he said, during a part of the last winter, in searching the wreck of the Bristol, near Rockaway. A large amount in iron, steel, and gold, was recovered from the wreck. He described his emotions when he first essayed the armor, one rough day, and walked securely in the far-down deep, while above him

'The hoarse gray surge was rolling,  
With a mountain's motion on.'

Sometimes, when the rays of the sun trembled greenly through the dimly-transparent flood, he could catch faint glimpses of strange fish playing around him. He was not quite sure that he did not once encounter a mermaid, in an amphibious nondescript, that, to his unpractised eye,

——— 'seemed woman to the waist, and fair,  
But ended foul, in many a scaly fold.'

He also frequently saw shoals of porpoises swarming and fretting in his wake. This was at first a source of some alarm; but they seldom came very near him. It seemed to be no small consolation to them, that while he made them keep their distance, he kept his at the same time. They evidently disliked his family, and were little disposed to associate with one of his *standing*. When the sun was in a cloud, 'darkness visible' was the only light that revealed the 'dim obscure,' the vast swelling into the infinite, in the unknown deep, above and around him. And thus the sea-walker beguiled the time, until the hour for igniting a keg of powder, at the bottom of the bay, had arrived. This feat, which is 'a part of the system,' was twice successfully accomplished, the water swelling up, in a solid mass, some fifteen or twenty feet, and falling like the awful whirlpools that rise and break near the foot of Niagara, casting up mire and dirt, and bearing on its surface the risen flame, creating an impression, for a moment, that the operators had supplied an important desideratum in the arts, by at last setting the North River on fire. Seriously, however, this sub-marine armor is a most wonderful invention; and we are glad to learn, that a 'Sub-marine Armor Company' has been established, and that nearly all its stock has already been taken. Its gains cannot fail to be immense. Our coasts and rivers teem with wrecks, as do similar waters elsewhere; and when it is considered, that with this armor one can descend to the bed of the ocean, and work for hours together among the treasures of the deep, it needs no seer to predict, that Captain TAYLOR, the ingenious inventor, and the Company who have brought his labors to account, will be well rewarded for their united genius and enterprise.

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· THE LATE ECLIPSE. — How many thousands were gazing, at the same moment, at this sublime phenomenon, and in how many bosoms simultaneously arose deep emotions of wonder and sublimity, when, at the minutest point of time predicted, the sun's edge was visibly clipped by the wide-moving and mighty shadow! Countless hearts were lifted in awe to the Great Architect; and amidst faint conceptions of the wonderful order and beauty which mark the changes and movements of the planetary systems, came thoughts of the distant past; of the millions who had come and gone, since first this phenomena dimmed the eye of the startled beholder, while the immutable heavens have known no change. Thousands of human generations, all as noisy as our own, have been swallowed up of time, and there remains no wreck of them any more; yet Arcturus, Orion, Sirius, and the Pleiades

are still shining in their courses, clear and young, as when the shepherd first noted them on the plain of Shinar.' As this wondrous planet, earth, is journeying with its fellows through infinite space, so are the wondrous destinies embarked on it, journeying through infinite time, under the same high guidance. How many will be irrevocably fixed, before the sun shall again be darkened by that shadowy eclipse!

'POTTERS' FIELD.' — Few readers in the country, we may believe, know what is the reality of that town receptacle, *par excellence*, the 'Potters' Field.' Nor had we a full sense of its character, until, some months since, on a fine dewy summer morning, we accompanied a friend to the spot, a little way from the northern suburb of the metropolis. 'The sun was warm, the sky was clear,' and as we entered the gate that opens into the spacious enclosure, the wind at first came fresh and balmy from the west; but as we arose a gentle green swell, and saw before us the long dun-colored ridge that marked the place where the latest victims had been laid, a pungent 'smell of mortality' was borne to us upon the breeze, insomuch that the boldest held his breath for a time. We presently stood beside the 'place of deposit,' for that is the term. A trench, a little wider than the average height of man, and some five feet deep, is dug along the entire field. Cross-wise of this, are laid the coarse coffins of the needy and the destitute, who, having fought with poverty and affliction, until death made it a drawn battle, here repose from the unequal contest. As we were scanning the rude coffins — some long, others short, the intervening chinks filled in, in rigid economy of space, with infants, 'in their smiles and innocent age cut off' — the low murmur of decay came to the ear, from beneath the lime-sprinkled surface, dimly-sombre, like meeting snow upon a dark ground. We could not but call to mind, as we gazed upon this scene, the lines of the lamented BRIGHT:

' Yet it matters not much, when the bloom is fled,  
And the light is gone from the lustrous eye,  
And the sensitive heart is cold and dead,  
Where the mouldering ashes are left to lie;  
It matters not much, if the soaring mind,  
Like the flowers' perfume, is exhaled to heaven,  
That its earthly shroud should be cast behind,  
To decay wherever a place is given.'

Surely, thought we, our departed friend, when he wrote these beautiful stanzas, had never beheld a spot, 'a place that is given,' like this! Ridge beyond ridge, to yonder fence-paling, lie, in 'cold obstruction,' the thick swaths of humanity! Sometimes a violent rain washes away the earth, when the ends of the coarse coffins, the mouldering and the new, tier above tier, are bared to the day — an awful spectacle! Yet the walks and grassy avenues of Washington Square, along which flit the light feet of the beautiful, the young, and the gay, cover a close succession of these ribbed trenches, full crowded with their myriad sleepers! Apart from these long reservoirs of death, is a grassy corner, a privileged spot, where, for one 'almighty dollar,' a shallow grave may be purchased. Four or five rude and ill-shapen excavations, of some three feet depth, were here yawning for their tenants; and in the damp corners of one or two of them, were squatted three or four bright green toads, the 'precious jewels in their hands' sparkling in the falling light, and their semi-recumbent bodies bathed in the morning dew. No one can turn from scenes like these, and think lightly of the disposition of the body after death. The rural cemetery arises to the mind, in palpable contrast; and the beholder, as he passes from the field of promiscuous burial, exclaims with the poet:

' Not amid trenches rude,  
Or coffins dark and thick with ancient mould,  
May rest my bones;  
But let the dewy rose,  
The snow-drop, and the violet, lend perfume  
Above the spot, where in my grassy tomb  
I take repose!'

of some fifty thousand KNICKERBOCKER readers, grasp the unreal hand of our author, and bid him welcome among us, whenever it shall suit his convenience and pleasure to turn his face hitherward.

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**THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.** — We had prepared for the present number an elaborate notice, with liberal extracts, of a work of some four hundred pages, entitled 'Sketches of Rochester, with Incidental Notices of Western New York.' It is 'a collection of various matters, designed to illustrate the progress of Rochester, during the first quarter century of its existence; including a map of the city, and some representations of scenery, edifices, etc. Arranged by HENRY O'REILLY.' The great length to which the department of 'Literary Notices' has extended, must be our apology for presenting a mere synopsis, rather than a review, of the contents of the work. It opens with a brief sketch of the rise, progress, and present condition, of the city of Rochester; gives the geology and medical topography of the town and its vicinity; a history of the lands of the original Six Nations, with some particulars of the principal tracts in the subdivisions of Western New York, the progress of improvement from the Hudson westward to the Genessee and Niagara rivers, together with complete statistics of the city, and sketches of the recent Indian occupants of Western New York, and some of the prominent founders of the town, and promoters of its unrivalled growth and prosperity. The work is full and ample, in all these details, and arranged with much clearness and tact. We can heartily commend it to the reader, as a succinct history, not only of Rochester, but of Western New-York. He will learn, especially, from its pages, what that young town has become, which Capt. BASIL HALL described as a place where 'the streets started up in the forest of their own accord; as if a great box full of new houses had been sent by steam from New-York, and tumbled out on the half-cleared land.' Where he heard the anvils and hammers ringing, and the saws and axes flashing amid the woods, he would now find a noble city of brick and stone, with its spacious well-paved streets its numerous steeples rising heavenward, and its inhabitants rejoicing in its deep and well-founded prosperity. When the Great West shall have filled up, and New York has become a London, what will Rochester — a town which has reached its present estate, not through the aid of immense capitalists, or incorporated companies, but by the industry and integrity of those who, like the city itself, have worked their way up 'from the stump' — what then, we repeat, will Rochester, with its inexhaustible natural resources, become, and what the other noble towns of middle and western New York? The engravings of the volume are clear, and strikingly correct, and the letter-press is handsomely executed, on good paper.

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**BONAPARTE.** — The two volumes from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART, entitled 'Napoleon and his Times,' by CAULINCOURT, Duke of Vicenza,' as might naturally be inferred, possess, in portions, absorbing interest. The details, however, have but one tendency — to magnify, alike in peace and war, the character of a selfish and ambitious man, whose fame, like a statue of snow, is slowly melting away beneath the sun of truth. Great indeed was Napoleon, in one sense, but *good* in none. The more conspicuous human instruments by which he worked out his large designs, were slaves to his iron will, not less than the countless thousands who were 'bound with the brave amid Victory's sheaves;' yet they delighted to serve him, so long as he knit up their chains into ornamental festoons, even while laboring, as he always did, to elevate himself above the rest of mankind, by stifling all feelings which he partook in common with them. Such are the real evidences, malgre the transparent glosses, which these volumes afford. It should be added, that they are not written by CAULINCOURT, Duke of Vincenza, but are the recorded conversations of that distinguished nobleman. The work has had a rapid sale, the American edition being already exhausted, although scarcely a week has elapsed since its first publication. Its externals of paper and typography are superior to the 'general run' of similar republications.

and of the latter, the proportion, in the year 1829, it appeared by the parliamentary return, was as one monkey to three organs ! In the department of 'Display of Modes and Mechanical Science,' a member 'exhibited a most beautiful and delicate machine, of little larger size than an ordinary snuff-box, manufactured entirely by himself, and composed exclusively of steel ; by the aid of which, more pockets could be picked in one hour, than by the present slow and tedious process, in four and twenty.' Another presented a treatise, entitled, 'Practical Suggestions on the necessity of providing some harmless and wholesome relaxation for the young Noblemen of England.' A space of ground was to be enclosed, in which should be erected stables for such as affected ostlering ; streets, also, should be provided with cheap houses, and door-bells, whose handles could be easily pulled off at night ; lamps, which could be broken at a comparatively small expense per dozen ; foot-pavements, for gentlemen to drive their cabriolets upon, with pedestrians from the work-house, who might be knocked down and run over, for a trifling charge per head ; and a police office, with automaton officers, should be attached, furnished with an inclined plane, for any nobleman or gentleman who might wish to bring in his horse as a witness ! An admirable satire this, upon the 'Marquis of Waterford' class of the nobility, and the ease with which they escape the penalty of their misdemeanors. We can allude to but one more specimen : 'Mr. Blank exhibited a model of a fashionable annual, composed of copper-plates, gold leaf, and silk boards, and worked entirely by *milk and water* ! Mr. Prosee, after examining the machine, declared it to be so ingeniously composed, that he was wholly unable to discover how it went on at all ;' to which the exhibitor replied : 'Nobody can, and that's the beauty of it !'

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PORTRAIT OF 'BOZ'—PICKWICK IN AMERICA.—A large and finished portrait of the author of the 'Papers of the Pickwick Club,' the only one in America, flashes upon the passer-by, in the window of the publication office of this Magazine, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway. The countenance is that of a young man of some twenty-three years, and its general expression, the reader will scarcely be prepared to learn, is that of melancholy. A profusion of fair hair is parted gracefully over an ample forehead, replete with the best intellectual 'organs,' and falls carelessly over the ears. The mouth is expressive and well cut, and that invariable accompaniment of talent, a full-rounded nostril, is a conspicuous feature. We had secretly promised ourselves the pleasure of being enabled to present our readers, during the progress of the present volume, with original articles from the pen of the author of the inimitable Pickwickian records ; but we must postpone the gratification, it should seem, until it can be enjoyed in an enhanced and double sense. 'Mr. DICKENS writes, under date of August 31st : 'I should be very happy to write for the KNICKERBOCKER, but I do assure you, that I have scarcely time to complete my existing engagements. So I think I must defer this pleasure, until I visit America, which I hope to do before very long, and then I shall be more independent and free, which will be more in keeping.' Mr. DICKENS has doubtless learned, from the unanimous testimony of his countrymen, who have travelled among us, that the Americans, as a mass, are a humor-loving people. Should he journey through, or tarry within our borders, for a brief space, he will find the best proof of this verdict, in the fact, that he is himself, as an author, universally 'endenized in the national heart.' And here we cannot resist the remark, that the writings of 'Boz,' voluminous and various as they have been, and continue to be, rather increase than flag in interest, as they advance. The latest number of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' which reaches us by the 'Great Western,' fully sustains the promise afforded by the previous portions of the narrative. The affection of the Nickleby family, the fondness and weakness of the mother, the high spirit of Nicholas, and the confiding loveliness of his sister Kate, are clearly depicted, and in fine artistical contrast. The interior of the milliner's shop of Madame Mantalina, with its interesting and amiable forewoman, the once young and pretty, but now old and sycophantic Knag, and the assemblage of heartless puppies of the town, Mr. Verisopht, and kindred worthies, at the house of the cold and unprincipled worldling, Ralph Nickleby, are not less felicitously drawn, and vigorously executed. We 'make a long arm' across the Atlantic, and confidently, in behalf

best singer for an actress, and the best actress for a singer, that has appeared in our day. Her vocal powers are certainly brilliant. Her voice appears to be a 'mezzo-contralto' of exquisite purity—a sweet *voix de salon*, possessing degrees of moderation truly surprising. The simple ballads introduced in her performances, are given with a finish and effect which, with but one exception, we have never heard equalled. Of her acting, so much has been said, that we are quite unable to add any thing in the way of criticism. As an actress, she certainly stands alone. She is 'sui generis,' and cannot be compared, in justice, with any other. But it is not, as some of her admirers have asserted, because she 'soars above the regular standard of criticism.' She does no such thing. She cannot act in opposition to its laws, nor in defiance of its opinions. She is amenable to the rules which govern the art histrionic, as any other performer. If her strength does not lie in what is called the legitimate drama, she is nevertheless guided by the same natural laws that influence the most orthodox comedian. It is absurd to suppose, that the exercise of any particular passion, the same muscles of the face, the same actions of the body, are not requisite; as if, for example, to express the love of comedy, and the love of farce, two sets of muscles were required. If Madame VESTRIS is *above* the rules of criticism, heaven help her! Every thing which she attempts, seems at once stamped with the utmost finish of art. There is nothing more to be desired; no awful pauses, for the imagination to lath and plaster, but each minute particular of the scene is noted and expressed, with the most careful attention. If her performances are of a character which does not astonish, they always please. There is no drawback, no occasional brilliancy, breaking forth at one moment, to be contrasted the next with more than Egyptian darkness. The most cynical are pleased. In her acting all is smooth, and critically just.

A most agreeable disappointment was encountered, in the case of this lady's husband, Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS. Although descended from the greatest favorite in the theatrical world, the American public did not expect to find the son so far advanced in the remembered excellence of the father. As a light comedian, (we may say it boldly,) Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS has but one superior in this country. As an eccentric of the school of his lamented father, he is already far beyond any one of that host of imitators, who have attempted (alas, how vainly!) to fill the place of the great original. The same spirit of fun, the same quick observation; the almost intuitive perception of the diversified eccentricities of humanity; the sensitive temperament, in itself an evidence of genius, which characterised the father, seem to have descended upon the son. Our observation upon these gifted strangers must at this time necessarily be brief and general. We hope to refer to them often hereafter, and to point out, more particularly, their peculiar merits. We cannot leave Madame VESTRIS, however, without adverting to her introduction, upon the Park boards, of that unique spirit of order, and correct stage management, which made her own theatre so celebrated at home. In the furniture of rooms, in the dresses, and in the perfect propriety of all the stage-arrangements, there is a most perceptible improvement, on the nights of her performance. We hope the stage-manager will take a lesson from her, and exercise a little of the same propriety upon other occasions.

With all the particular talent which, as 'stars,' now shines at the Park Theatre, there are so many constant drawbacks to enjoyment, in the unpardonable deficiencies of the stock company, that we can only wonder at the patient endurance which this suffering public, night after night, evinces. With but a single light-comedian, and he certainly not superior, without one member, in the entire company, capable of sustaining even second parts in tragedy; with a most plentiful lack of talent, suitable for the minor characters in either tragedy, comedy, or farce; the Park Theatre is nightly crammed, from floor to ceiling, with the best-natured audiences that ever suffered martyrdom. No one can blame the manager. Tell him that his stock company, with a few brilliant exceptions, would disgrace a barn, and with smiling complacency, he can point to his overflowing treasury. Ask him why he does not engage a full complement of respectable actors, for at least the minor characters. 'What advantage would that be to me,' answers the satisfied director, 'when I can fill the house without them?' 'Cui bono?' indeed. If half a loaf answers the purpose of a whole one, why be at unnecessary expense for a superabundance! There is Mr. GANN placed on the boards of the Park, since the demise of an old favorite, for the purpose, it is presumed, of deluding the public with the belief that he is 'filling the place' of the lamented CLARKE. And *how* he does it! Mr. Clarke was one of the best readers on the stage. Mr. Gann, we grieve to say, is one of the worst. If there was nothing particularly brilliant in the acting of his predecessor, there was never a lack of propriety in his manner upon the stage. There is just as much of one as of the other, in his substitute, whom we have heard compared to an over-grown butcher. In the presence of his superiors, as for instance when before Frederick the Great, in the character of one of his generals, Clarke always put off his hat. In the same situation, Mr. Gann always puts his on. Clarke always knew his text, which, believing it to be a somewhat important auxiliary to his performance, he probably learned before coming to the theatre. Mr. Gann seems to consider this



knowledge a matter of supererogation, and therefore saves himself a great deal of trouble, all of which he generously bestows upon the prompter. Whether it is Mr. JOHNSON or Mr. NEXSEN who is to be considered the substitute of JOHN MASON, we are somewhat perplexed to ascertain. Mr. Johnson is quite an old favorite, and so is Mr. Nexsen; and in that respect, neither can be said to have the advantage. In comparing the individual qualifications, however, we are decidedly of opinion that Mr. Johnson has the most spirit of the two. He is not afraid to speak above his breath, and therefore we think that in heroic tragedy he would be more like his predecessor than would Mr. Nexsen. But in light comedy and farce, in those dashing, genteel characters, which Mr. Mason knew so well how to personate, such as Capt. Absolute, the gentleman in 'P. P.,' Benedict, perhaps Charles Surface, and many others, Mr. Nexsen has decidedly the advantage over his contemporary. In sentimental comedy, also, Mr. Nexsen must succeed. There is a soft melancholy in his air and appearance, he is gifted with a subdued and particularly mellow tone of voice, which admirably fits him for such parts as Clifford, 'The Stranger,' and Jacques, in 'As you Like It.'

With such advantages, indeed, even Hamlet might be tenderly dealt with. It is particularly in the exhibition of deep sentiment, that Mr. Nexsen chiefly excels. We have remarked the expression of his intellectual countenance, upon such occasions, with peculiar interest. Nothing can be more touching, for instance, than his manner, when in the act of making a declaration of the tender passion. With a solemnity of aspect which would make the fortune of an undertaker, his hat gracefully disposed under his left arm, his right hand either most sentimentally laid upon that part of his outer garment which lies nearest his heart, or oratorically extended from his side, with all the emphasis of a tin kettle unbroken in the spout, he casts his eyes upward with the soul-subduing expression of an unsophisticated duck in a thunder-storm. But this rather enthusiastic encomium must not in any wise detract from the merits of his rival. Both have their peculiar beauties. Perhaps Mr. Johnson produces his greatest effects, when he speaks the least. Not that his voice lacks melody, but because, like other great artists, he has a language in his face — 'a silence that speaks.' Mr. BEDFORD has not been so long before us, as either of the brilliant spirits just named, though long enough, perhaps, to give us an idea of his great merit. There is a martial bearing, combined with the ease of old gentility, which fit him sweetly for the personation of dashing military characters. His personation of a general officer, in 'St. Patrick's Eve,' is a thing to be remembered. He seemed the identification of chivalry. The sword clung naturally to his hand, and flew from its scabbard as if it would emulate the giant rapier wielded by the Douglas, or the no less trusty weapon of the gallant Cœur de Lion. It seemed, indeed, rather unwilling to return to its sheath, and when there, testified that sort of uneasiness which Jacques of the 'Honey Moon' so aptly compares to the 'trick of a monkey's tail.' But we have said enough. Such men combine the useful and ornamental, to a most accommodating extent; and any stage, even a metropolitan, is fortunate in possessing such rare adornments. Long may they grace the Park!

C.

NATIONAL THEATRE.—Mr. WALLACK, himself a host, has opened the theatrical campaign with abundant vigor, at this establishment. To Mr. FORREST succeeded DE BERNIS, an eminent musical actor and vocalist, of the highest reputation in Europe. He established his rank here at once, and won deserved applause. WALLACK's first appearance chanced to be to merely a respectable audience. We say 'chanced,' because the benefit of the wonderful RAVELS at Niblo's and the first benefit of MATTHEWS at the Park, operated adversely for his interests. He has lost none of his great popularity, let us assure him, with the New-York public, who have seldom met his equal, in his particular line. 'Rolla,' 'Massaroni,' and 'Dick Dashall' were never better sustained on the American boards. As we write, CELESTE is crowding the theatre, to the very street, with her performance in 'St. Mary's Eve,' a piece which had an extraordinary run in England and France. Miss SHIREFF, a distinguished vocalist, with other 'stars' of celebrity, in their various walks, are to follow in their turn. Judicious stage-management, beautiful scenery, and the best stock company in the United States, have elevated the National Theatre to a high place in the regards of all theatre-goers.

THE SIMPSON BENEFIT, as we predicted, crowded the Park Theatre with the chief beauty and fashion of the town. The performances were by all the most prominent actors and actresses in the country, and went off with unusual eclat. The 'Address,' from the pen of EPES SARGENT, Esq., was spoken with admirable effect by Miss TREE. It was a beautiful production, and in excellent taste. Its arrangement would seem to have been suggested by the lines of SWAIN, if we remember rightly, on the death of SCOTT, wherein the characters of romance and poetry, drawn by the great novelist, move by in solemn procession, at Dryburgh Abbey.

**FOREIGN LITERARY INTELLIGENCE. — AMERICAN WORKS ABROAD.** — We are indebted to the considerate kindness of a friend in London, for some late and gratifying literary intelligence. He tells us that Miss MARTINEAU has published a new work entitled 'How to Observe, or Morals and Manners.' Its title is ominous, and smacks of the female philosophress. The American reader, conversant with the discursive habits of the politico-economic writer, will exclaim with Sir HUGH EVANS: 'I spy a great peard under her muffler; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard.' This work has been just published by the Messrs. HARPERS. BOSWORTH'S Anglo-Saxon Dictionary, in a large octavo, which has been fifteen years in preparation, has just appeared, and is the only complete work of the kind extant. The 'Letters from Rome,' familiar originally to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER, have been published by BENTLEY, under the title of 'The Last Days of Aurelian, or the Nazarenes of Rome.' It is pronounced, by the English critics, to be even superior to 'Zenobia, or the Fall of Palmyra,' our 'Palmyra Letters,' which have become so widely popular abroad. The same publisher announces as in press, 'Eve Effingham, or Home,' the English title, doubtless, of COOPER'S 'Home-as-Found,' now passing through the press at Philadelphia; and, in connection with the London house of Messrs WILEY AND PUTNAM, Mr. STEPHENS' last 'Incidents of Travel.' The trans-Atlantic reputation which his first work acquired, will cause the present to be sought after with eagerness. Mrs. JAMIESON has in press a new work on the United States and the Canadas, entitled 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.' It will be re-published here by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, by contract, from the early sheets. The lady speaks, we are informed, with much enthusiasm, of her visit to the United States, and of the great cordiality with which she was received among us. 'The American in Paris,' by our sprightly and clever countryman, SANDERSON, has been published by Bentley, and received with deserved applause. The 'Civil Engineering,' by Prof. MAHAN, of West Point, has been reprinted in Glasgow, and is every where spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. Last, and perhaps least, but not to us, our own poor labors are in enhanced demand with the trans-Atlantines. Fifty additional copies of the KNICKERBOCKER are ordered per the 'Great Western,' by our London publishers.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS.** — We have an 'Editor's Drawer' in preparation for an early number, to embrace the favors of several correspondents, which demand to be accompanied by a word or two of affirmative or negative comment. To 'C. M.,' however, who requests 'an immediate publication or notice,' of his poetry, we may say at once, that his lines are not to our taste. Aside from certain cheap and sterile artifices, which seldom accompany meritorious compositions, there is, in the terminating syllables, such a Procrustes-like forcing of unruly words into services for which they have the utmost repugnance, as we never remember to have encountered before. One or two stanzas brought forcibly to mind the lines of the German lover-student:

' Oh, where is my companion true,  
With whom I flirted at the U-  
Niversity of Gottingen !  
She was the daughter of my tu-  
Tor, law-professor at the U-  
Niversity of Gottingen ?'

**HALE'S NEWS ROOM.** — This establishment demands a word of praise. It is supplied with papers from every quarter of the world; English, French, Scottish, German, Russian, Spanish, Italian, Grecian, etc.; together with all the principal newspapers and literary and scientific periodicals of our own country. The room is well conducted, and affords, moreover, a convenient resort for the interchange of commercial and other business information.

\*\*\* NOTICES of the following works, although in type, are unavoidably omitted: 'A tale of the Huguenots,' Ellen Clifford,' 'The Mothers' Monthly Journal,' 'Health and Beauty,' 'Life of Black-Hawk,' 'PEERS,' 'American Education,' 'Stone's Life of Brant,' 'Religious Souvenir,' and 'Jorrock's Jaunts and Jollities.'

# THE KNICKERBOCKER.

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## AMERICAN POETRY.

'To be, or not to be?'

'WHERE is the American epic?' is a question daily asked. The man who answered, 'In our mountains,' was not so far from truth. We are no disciples of the school which teaches that an epic bursts at once to life, without any connection with the times, the taste, or the manners of a people; for though Genius can do much, she is scarce omnipotent, and is herself the creature of surrounding circumstances. The days of miracles have passed. The spirit of the age is stamped on the *Æneid*, and no one but a puritan and a controversialist, as well as a poet, could have written *Paradise Lost*. A people may, therefore, possess genius for every other task; they may even give birth to minds which, if educated amid poetic associations, would light the world with their brilliant phantasies; and yet, if destitute of these associations, that same people may in vain hope for a son of 'the immortal lyre.' We do not, in fine, deny the existence of a german genius for poetry; but we look in surrounding circumstances for the soil to nourish the undying shoot, and if it be not fit, we lay the matter over to posterity. Heaven grant they may be more poetic than we are now!

We are broaching no new doctrine, when we say, that the present age is incapable of the epic. In all the arts and sciences which are either practical or demonstrable, our young republic has displayed talents and genius as yet unsurpassed. In mechanics, in bold, daring inventions, in new and tremendous influences in the moral world, and in all the more popular fields of human intellect, her rank is high. Her strides have been gigantic. So peculiarly fitted have her institutions been, for the development of *useful* mind, and so rapid and startling have been these triumphs, that we have seemed to breathe a magic atmosphere of intellect, from out of which, whenever the wants of her people have invoked them, spirits vast and powerful have started at her call. But in the finer and more beautiful workings of the mind, she is as yet a tyro. The condition of herself, the character of her people, and the circumstances which enervate her literature, forbid the most sanguine to hope for a triumph in poetry.

There is no flight of genius so near the sun, as that of the epic. It demands an eye of fire, and a wing of iron nerve. Every power of the mind; every aid from knowledge; the most exquisite taste;

the nicest choice of language ; and the divinest inspirations of genius, are necessary for, and called into full play in, the struggle. Few, therefore, have ever dared the flight, and fewer still have gained the empyrean. Homer, Virgil, Tasso, and Milton, are almost alone in their sublime and boundless supremacy. Perhaps, too, every century increases the difficulty ; for as nations rise in civilization, their fastidiousness increases, their minds become enlarged, they hold communion with loftier spirits, and call for more magnificent results. The poet of to-day must burst through the overshadowing of his predecessors. His chances of success are consequently lessened. Beside, the epic has always followed in the train of other poetry. It seems, indeed, as if the worlds of poësy and intellect are like the moral universe ; that progression is the law of each ; that great events are always heralded by those of lesser note ; and that every successive attainment serves only as a vantage ground to descry the next. Thus Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare, foreshadowed the coming of Milton ; and doubtless many a lost fragment of lofty poetry ushered in the immortal Iliad. Virgil, too, and Tasso, first drew from the delicious spring, and then, fresh from the fountain, poured forth upon the world their tide of mellow song ; and many an epoch will pass in our history, before we can have works like theirs.

Our country, at the outset, is destitute of the proper feeling, without which no poetry, much less the epic, can flourish. We are too utilitarian for the muses. The wants of a new people monopolized the talents of our fathers, and, as was natural, produced a belief that the necessaries of existence were the only things desirable. They had no time, generally, even for the elegancies of life ; and there were few hereditary families of wealth and taste to keep up, by their patronage, a pure estimation of poetry and the finer arts. Left to themselves, therefore, the belles-lettres, after a fruitless struggle, fell into the hands of a solitary few ; and the great body of the nation was whirled away by the desire, now become universal, of amassing wealth. The consequence was soon felt in literature ; and we are to-day without any extensive class of literary men, who, like those of England, light the world with their deep thoughts. But poetry suffered most. We became a grasping, trading, and productive community ; public opinion, that silent but tremendous tyrant of the mind, went over to the side of wealth ; and it soon began to be regarded by wise utilitarians as mad, Quixotic, and ridiculous, if not disreputable, to sacrifice a competence for poetry. The muse was literally ostracised ; and the young, diffident writer, sneered at by what the world calls your substantial men, and encouraged by scarcely one, began to question his own wisdom, and soon left Parnassus in despair. No matter what were his talents ; the same cynic spirit crushed alike the mighty and the small. The wings of the young eagle were clipped in his eyrie ; and the cold blast withered the lily, even in the bud.

Some, however, conscious of the immortal fire within them, and believing early neglect to be the lot of poets, maintained the battle against every odds, and dared even to vacate the magazine for a hot-pressed octavo from Carey or Harper. But, poor mortals ! their pre-

sumption was soon checked. They had brilliant talents, it is true, but they had committed the unpardonable sin ; and who would pay a half eagle for American poetry, when they could get English, equally as good, for half the price ? A little encouragement might have fixed their bent, but the spirit of utilitarianism was too coarse to appreciate, and too niggard to purchase, their works. Their publishers frowned, their editions decayed on the shelf, and every fat tradesman jostled them contemptuously in the streets. What could be done ? Before them, on one hand, was poverty, and that queer thing called posthumous renown ; and on the other, wealth, respectability, and influence. A man, after the enthusiasm of twenty is past, does not long hesitate between a parlour and a garret ; and so they took to trade, got rich, lost all their fire, and now instead of 'getting fou,' like Burns, 'on twa-penny,' do so like gentlemen, on Burgundy and champaigne. Such, alas ! has been the fate of the American harp. Our poets, one by one, have passed away. Halleck, Percival, Bryant, and Dana, where are they ? Their history is short. A few wild bursts in youth, a few glorious triumphs in later days, and then they ceased. At most, a few melancholy notes wail, at intervals, from their deserted lyres.

This universal and distempered taste, which condemns the American poet to silence, is at the root of the evil, and affects poetry, even in the germ ; for if slighter pieces, of acknowledged merit, are neglected, how will it fare with the more delicate works of taste ? How, in short, can our poets ever rise to the epic, if they are struck so remorselessly from lower fields, where they might gain strength for a loftier reach ? It is impossible. The eagle breasts not the thunderbolt, till he has shaken for years the dew-drops from his wing. Our people must, therefore, imbibe a taste for true poetry, patronise and study something else than a partisan newspaper, and foster a more iron literature, and a more national spirit, before they can hope for a laurelled muse. When this, however, shall be attained, they will be but at the threshold of the epic. They may have the body, but they will still want its nerve — hallowed moral associations ; for they, more than any thing else, give birth to the poësy of a people. Thus in Scotland, that land of song, the very air breathes poetry. Not a mountain but has seen a skirmish ; every plain has thundered with a battle ; her glens are full of wild and shadowy traditions ; her cairns are haunted with her plaided chieftains ; ages ago, her rivers sang back the verses of her bards ; and even her brown moorlands are the homes of fairies. Born and nourished amid such thrilling memories, if there exists a latent spark in her sons, it is struck forth. The peasant cannot cross his farm, without beholding some spot famous in song. Hoary traditions and moss-grown baronial ruins, the border fields of Wallace, and the fame of ancient triumphs, kindle her genius into enthusiasm, until it breaks forth in her old mournful ballads, or the sweet and touching pathos of Burns. You can hear in Scott, the rattle of her armor, and see in Ramsay, the gentle waving of her plaids. But *we* have none of these. We are not rocked unconsciously into poets. Time has not hallowed our border conflicts ; and every thing in our history is comparatively modern, and matter-of-fact. Perhaps our only materials are

in the dreamy traditions of the red men ; but they can never win our sympathies, as our own fathers might have done. We are, consequently, without any epic, save the 'Columbiad,' and that is one only by courtesy. It wants the energy, the sublimity, the living fire of genius. A classic taste, a patriotic feeling, and the purest harmony of numbers, are nothing, without that divinity of thought which bursts unconsciously from inspiration. Barlow tried to appeal to our moral associations, but they were too recent, and he failed. They had not the hoary sanctity of age. But a *national* epic cannot exist without them. They burn through Homer, smile in Virgil, and thunder with the Arch-fiend in Paradise Lost. Time may strew them around us ; but who, at the present day, is so fool-hardy as to sing without them ? We must wait till ages have ivied over our altars, until our border-fields loom mistily in the distance of antiquity, and the heroes of our infancy stalk, like shadowy figures, in the gloom. Till then, let us not despair. '*Omnes non omnia possumus.*'

This, together with our origin, accounts for the absence of a *national* poetry. We have no American school. France has her distinctive qualities ; Italy, with her sunny hills, hers ; even Germany has filled her young yet giant literature with those as strong ; but we are literally Anglican. Perhaps, with the same language, a lingering allegiance to their models, good or bad, and the similarity of our manners and tone of mind, arising from a common origin and maintained by the tremendous influence which their literature, disseminated cheaper than our own, exerts upon us, this is unavoidable. We are too much in letters the province as well as colony of Britain ; we shall never be national in poetry, till we break the spell ; and we shall probably never break the spell, till our national character is more distinct from theirs. This, generations will scarcely see.

Still, however, our poetry has been less national than it might be. Too many imitate an English model, rather than give free course to their own thoughts. This is a delicate ground, and we must walk it stealthily, or win their ire. But the eagles of the hill will know our motives — we care not how many of the ravens caw at us. We mean no disrespect to Helicon, for heaven knows we have drunk too often at her fount. But we are *Americans*, in ancestry, education, and feeling ; we see the evil ; it can only be corrected when known ; we have glanced at its most prominent causes, and to the best of our humble ability, shall denounce it. We might instance more or less from every writer of established merit, but it is so obvious to all who read them, that every man of taste will cry 'Amen !' Their metaphors, descriptions of scenery, and lights in which they throw their pieces, in fine that indescribable *something*, yclept the spirit and essence of the verse, are all too often British. They seem enchanted and powerless before their masters. They are rather pretty than sublime ; for they are certain of being the one, with care, while it needs lofty daring for the other. We speak now only of the postasters, and some weaker moments of the masters. The mournful simplicity of Percival ; the tender, pensive melancholy of Bryant ; even Brainard, with his force, and Dana with his energy and fire, are darkened at times by the overshadowing of their English origin and education. These great authors, however, know



this as well as we; and redeem themselves at times, by flinging off productions, splendid in national allusions, burning from their altars. They prove what they might do if they would; when will they, fearlessly and boldly, strike out an orbit for themselves? Do they consider that while they emulate the British school, their transatlantic rivals, born amid touching associations, nourished by opulence, favor, and taste, and gifted with the passport of English criticism, will always, with equal worth, surpass them? And do they forget that we are slowly becoming a bolder, more vivacious people; that our national character is surely in its germ; that even if unequal in some respects, an original poetry will carry off the palm; and that the present muse of Britain should be as little fitted for America, as the frail flower of the Yarrow for the rugged mountains of the west? All this they know, and if they do not, will thank us for the truth. Their weaker imitators, however, deepen the darkness, and then send forth their foul clamor, if we warn them of the evil. It is like the screams of the harpies around the Trojan tables:

‘Et magnus quatunt clangoribus abas.’

But if destitute of the moral associations, lethargized by utilitarianism, and chained by education and influence to British models, how can we be national? The answer is easy. We have the sublimities of nature, and by seizing on these, our poets might be immortal. We have noble rivers; eternal forests; the most stupendous mountains; and seasons full of glorious associations. The fall of the leaf, the dreary winter forests, the ocean prairies, and the picturesque Indian landscapes of the west, furnish materials totally unknown to England, capable of founding a distinct school, and yet how rarely are they sung! Before our country can be redeemed, therefore, we must learn to follow nature rather than the schools, and, from the roar of Niagara, and the vast melancholy sweep of the Mississippi, to gather laurels for immortality. Let them soar amid the grandest of nature's works, and write, as Apelles painted, for eternity. They have obstacles to surmount; a taste to regenerate, and a literature to redeem; but the more dangerous the effort, the more brilliant the success. When Dante snapped the cord that swathed the mind of Italy, did they bid fairer for success than we? Had Chaucer never waved his wand, nor Shakspeare gleamed forth, the meteor of eternity; had Galileo paused, or Bacon never dared his splendid philosophy, where would have been the mind's triumph, or man's renown? Their countries are in a blaze with their fame. True divine genius, when once it has been fanned into a flame, cannot be quenched; and when America shall *educate* a Shakspeare, what can crush the giant? He will revolutionize our poetry. He will reign without a Waterloo. We can no more stay his bursts of inspiration, than check the rapid, angry flashes of the storm.

We repeat it, therefore, that there is a dearth of bold, natural genius in our poetry. We have no lord of the epic or the drama. Events have not yet woke the slumbering mind. There is talent enough, but it is either seduced into utilitarian pursuits, or overawed in youth by the grandeur of the British classics. But time will do

the work. A great people can no more be slaves in literature, than in government. Age will give us a national character, fling around us a halo of touching associations, and imperceptibly increase the boldness of our writers. As the community becomes more advanced, it will, as all old countries, have greater time for the elegances of life. Opulence will begin to nourish talent; the people will become more refined; a better taste will finally prevail among them, native genius will meet with due encouragement, and America be hallowed in immortal song. Some Byron will go forth, the pilgrim of the west; and some Shakspeare will thrill us with the deeds of our fathers. The wild native march will ring through our mountains, and the simple ballad will be sung in our glens. A mournful aspiration will go up from some undying genius.

— 'to be remembered in his line  
With his land's language.'

That day, whenever it shall come, will redeem us. We shall then be ready for any fate. As the old Greek wrapped himself in his mantle, and laid down to die, so may a country wrap herself in the glory of her sons, and calmly wait her destiny.

PODRIDA.

*Philadelphia.*

#### THE PASSIONS.

TIME was, when man in God's own image stood,  
Communing with the angels, in that bower,  
Where first creation dawned upon his view!  
Their radiant pinions hovered o'er his rest,  
While seraph voices joined his vesper hymn.

In its primeval glory, this fair world,  
With all its noblest, and its brightest things,  
By high OMNIPOTENCE to MAN was given.  
Creation owned her Lord! while all that moved  
On earth, in air, and sea, his reign confessed.  
Before him bowed the forest monarch down,  
With the young land, submissive to his power.  
Birds of soft plumage, and melodious song,  
With notes responsive, hailed the rising day;  
While fragrant flowers, of bright and various hue,  
Sprang in his path, o'er which luxuriant trees,  
Blushing with golden fruit, their shadows spread.

Such was fair Paradise! When woman smiled,  
All Eden brightened with a richer glow!  
Led by the hand of DERRY, she came,  
To dwell in kind companionship with man,  
A sharer in his pleasures, and his toils,  
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid.  
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there;  
God saw his glorious work, 'and it was good.'

Brief hour of human purity, and truth!  
Malignant Envy, in the bland disguise  
Of friendship, stole; yea, twined his serpent folds  
Around the consecrated tree of life!  
'Eat, woman, eat! ye shall *not* surely die!'—  
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. They ate.  
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky,  
Wild raged the storm; earth's firm foundations shook,

While ocean trembled from her deepest cells.  
The livid lightning flashed with lurid glare,  
Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven,  
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar,  
Proclaimed in God's own voice, that man was lost!

The sinful pair shrank from the wrath of heaven,  
And gazed upon the desolated scene;  
The lion's roar, the savage tiger's yell,  
The fierce hyena's wild unearthly cry,  
Came mingled with the wolf's discordant howl.  
The huge leviathan, from the vast deep,  
Rebellious rose above his ocean bounds,  
Dashing with fearful power the trembling shore;  
While, mid the awful pauses of the storm,  
Ill-omened birds, that shun the face of day,  
Shrieked as they passed from Eden's rifled bower,  
Leaving alone God's sacred messenger,  
The holy dove, a timid nestler there.

Apart, the dark arch enemy of man  
Looked on, with fiendish glee, and cursed our race.  
The chain that bound him in his dark abode  
Was riven, and forth he strode, triumphant  
O'er the globe; veiling his hideous form,  
And smile demoniac, 'neath that smooth disguise  
That first brought sin and ruin on mankind.  
He spake: wild spirits filled the air, the earth,  
The sea. First, MURDER came; his right hand red  
With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,  
For which his own, in every age and clime,  
Hath deeply paid. 'Cursed art thou!' said God,  
And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

Next, came REMORSE, with cold and rayless eye,  
His pale lip quivering, as the retrospect  
Of crimes unpardoned darkened memory's page;  
An exile from his God, spurned by his race,  
To nature's wildest solitudes he fled;  
Those sunless depths by human feet untrod,  
Where coiled the hissing serpent in his path,  
And nameless things of horror met his view.  
Where poisonous weeds in tangled masses hung  
O'er the green bosom of the stagnant pool,  
Rife with disease, and death. Such was his home;  
Shrinking beneath the hemlock's baleful shade,  
In savage gloom, he brooded o'er the past.

His step was followed by DESPAIR. The world  
Had scorned him; his impassioned soul  
Had deeply drank at learning's sacred fount;  
But fame's deceitful smile, dark envy's sneer,  
The loss of wealth, the treachery of friends,  
Joined with the pangs of unrequited love,  
Came o'er his heart, as sweeps the siroc blast  
O'er fields of richest bloom, leaving behind  
The blackened wreck of nature's brightest things.  
To quell the anguish of his throbbing breast,  
He sought the shrine where wild Intemperance drains  
The Circean bowl of deep forgetfulness.  
Through his young veins the insidious poison ran,  
With phrenzied eye he wildly gazed around:  
Life seemed to him a blank, a cheerless void;  
No friendly hand was near to stay his course,  
No kindred spirit whispered, 'Live for me!'—  
He grasped the blade of death, and sealed his doom.

Next came REVENGE. Beneath his lowering brow  
Flashed forth his kindling eye with fearful glare,  
As bursts the lightning from the sable cloud.  
His hand hath grasped the victim of his wrath,

High o'er his head the glittering steel is raised !  
 The cry for mercy, the denial fierce,  
 Are mingled with life's last convulsive gasp :  
 Revenge exulting, gazes on the dead !

What form is that, which, wild as lightning's flash,  
 Sweeps o'er the plain ? 'Tis WAR — insatiate War !  
 Wielding his massive spear with mighty grasp ;  
 He goads his fiery steed o'er yon bold heights,  
 That meet the brow of heaven ! the trumpet's blast  
 Hath drowned the widow's shriek, the orphan's wail ;  
 Oh ! what to him are nature's holy ties ?  
 Ambition points to victory, and fame ;  
 He treads o'er slaughtered millions to a throne,  
 And grasps a sceptre, red with human blood !  
 While, basely cowering at the tyrant's feet,  
 With smiles deceitful, and obsequious phrase,  
 Haughty REBELLION and dark TREASON bow,  
 Veiling beneath submission's humble guise  
 The furious fires that wildly raged within.  
 United, only in the bands of vice,  
 They watch in secret when and where to speed  
 The bolt commissioned with their sovereign's doom.  
 While meaner parasites, those gaudy things  
 That flutter round the blaze of royalty,  
 Vile mercenary wretches, who for gold  
 Would sell themselves, their country, and their God,  
 Yea, swear allegiance to the powers below,  
 To buy a life of luxury and ease,  
 Submissive wait to aid the work of death.

Stealing beneath the shadowy veil of night,  
 With noiseless step, pale JEALOUSY is seen.  
 His breast, by wild conflicting passions torn,  
 Heaves with deep anguish, as the withering thought  
 Comes o'er his heart, that she, his dearer self,  
 The treasured idol of his soul, is false !  
 Yea, false to him, whose life-blood is her own !  
 Blinded with rage, he madly rushes forth ;  
 His haughty foe hath proudly crossed his path,  
 Their eyes have met ! The fierce volcano's flame  
 Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance.  
 No more ! 'Tis done, the double deed of death !  
 The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,  
 Is quivering now within *her* heaving breast.

From out the murky den of dark Intemperance,  
 Rush forth a frantic throng, whose revels foul  
 The breath of heaven taint. Like the wild forms  
 That people Hecla's shades, they flit along,  
 Their eye-balls gleaming with unholy fires ;  
 Riot, and folly, theft, and lawless love,  
 In fiendish revelry discordant join ;  
 While haggard guilt, laden with nameless crimes,  
 With fear recoiling, shrinks to his vile den,  
 Trembling as if stern justice met his view.

False PLEASURE, too, in tinselled garb is there ;  
 With limbs half veiled, and gestures wild and strange,  
 She lightly bounds in the lascivious dance.  
 Around her bold unblushing brow is wreathed  
 The deadly night-shade, with the curling vine,  
 Twined with nefarious flowers of poisonous breath,  
 Their fiery eye, keen as the basilisk's  
 Who marks his prey, flashes with sulphurous light ;  
 False as that flame which quivers o'er the gulf  
 Of dark oblivion, tempting to destroy.  
 Mysterious power ! Men shudder as they gaze,  
 Despise, but own her fascinating spell.  
 As bursts the deafening thunder of applause,

The shameless votary of folly kneels,  
And claims the worthless wreath of public fame !

Last, in the train of human misery,  
Unconscious MADNESS rushed. The storm that beat  
On his unsheltered head and naked breast,  
Was calm, to that which wildly raged within.  
All the base passions that deform the soul,  
By turns usurped departed reason's throne.  
His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,  
In fierce defiance strangely glanced around ;  
While his herculean frame dilated rose,  
As if exulting in its giant strength.  
Uprooted trees were strewn across his path ;  
The remnants of his sanguinary meal,  
Still warm with life, lay scattered at his feet.  
They caught his eye ! Not Ætna's wildest roar  
E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh ;  
As rolls the distant thunder on, it ceased.  
Slowly the maniac sought the silent shade,  
And calmly looked upon the setting sun.  
'*Thou art my God !*' he said, with trembling voice,  
And humbly bent that wretched one in prayer.  
It was his last. Exhausted nature sank.  
Loosed was the silver chord ; the golden bowl  
Was broken at the fount ! His bosom heaved  
With one convulsive throb — then all was o'er

## THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

BY GRACE GRAFTON.

'On ! when wilt thou return  
To thy spirit's early love ?  
To the freshness of the morn,  
To the stillness of the grove ?

Oh ! thou hast wandered long  
From thy home without a guide,  
And thy native woodland song  
In thine altered heart hath died ?

MRS. HEMANS.

IN a pretty village in one of the most beautiful counties in the state of New-York, there stood a lovely dwelling, so concealed from the public road by trees, and shrubs, and trellis work, that it failed to excite the admiration it deserved. Of the thousand and one strangers who passed it in the stage every summer, not one ever bestowed a second look upon it, or a second thought. How could they imagine the beauty that reigned without, or the comfort that dwelt within ? They could tell nothing of either, till they passed through the wicket at the side of the house, and stepped upon the small green in the rear : then the garden, the orchard, the smiling meadow, sloping down to the margin of a clear rivulet ; and beyond, the dark, old, everlasting woods ; all, all spoke of beauty and of peace.

A lovely dwelling, in a pretty village, in a beautiful county ! Surely some very pretty girl must have dwelt therein ? No ; the beauty of that habitation was all in external, inanimate objects. Even the domestic animals around it, not excepting the old negroes, were

'*mortal homely*,' (to use a homely phrase.) Of the two cows, one had a crumpled horn; the other had no horns at all: one was rusty black, speckled with white; the other was dirty white, speckled with black; they had no pretensions to comeliness; and yet, to hear the colored woman Judy speak of them, you might have thought them worth their weight in gold. Then the cat was a gristly old creature, that had lost his ears one cruel, frosty night; and his mate was as black and as cross as old Judy herself; and so on throughout the establishment. Not to say that they were cross; but, in appearance, at least, the 'folks' were ordinary kind of people. They consisted of an old widow lady, and a young woman she had brought up; Mrs. Stanford and Miss Harriet Palmer. These were then, and for seven long years had been, the only inhabitants.

The younger of these two ladies had passed the first bloom of youth, and had lost that charming vivacity, which had once enlivened and rendered interesting a countenance which never had much claim to beauty. Yet she was still considered a desirable match in the country, and had refused several good offers; and the village gossips had settled it between themselves that she would die an old maid. I believe she thought so herself, and the idea did not seem to trouble her peace. But there was *something* lay heavy at her heart; no one could look into her large dark eyes and doubt it. When I said her countenance had no claims to beauty, I forgot her eyes: they were very bright once, and full of mirth; and had not that large, solemn look before she grew thin, and turned serious.

I must not omit to say, that Miss Palmer was not looked upon as a dependent; for she had some property in her own right, and was moreover a distant relation of good Mrs. Stanford; who, on the death of her only daughter, had adopted Harriet, and truly had been a mother to her. Harriet was an excellent girl, and repaid her kind friend's care with steady and faithful affection. There was a time — ah! now we are coming to that deep, hidden spot in poor Harriet's heart, from whence the dark waters of sorrow and disappointment had flowed over her innocent life, and tinged her prospects with melancholy. There was a time — ah! how often, and in what varied cadences of sadness and of grief, have these few words been uttered! There was a time, I say, when Harriet Palmer was looked upon as the future daughter-in-law of the good widow Stanford, and the old lady was thought so warmly to promote the match between her only son and her young protégé, as to be the real cause of its being broken off at last. At least the neighbours used to say so, reasoning on the contradictory spirit common to man; but they never knew the rights of it; nor any one else, except Harriet, and the one other person most nearly concerned.

From the time Charles Stanford first came here from school, the young people had been regarded as lovers; nor did they attempt to conceal their affection for each other. Yet in the midst of her happiness, the unpleasant thought often occurred to Harriet, that Charles loved her more for his mother's sake than for her own. She fancied she could perceive waverings in his attachment; slight inclinations toward other objects; and she formed the heroic resolution of releasing him from all his ties, till he had seen more of the world,



and had better opportunities of forming his judgment, and suiting his taste. Of course the youth vowed constancy to his early love ; but she was resolute, and he accepted her conditions with rather less reluctance than she could have desired. They were both to be as free as air. ' And yet what is freedom to me ? ' said Harriet, as she gave vent to her grief at parting with him ; ' I can never, never love any one but you, and my only wish is, for your sake, to prove that I am as necessary to your happiness as you are to mine. Return to me in two years, and tell me that you have seen nothing in the shape of woman whom you would rather call your wife than poor Harriet Palmer, and then I shall account myself the happiest of mortals ; but until that trial is passed, how can I know but that, even after marriage, you might meet with one better calculated to make you happy ? '

Charles was much affected. He could scarcely tear himself from his early companion, and the home of his childhood ; but there was no resource. Even his mother urged the propriety of his seeing more of the world, and striking out some independent business for himself, before settling down into married life. And so the gulf was passed, and the inexperienced, enamoured boy was launched on the great ocean of the world. He went to the South ; and all that befel him there, it is not my purpose here to say ; but after a year's absence, his letters told plainly enough that time and distance were working that sad change in his affections, that they are too often known to produce. His morals, too, felt the fascinating influence and dangerous effects of southern manners, producing a change in his character not so easily gathered from his letters ; though Harriet's clear-sighted affection detected symptoms that gave her sufficient uneasiness ; but what could she do ? Nothing — but hope, and pray, and half reproach herself for having suffered him to depart ' without a guide.'

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THREE years swiftly sped away ; at the end of which time, came a hasty letter from Charles Stanford to his mother, still deferring the period of his return. Business — man's never-failing excuse for want of punctuality in affairs of the heart — business was imperative. He expected to realize something handsome in the ensuing year. A speculation he had made in Texas was turning out very lucrative, and he was on the point of leaving New-Orleans for that distant land. After this, his letters were rare, and of those he did write, some failed of reaching their destination, and all were hurried, unsatisfactory scrawls. His friends, however, learnt from them that he was a frequent traveller into the more southern states of the Mexican republic.

Harriet felt that Charles was lost to her for ever ; and endeavored, in the strict performance of her duty, and above all, in the regulation of her own affectionate heart, to master the grief which preyed upon her. Perhaps it would have been better to have forgotten the faithless wanderer, and transferred her pure affections to some more worthy object ; but this was not in Harriet's nature : she preferred the uninterrupted, sorrowful remembrance of her early lover, to the heartless ties of an interested marriage. So she wore away the

encumber yourself with the base-born offspring of a low-lived, profligate woman ?

‘ You call her hard names, mother.’

‘ Not worse than she deserves, who not only lives in infamy, but abandons her helpless child to the shame and disgrace with which her mother’s fault has sullied her very existence. I want words to express my indignation. Say, what has become of the worthless hussy ?’

‘ Oh ! mother, mother, she is dead ; and what will you say, when I tell you that your unhappy son was the sharer of her crime ; the remote cause of her early death ?’ As Charles finished speaking, his voice faltered ; and leaning his hand over the back of the chair, he covered his eyes with his large, sun-burnt hand, but he could not conceal that he was weeping ; for, in spite of his endeavors to suppress them, his sobs sounded through the apartment. His mother was thunder-struck. She sat gazing at him in speechless amazement, with her mouth half open, and her eyes peering at him over her spectacles : so that Harriet stepped from her hiding-place without observation ; and she stood in silence too, gazing at them — the mother fixed as it were in astonishment ; the son wrapt in remorseful grief. ‘ Is this your return to your native home, poor Charles !’ thought Harriet ; and at the sight of his distress, her own troubles were for the moment forgotten.

The little girl, whose presence had given rise to this disgraceful disclosure, had crept close to her father, and resting her head upon his knee, was looking vacantly at the fire, and seemed little to heed his silence or his sorrow. It is probable she had been accustomed to both.

Harriet drew near, and seating herself, formed one of the group, making a sign to Mrs. Stanford to keep silence. When Charles looked up, his eyes, swollen with weeping, rested on Harriet’s countenance, so changed and so pale, that he would scarcely have recognised her, had she not greeted him, and welcomed him home in a voice, whose sweetness in his ‘ altered heart had died ;’ but which now came upon his ear like some long-forgotten melody. Shame and contrition were his portion, when he looked on the betrothed of his youth ; when he thought of the wretched girl whose partiality for him had betrayed her into sin, and disgrace, and death. Again he buried his face in his hands, and wished for death, to hide him from himself. Then suddenly, as if disgusted with his own weakness, he rose, and lifting the child in his arms : ‘ Mother,’ he said, ‘ but for the claims of this poor child on my protection, but for a sacred promise I made her dying mother, I should not have ventured thus to present myself before you, and acknowledge all my weakness ; and if it now appears that I have trespassed too much on your charity, and calculated too confidently on your indulgent affection, I can only crave your pardon, your blessing, and withdraw, to seek among strangers some safe asylum for the being I have promised to shield from infamy.’

Mrs. Stanford was silent. She loved her son ; but at that moment disappointment and displeasure prevailed ; for in all her doubts and fears regarding him, the idea had never entered her mind that he

would return to her at last with such a stain on his reputation as brought disgrace to her very door : and so the pride of virtue and maternal love made a sad conflict in her breast.

Charles paced the floor the while, till the unconscious cause of these emotions fell asleep on his shoulder. Harriet perceived it, and offered to relieve him of his burthen. 'Let me take her,' said she, quietly, 'I will find a berth for her;' and the little dark-haired stranger was soon slumbering peacefully on Harriet's bed.

Charles then seated himself by his mother, and took her hand in silence. 'Oh ! Charles, Charles,' said she, 'I fear you have been a great sinner !' but she wept as she spoke, and her son felt that mercy and forgiveness were stealing into his mother's breast, to the expulsion of the harsh dictates of the sterner virtues. A long explanation followed, during which the kind mother spared her son the reproaches he deserved, and ended by declaring that the best reparation he could make for the wrongs he had done, was the having taken charge of the child, to obviate as much as possible the consequences of her unfortunate birth, and bring her up in religious and virtuous principles : and above all, to keep her clear of that wicked Roman superstition, to which it seems her mother had been bigoted, and to which doubtless might be attributed all her back-slidings.

The good lady had just come to this most satisfactory conclusion, when Miss Palmer re-entered, leading in the young subject of their discourse ; and as it chanced, the symbol of her mother's faith was suspended round her neck ; the cross being drawn from her bosom, and clasped in her little hand. Harriet explained, that looking upon this appendage merely as an ornament, and wishing to examine the workmanship, she had offered to take it from her neck, which the child resisted strenuously, and had held it fast ever since ; but not a word she said could Miss Palmer understand ; except 'no, no,' and 'papa, papa,' as she ran to the door, and made signs that she wished to return to the parlor. Her father, however, comprehended her lisping Spanish, as she told him the story of her adventures above stairs ; and in explanation, he reluctantly related how the child's mother, in her last moments, had taken the cross from her own neck, and placed it round that of her little girl, praying Charles to give his solemn promise it should never be removed therefrom, till he had safely and properly provided for the support and protection of her infant daughter. 'And now I have redeemed my pledge,' said he, and he spoke a few words to the child in her native Spanish ; upon which she loosened the beloved relic from her little neck ; and trotting across the room, handed it to Miss Palmer.

'What is it, Harriet ?' said Mrs. Stanford.

'It is a small golden cross, of curious workmanship,' she replied.

'A symbol of the Roman Catholic faith, then,' said the old lady. 'There's both pollution and idolatry in it. Throw it behind the fire, child !'

'It is an emblem of the sufferings of Him who died to save us,' said Harriet, in an humble tone ; 'of him who bade the sinner 'Go, and sin no more.' We need not worship it ; but why should a Christian reject it ?'

CHARLES STANFORD had been reinstated in his house for nearly twelve months: his mother's kindness and his native scenes had succeeded in restoring him to something of his former self; but to Harriet Palmer's heart he had failed to win back his way. Her affection, so unchanged in absence, so devoted to the remembrance of the guileless, guiltless lover of her youth, seemed to fly the presence of the unprincipled wanderer, who had returned bending, as it were, under the weight of sin. Not for such as him

‘The prayers went up through midnight's cheerless gloom,  
And the vain yearnings woke mid festal throng!’

Not that reproaches ever passed her lips: they would have led to justification on the other side — to the discussions she was determined to avoid. With steady and resolute firmness, she opposed Charles' first steps toward a renewal of their former intimacy; and in like manner evaded all private interviews, and confidential communications; so that there soon was a tacit understanding in the family that Charles and Harriet were to be no more to each other than brother and sister. The neighbors talked the matter over, when they met to drink tea and eat short-cake, and declared that Miss Palmer was right; that they admired her spirit; and there was not one among them but would do just the same if she were in Harriet's place; with the exception of a young widow, who shook her head, and looked sentimental.

It was, therefore, quite a surprise to the whole neighborhood of gossips, when, one lovely Sunday morning, at the close of winter, a year after Charles Stanford's return, he was seen walking to church with Miss Palmer on his arm! Of course it was soon whispered round that the young couple must have come to an understanding at last. ‘*Young couple!*’ exclaimed the sentimental widow, contemptuously; and then she wondered what Mr. Stanford could see to admire in that poor, faded girl, Harriet Palmer.

The subjects of these observations meanwhile *had* come to an understanding; and that walk to church was the first mark of Harriet's favor; the first proof that the rigor of her disapprobation was, like the snow-drifts on the hill sides, undergoing a thaw.

On that particular Sabbath, the communion table was spread; and when the old and beloved minister, in his robes of purest white, approached the altar, and according to custom, invited those who could not partake in the ceremony, to remain and witness it, Harriet signified to Charles her wish that he would remain. He had intended to wait for her outside of the church; but he obeyed her request without hesitation — thinking it a small sacrifice for one he loved so well; and the walk home alone with her afterward — was not that a sufficient reward? — especially as Harriet consented to take the longest way, by a pleasant path they had often trod together in happier days. Charles was silent. His feelings were hushed. His heart had found its resting place at last, and he cared not to disturb the heavenly calm. Harriet was the first to speak: ‘I have one more condition to make with you, dear Charles;’ and he told her, half playfully, to beware of conditions, after all her former scruples had cost them both. But there was a firmness of will about Harriet,

which with a different disposition might have amounted to obstinacy; and Charles felt that her mind was made up, when she told him she never could consent to be his wife, till he had undergone so complete a reformation, as to approach with a pure heart the altar before which she had knelt, and found consolation in her severest trials. Charles was in no mood to harden his heart against her pious suggestions, and he promised to give the subject his serious consideration. Need it be added, that Charles joined the church of which Harriet had long been a valued member, and that for the few years he lived, he did all in his power to atone to God and to society, for his past errors.

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LA FRANCAISE.

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BY J. AQUAMARINE, V. Q. S.

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I.

Ma jeune Française is passing fair,  
 With witching eyes of heavenly blue,  
 Which, through the shade of clustering hair,  
 Sparkle like sapphires bathed in dew.  
 When first I saw 'ma jeune Française,'  
 Her fingers touched the 'light guitar,'  
 And 'neath the moon she poured her lay,  
 While gazed like me each listening star :  
 Ma belle Française !

II.

'Neath that soft light, her face upturned  
 Shone bright with inspiration's beam,  
 While on her lips the numbers burned  
 Of thy wild strain, 'L'amante du Rheima.'  
 The voice was sweet that poured that strain,  
 Those eyes were bright when turned above ;  
 But sweeter tones proclaimed her mine,  
 And brighter eyes confessed her love :  
 Ma chere Française !

III.

Seemed, as the strings it lightly kissed,  
 That little hand, 'the mould of form ;'  
 But lovelier far, when mine it pressed,  
 With lingering clasp, in answer warm.  
 Like fragrant dew 'mid that soft air,  
 From those sweet lips the numbers fell ;  
 But sweeter dew I tasted there,  
 While from them breathed a fonder spell :  
 Aimée Française !

IV.

With gentle rise and zone-curbed bound,  
 Swelled soft that Hebe-moulded breast ;  
 Softer, when pillowed there, I've found  
 A happy, blissful couch of rest.  
 'And from such charms man ne'er could part,'  
 Methinks you'll say, my reader fair :  
 I gave her back her wandering heart,  
 And she gave me — a lock of hair !  
 Fidele Française !

## THE SYMPATHIES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WIELAND.

## I.

BEAUTIFUL Celia, you do not yet know your tenderest lover ! Your enchanting beauty has collected around you a swarm of cringing slaves, but they do not love you. How little must you comprehend your own value, if you should become proud in consequence of their attentions ! They do not love you, Celia. It is a grosser feeling that animates their rivalry. Each one of your charms, in their eyes, promises its own peculiar zest, its own peculiar rapture. These suitors regard you in the same light as Eve considered the apple, which appeared to her delightful to the eye, and yet more so to the taste. But *I*, who never saw you with my physical eyes, I can only consider you with my mental vision, and this reveals, beneath your earthly form, something more beautiful than beauty itself. Flowers, pictures, and statues, I may admire ; but this heavenly gift, which elevates your visible presence as much above all other beauties, as an angel excels a butterfly, this divine possession, entirely captivates my heart. Without flattering you, (for wherefore should an ethereal lover a genius flatter ?) I will direct your attention to more noble objects than the untiring worshippers of your youthful charms can place before you. I could wish to inspire your heart with an elevated pride, that will place you far beyond each rosy-cheeked maiden, in whom either nature or education has forgotten to elaborate the chiefest perfection ; whose whole history may be summed up in a few words : who bloom, are plucked, and wither. Reflect, that you are advancing to an age, when the world will consider you either with approving or censorious eyes. Your beauty will attract toward you an attention of which mere beauty is not worthy. It is time, therefore, that you should learn the true object of your existence. If the force of sympathy is rightly comprehended by me, reflection is at this moment whispering to your soul that which I now think.

Lovely Celia, the whole world is a shadow ; a reflection of immortality, which alone is eternal and divine. Your soul is the image of the divinity, your person the image of your soul. These colors, these graces, are the lustre with which it invests the body, and by means of which it should effect its proper objects. Beauty is a promise by which the soul is bound to entertain no thought that is not great, noble, and elevating. It is the talisman by which others should be made attentive to the lessons of virtue. For one possessed of beauty should be a tutoress ; teaching by the example that she sets. Virtue, which, invested with beauty, moves among mankind, enters into their interests and passions, and is plainly to be observed by them, pleases more, touches more tenderly, and drives its arrows deeper into the heart, than when arrayed in all the imposing wisdom of the schools, or in the enchanting diction of a Richardson. Modesty appears more engaging when it blushes upon lovely cheeks ; the expression of feelings, that betray a gentle disposition and goodness of heart, sounds more sweetly when proceeding from ruby lips ;



and how does a beautiful eye enrapture us, when, beaming with earnest, undissembled emotion, it is raised in prayer toward the throne of the Almighty, and the pious reflections that well forth from the devout mind are revealed with a bright and dazzling splendor in its glances. If wisdom, if innocence, if humility, if the noble sentiments, which belief in the religion of Christ induces, operate with all their power upon hearts already softened and overcome by mere personal beauty, how can they do otherwise than admire this higher excellence? And in each elevated soul, from admiration will arise love, from love, emulation. O, Celia, what a benefactress to mankind could you not become! How many fools you might shame, who are not able to believe that unconquerable virtue may reside in a tender heart, at the same time with youth! How many could you not oblige to honor Virtue against their will! How many who once feared her, would then, attracted by your charms, view her more closely, and consent to worship at her shrine! How would the mere rarity of the sight attract attention; the world would believe that it was an angel appearing among men, to teach them by example. Then perhaps, beauty and wisdom, when united, might touch those thoughtless persons, who are too foolish to love virtue for its own sake. O, Celia, disappoint not the design of the Creator who formed thee! Do not so employ the graces of your person, that they will be but syrens, inviting us to death!

Forgive, forgive, oh, beautiful friend! my honest earnestness. I know that you would rather lose all the lustre of your charms, than that a moral deformity should be concealed behind so beautiful a mask; the venom of the serpent lie hidden beneath the flowers. I see even more. A noble thirst for knowledge flashes from your eyes: an awakening consciousness of the dignity of your own nature, a crowd of lofty presentiments, excite the pulses of your heart. You despise the male insects which flutter around you, in whatsoever garb they may choose to glitter. You long after the applause of the king and ruler of the world, who alone dives into the labyrinth of our inclinations, and alone is fitted to judge of our actions. With how novel a beauty will you enhance our now deformed world! How much will the friends of virtue love you! What a heaven will that fortunate person, to whom destiny shall award you, as a reward for his virtue, find in your possession! How blessed will be the lot of those, whom, with maternal care, you shall rear in the paths of innocence and virtue. You will be a Byron, in your youthful days, and a venerated Shirley, when the hand of time shall whiten your locks; and although age may deprive your cheeks of their roses, it will never be able to efface the harmonious expression of your features.

## II.

WHEREFORE, oh, Alceste! is your countenance, which Nature intended for the expression of benevolent feelings, overshadowed by a cloud of discontent? Whence those impatient glances, those moody frowns upon a brow, which was created serene and smooth? What is it that has vexed you?

'All mankind. Men are monsters, whom one must either hate or despise. Their folly, their vice, their wild fancies, their senseless dis-

that the Creator would suffer this world to exist for another moment, if he did not find therein an excellence agreeable to his sight, a goodness that overbalances its evil? Do you believe that the Son of God descended in vain, to collect for himself an unreal congregation of the pious, and sacrificed his life, that thereby the ancient claim of Heaven to the earth might remain valid? Shame upon your unreflecting indignation, which slanders the divinity, when it only thought to censure mankind! And how does this bitterness toward your fellow creatures, agree with the benevolence which you should yourself manifest, since you condemn so severely the want of it in others? I do not ask you to be a friend to mankind, as long as you shall find them deserving of your hate. But as an inhabitant of the earth, you are not permitted to do even an insect injustice. If then you cannot prove your charges upon each and every individual, and it should be found that man is possessed of virtues that far outweigh his vices, then you will be, according to the judgment of your own heart, an exceedingly unrighteous being, and no one will less willingly than yourself, after such conviction, continue to thunder forth censures, thus unmercifully, upon the failings of your brethren. Allow me for a moment to represent your conscience, and to direct your attention to yourself. Examine your past life, and tell me then whether you can deny your relationship to mankind? How much folly will this self-examination disclose in your own bosom! Perhaps you will find that mankind would really only deserve to be despised, in case each one, in the proportion to the capacity and qualifications which have been granted to him for his improvement, were to have as many faults as yourself. I see how ashamed this consideration makes you. I will not press you farther with my arguments. But I hope you will reflect deeply upon the precept of the Divine founder of Christianity, when, with a profound insight into human nature, he strenuously exhorted his disciples to humility. Humility, or self-knowledge, is the best antidote against a misanthropy such as yours, which, it is true, arises from an inclination toward virtue, but is swollen by pride into a passion that slanders mankind, and is a species of rebellion against Providence.

K. Y. E.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF 'PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.'

SWEETLY they passed along the desert road,  
 (Faithful and Christian,) toward the blissful bourne,  
 Though many a thorn their tender feet had torn,  
 Ere they arrived before that bright abode:  
 And foes without, and foes, alas! within,  
 Beset their steps through all the weary way,  
 Still journeying onward, did they sing and pray,  
 For grace to baffle all the snares of sin:  
 So passing on, with hopeful hearts elate,  
 They reach the mansions of eternal rest,  
 Their Lord receives them, each a happy guest,  
 And myriad welcomes crowd the golden gate!  
 Oh, that their pilgrim zeal might fire our road,  
 And wing the progress of our souls to God!

Newburyport, (Mass.)

G. L.

## IMMORTALITY.

On, I shall live for ever! I read it in the sky,  
 Yea, I shall live for ever! I shall not wholly die:  
 I see my home in heaven, I see it in yon cloud,  
 The stars reveal my destiny, in accents clear and loud!

Whene'er sweet music cheers me, of instrument or bird,  
 I feel my immortality, as if the gift I heard  
 Proclaim'd by angel's trumpet, or written on a scroll  
 I saw my glorious destiny — what happiness, my soul!

When the new spring is decking the woods, the hills, and fields,  
 Where late the dreary winter had set his icy seals,  
 A new assurance fills my heart; in ecstasy I cry,  
 'Oh no, I know I cannot, I cannot wholly die!'

The gaily-painted butterfly, emerging on the wing,  
 Seems token from kind Providence, that I again shall spring  
 From out my earthly covering, and rise to upper sky;  
 Then, too, I think I cannot, I cannot wholly die!

'Tis night on earth, but heaven looks clearer than by day;  
 'Tis when the world is shaded, we see the distant ray:  
 Our mortal passions oft conceal the higher aim of man,  
 As the sun forbids us longer the higher stars to scan.

'Tis mostly by the star-light this ecstasy I find;  
 Then thoughts of immortality come fittest to the mind:  
 The earth seems sleeping quietly, and other worlds arise,  
 And do their message to the soul — the soul that never dies!

J. N. B.

## THE MISER.

## A SKETCH.

'THERE is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'

THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

It is more pleasing to depict the life of the good man, but light and shade make up the painter's canvass. I knew a miser, a churl; the hereditary bondsman of a master passion. Seventy years of solitary selfishness had procured him the merited contempt of the world. It is easier to look upon the boldest villany, than upon an inconceivable littleness of soul. His enormous wealth was like a great pool, dammed up and stagnant, and never yielding one precious drop to fertilize the earth. He was a recluse, a stranger to the ties which bind one to friends and kindred, and thence, by a thousand sweet linkings, to the whole family of man. Possessing nothing in common, and living supremely to himself, he was a constant exemplification that 'There is which withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'

As the epicure revels upon a rich feast, so he gloated upon his wealth. Ah! it was pleasant, when no eye was gazing, when his doors were barred, and only the dim light stole in, which he regarded with jealousy, to bring it forth from its mysterious corners, dark holes,

hidden nooks; to count it, to recount it, to touch it. Its music was sweeter than that of the spheres. He thought of it all day — he dreamed of it all night. It was the solitary idea which filled up his whole soul — his only darling — his life — his light — his poetry — his star. His existence was a stagnant pool, a dead sea; no breeze ever stirred its waters into commotion. The hopes, the fears, the joys, and the ambition of other men, were narrowed down into one hope, one fear, one joy, and one ambition. While the expansive energies or benevolence of some minds have found the world itself too contemptible a theatre, his was compressed into a very speck, a point, possessing 'ample room and verge enough' within the limits of his coffers. From that sordid prison-house it went forth on no errands of mercy. It was enough that the same bounds which held him there, a willing slave, forbade the entrance of another.

I have thought that a mother's affection surpassed every other passion of the human heart. But I considered not the miser's unremitting, soul-engrossing, self-denying love. I thought not of the piercing cry, 'My ducats, my ducats, my golden ducats!' more agonizing than that of 'My son, my son!' Like a fond parent, he could not let the light of his eyes go from him, lest the image that he loved to gaze on, should be tarnished; neither would he barter it for the world's comforts. He knew not the luxuries, nor even the commonest necessities, of life. The premises on which he lived, had a poverty-stricken air. The house presented a strange contrast with the gay tenements of his neighbors. No cheerful paint adorned it. True, it had once received a coat, but that could not last alway, and the expenditure was too fearful to be renewed. Smoke was scarce seen to issue from the chimney, nor ever came it forth in a rich, dark volume, but in a lean, curling, silvery, vanishing streak. Within, all things were alike cheerless. The one inhabited apartment was like a prisoner's dreary cell. There was no sound, save the voice of the cricket from the hearth. A flock-bed, a few broken utensils, a table, and a chair, in the last stage of dissolution, made up all its furniture.

His garden, which scarce had the appearance of such, contained a few scrubby vegetables, such as the gardens of Nova Zembla might produce. Yet they were quite enough for him who was guilty of a worse gluttony. Some fruit trees struggled with the thin soil, but the fruit scarcely had heart to ripen; it dropped withered, or worm-eaten, on the ground. The very dog looked as if he found few crumbs beneath his master's table. Lean, cadaverous, and morose, he lay snarling on the threshold; he was too poor to bark aloud. And yet there was some mysterious sympathy, some misery of his own to brood over, which kept him at his post. Attached to the premises, was a cow. She was a very picture, and chewed the perpetual cud of despair. Her bones were eloquent. The milk which a generous creature yields up without stint and willingly, appeared in her case a very robbery. And at last the horn-distemper seized on her, and she went down to death. He took what he could take — her skin; and that was depriving the rattling bones of all which they possessed. What a cow! Had she fed in the Pontine marshes? So any one might have thought. Yet she starved within sight of the neighboring plenty, and when every breeze wafted the smell of clover to her nostrils. From that time,

no milk ever moistened the lips of the miser. He had a fountain of brackish water, and in that he dipped his earthen mug.

At premises so forbidding in their aspect, the unfortunate man and the beggar scarcely had the hardihood to apply. On his portals were written, as in blazing characters, *BEGONE!* To unloose his purse-strings would have been more hard than to relax the polar ices, or to unlock the iron grasp of death. Three score years and ten did he live, and in all that time he never knew the luxury of doing good. He never fed the hungry, clothed the naked, nor listened to the importunate voice of despair. Did the sick or the dying man lie in his path-way, and accost him, he turned a deaf ear to his supplications, and leaving him to some good Samaritan, passed by on the other side.

A sister lay in a neighboring town, bed-ridden, needy, and ready to die. She pronounced the endearing word 'brother,' and said 'give, give.' But the 'genial current' of his soul was frozen. With brows contracted, first clenched, lips compressed, he shook his hoary head, and slowly turned upon his heel. In a few days after, she was carried to the grave. He followed on, and shed a *tear*; a bright, sparkling, affectionate tear.

With his neighbors he never mingled in social intercourse. They beheld him only in the distance, and with scorn. What cared he for crops whose harvest was already garnered? When the Sunday bells rang cheerily, and the old and the young, their faces beaming with gratitude, flocked to the temple of God, *he* devoutly worshipped at home. He had an altar there, a glittering altar. With greater rapture than the Christian bows down to his God, did he worship his gold, and the prayer which he offered up was this, that it would never leave him nor forsake him.

He lit no lamps, he burned no oil. Was there not light enough in the day-time to perform the little business of his life? When night came on, and the cold winds of winter whistled through the crannies, he covered up the embers with a wise economy, and slunk away into bed. Twenty times in a night, would he wake up in trepidation. He thought he heard the step of the robber. It might not be, and yet it might be. It were better to set his mind at rest. So he rose up shivering from his couch, laid his hand upon his treasures, then soothed his heart with the watchman's cry, 'All's well, all's well.'

Old age at last stole upon him, and the time arrived when in the course of nature he must die. But the ruling passion was strong in death. He only hugged his treasures the closer. They became his bed-fellows. As the sick and petulant man, who cannot bear to be alone, he said to them, 'Leave me not; stay with me, for I have but a short time to live.' His hands could still count them over, and when his hands were palsied, his glaring eye could still drink in their splendor. In delirium his mind wandered — but not from his gold. He said that he was going into a far country; he must make great preparations; he must provide sacks, and an escort of armed men, for there were robbers by the way. Then he murmured, I know not what, confusedly, of treasures on earth — ah! how much better to have provided treasures in heaven — and departed to his own

abode. His features retained their expression in death, as if a sculptor had carved them from the rigid marble.

Thus he lived despised, thus he died unlamented. His negative virtue was his positive crime. He had done no evil, he had effected no good. No friend hung with solicitude over his sick bed. No mourner followed him to the grave. None ever had occasion to remember him with affection, and the best charity was to forget that he had lived.

Such a life who would lead? Such a character who would envy? Other vices admit the exercise of redeeming virtues, and their victims we love, we pity, we condemn. This cannot. It wraps up the whole soul; it lies at the fountain-head of all benevolence, not like other vices embittering the waters, but actually forbidding them to flow. Few indeed are so entirely the slaves of the accursed lust of gold. Charity suggests that even these are laboring under a monomania, a mental disease; and that as we pity the tenants of a mad-house, so in their case, we ought to pity, yet we cannot. But if few have deserved the miser's name, with its intolerable burthen of contempt, do we not see thousands in the breathless, eager search of gold; sacrificing the flower of their youth, and the prime of their manhood, and heroically battling for it on the brink of the grave, as if it were the grandest object of their lives? They rise up early, they retire late; they make haste to gather winged riches, and at last old age comes on, and the period of enjoyment is not arrived.

Oh! what is all the wealth of Cræsus, if we have not the heart to let it flow? If it does not administer to the refined enjoyments of our nature, if we stifle the rational desires of the heart; how are we so happy then, as the laborer who earns his daily bread? The surplus of our wealth remains unconverted. The prayer of Midas is comparatively realized. We touch nothing but gold. We live not while we live, abstaining from what renders life desirable; the festivity of friends — the delight of books — the recreation of travelling through foreign parts — the culture of the arts — and the tasteful adornment of our grounds. How few cubic inches of ductile gold would rescue acres from thorns and briars, and render them beautiful as the gardens of SHENSTONE!

But what is all the wealth of Cræsus, if not for a more exalted purpose; if not to shed on others the beams of our prosperity and to encourage the generous emotions of the heart? To go to the houses of mourning, to the abodes of the sick and the aged, whose pangs are rendered keener by penury, to succor them, and smooth their pathway to the grave, these are the peculiar privileges and luxuries of the rich. Oh! 'for treasures of silver and gold' to indulge in somewhat beside empty boastings! Ye who grope in the depth of poverty, and drink the world's obloquy, 'a bitter draught,' who pray with intensest earnestness to Heaven, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' smiles and sunshine should scatter your darkness, the spirit of joy be assumed for heaviness, and the desert of your hearts should 'blossom as the rose.' Oh! who would hesitate to barter his treasures for blessings, or for the gratitude of hearts too full for utterance? Who would withhold the happy gift which is 'twice blessed' — which 'blesseth him that gives, and him that takes?'

But if the cheerful giver receives no return for his benevolence,



may, if evil redounds to him for good, there is a small approving voice within, silent, impalpable, soothing as heart-melody. Virtue has its *own* reward. What though no trumpet blazon our charities, though 'our left hand know not what our right hand doeth,' it is enough to have within us an unblemished mind, and to be acquitted at our own tribunal.

#### THE DYING ARTIST.

THE air was faint with perfume of the flowers,  
And the soft music of a wind-harp stole  
Through slender columns to the fretted roof;  
The sunset hues of famed Italian skies  
Lit with a glory every marbled niche  
That shrined the ideal of the sculptor's dreams.  
A snowy vase, an antique gem, from which  
The withered roses fell, stood near the couch  
Of one, whose dark eye flashed with spirit's fire;  
Half chiselled, lay the light and wavy form  
Of Music's goddess; in her hand the lyre,  
A flowery coronal entwreaths her brow,  
And oh, that look! — as if she listening heard  
Sounds of Elysium. The dying artist  
On that spiritual beauty bends his gaze,  
Dreams of Athenian Phideas, and him  
Of Crete, who hung enamored o'er the stone,  
Until his clasp had warmed it into life.  
A thousand visions cluster round his heart;  
The past! — the *lost*! Oh, madness harbors there!

'Fame's laurel on my brow,  
An icy chill, and sickness at my heart,  
A longing to depart  
From this sad world, what boots Fame's laurel now!

'My inspiration gone,  
The fountain sealed; the eye in whose pure light  
My praises sweetly shone,  
Sleeps an unbroken sleep in death's cold night!

'They praised the marbled form,  
And gazed with wonder on the sculptor's art,  
She knew his soul was warm,  
And that her image nestled in his heart.

'And when the Parian stone,  
With lips half-parted, seemed to move with life,  
She felt 't was love alone,  
That chiselled aught so like his promised wife.

'The feverish dream is past,  
Broken the heart, just when the goal is won;  
The struggle cannot last;  
No voice is welcome, now that hers is gone.

'Spirit of beauty! still  
Thy visions linger round their wonted haunt,  
And wild, sweet warblings fill  
Mine ear, while they a holy requiem chant.

'I go, that rest to find  
Which here I knew not, casting from my brow  
Fame's laurel to the wind,  
Alas! — alas! — what boots the trophy now?

## THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

IGNORANCE OF IT A PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF EMPIRICISM.

BY A PHYSICIAN.

'SIN,' says an eminent divine, 'is the transgression of the law, and is the cause of all existing misery.' We may go farther, and say, that it has been, and is, the cause of all misery, past, present, and to come. In nearly all cases, we transgress through ignorance; ignorance of our true interests, or of that which constitutes our real happiness. Man was created upright, but he has 'sought out many inventions,' and the first act of disobedience, in the garden of Eden, was occasioned by a thirst for knowledge. With this inherent and universal longing, with what propriety shall we accuse him of perverse ignorance on subjects connected with his moral and physical happiness? It is even so. He may grasp the field of science, descend into the bowels of the earth, circumnavigate the globe, ascend into the higher regions of air, in short, lay open the great book of nature, where on every page are blended the sublimest truths with all that can gratify the eye, or delight the taste. He may cultivate the intellect to the highest point of perfection, and in his insatiable thirst for knowledge, consume the midnight oil, or endure the most fatiguing and laborious researches, and yet be ignorant of his true and best interests, or of the simple laws that govern and animate his organic system. He cannot, however, neglect or violate those laws, without sooner or later feeling the effects of such violation. 'The longer we live in this world,' says Dr. James Johnson, 'and the more narrowly we watch the ways and the fate of man, the more we shall be convinced, that vice does *not* triumph here below; that pleasure is invariably pursued by pain; that riches and penury incur nearly the same degree and kind of taxation; and that the human frame is as much enfeebled by idleness, as it is exhausted by labor.' The body, which is the habitation of the soul, is not beneath the consideration of the sage. Man was created in the express image of his Maker; shall he then neglect the workmanship of His hands, or wilfully abuse his prototype? He who affects to despise the casket that contains the gem, errs equally with the epicure, who, in tones of sensuality, exclaims, 'Let us eat, drink, and be merry.' Both act against the laws of nature, and both must pay the penalty.

Many persons seem to think an attention to health a mark of effeminacy of character. The man who boasts of never 'doctoring a cold,' will yet loudly lament, if he go through life subject to chronic complaints, that render life less a blessing than a curse. Now if that man had taken pains to inform himself of his anatomical and physiological structure, of the derangement that a single cold can produce in the vital organs of life, we confidently assert, that so far from boasting of his neglect, he would anxiously aid his physician in restoring the excited organs to a healthy action. If we should sedulously inquire, in each particular instance, into the cause of the sickness, pain, and premature death, or derangement of the corporeal

frame, in youth and middle life, which we see common around us, and endeavor to discover whether it has originated in obedience to the physical and organic laws, or sprung from infringement of them, we shall be able to form some estimate how far bodily suffering is justly attributable to imperfections of nature, and how far to our own ignorance, and neglect of divine institutions. We do not ask men to become anatomists, or botanists, or chemists; although if time and inclination led to such pursuits, they would find it to their own advantage;\* but we do urge upon them the necessity of understanding their physiological structure; and though a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, it is infinitely better than none, for it may possibly stimulate its possessor to acquire more.

When we consider 'what a piece of work is man;' how delicate the machinery, and how various and complicated the springs of action; how liable to become deranged and thrown into disorder; how fine and sensitive the parts that compose the whole; well indeed may we exclaim, with the good old Dr. Watts:

'Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long!'

But when we look a little farther, and consider the ignorance that exists among all classes on this subject, and the abuses to which the healing art is subjected, even by its own members, exclusive of pretenders to the science, we wonder not at the sacrifice of human life. The only way in which the evil can be remedied, is for people to inform themselves, as we have before said, of their physical structure, in connection with physiology. They will then be better able to judge of the pretensions of physicians, and they will learn to discriminate between the man of science and humanity, whose years have been devoted to the study of the human system, and to the melioration of their distresses; and the superficial student, who probably never was in a dissecting room, whose knowledge is merely from books, and those of the fewest possible number; or the unblushing quack, who comes armed with a powder of lobelia, and a cup of Cayenne pepper infusion, to cure the 'thousand ills that flesh is heir to.' We do not claim for ourselves or brethren infallibility. Human judgment is liable to err, and, 'it is appointed unto all men once to die,' but by employing none but men who have received a regular education, and who are duly experienced, they will have the satisfaction of

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\* 'THE idea of men in general being taught natural philosophy, anatomy, and physiology, political economy, and the other sciences that expound the natural laws, has been sneered at, as utterly absurd and ridiculous. But I would ask, in what occupations are human beings so urgently engaged, that they have no leisure to bestow on the Creator's laws? A course of natural philosophy would occupy sixty or seventy hours in the delivery; a course of anatomy and physiology the same; and a course of phrenology can be delivered pretty fully in forty hours! These twice or thrice repeated, would serve to initiate the student, so that he could afterward advance in the same paths, by the aid of observation and books. Is life, then, so brief, and are our hours so urgently occupied by higher and more important duties, that we cannot afford these pittance of time to learn the laws that regulate our existence? No! The only difficulty is in obtaining the desire for the knowledge; for when that is attained, time will not be wanting. No idea can be more preposterous, than that of human beings having no time to study and obey the natural institutions. These laws punish so severely when neglected, that they cause the offender to lose ten fold more time in undergoing his chastisement than would be requisite to obey them.'

having availed themselves of all the resources of skill or knowledge, in warding off the fatal blow, and of palliating, where recovery is impossible.

Again, we do not war with the articles, but with the men who use them. Lobelia and red pepper are valuable components of our *materia medica*, but there are many other articles equally as good. Arsenic is useful in some cases, but should we on this account prescribe it indiscriminately? In diet, who has not observed that certain articles will at one time afford wholesome nutriment, and at another time occasion much inconvenience? What agrees with one person, disagrees with another. It has passed into a proverb, that 'what is one man's meat, is another man's poison.' Are Cayenne pepper, then, and lobelia, the only objection to this general rule, or can people be so absurd as to imagine, that one set of remedies, will cure at all times, and all diseases? Does not nature teach them differently? We know that those who employ those remedies, use every effort to make converts to their absurd views, and with the ignorance that prevails on subjects connected with medical science, this is no difficult task. It is not alone the uneducated or the ignorant, so called, who become the dupes of these charlatans; but men of the soundest minds, and most extensive acquirements, whose judgment in the ordinary affairs of life are indisputable, will suffer themselves to be deluded by gross quackery. Men who boast of never having made a foolish business transaction, do not hesitate to place their own lives, or the lives of their dearest connexions, in the hands of an ignorant quack, who leads captive not only silly women, but also silly men. To what can we attribute this recklessness, but to a most unpardonable ignorance of the human system? Were men to bestow but a small portion of the time spent in considering how they may jump into a fortune, by some sweeping speculation, to an investigation of their own frames, on the soundness of which depends their enjoyment of the very riches they are struggling, right or wrong, to obtain, we should no longer be overrun with the thousand miserable pretenders to medical science, with which we are now infested. I said thousands, but their name is legion! — from rain-water and steam doctors, down to the latest and most absurd of all humbugs, homœopathy. But people will learn in time — after a few more lives have been sacrificed; and if the man of science pines in neglect, while the shameless empiric rides in his carriage, let him console himself that the evil will one day work its own cure.

Dr. TICKNOR, in his late works, '*Exposition of Quackery*,' has labored to impress upon his readers the importance of this subject, and has ably exposed most of the quackery that at present exists. Such works are much needed, and the author is entitled to the thanks of the profession, and of the public, for this plain and comprehensive treatise. We do not fear men becoming too wise, or that our profession will suffer by it. We believe that physicians are oftener foiled in practice, from the ignorance of mothers or nurses, than from any other cause. They think it very fine to 'cheat the doctor,' by throwing away medicines that taste unpleasantly, or produce nausea: and we think, too, that medical men are greatly to blame for much of this ignorance. Let a physician explain to his patients or attendants,

the nature of the disease, and the action of the remedies he proposes to use, and most persons will comprehend him. I grant that this will not always be the case; magic and mystery possess singular influence over some minds, and physicians too often taking advantage of this credulity, encourage it by their deportment. If such physicians find themselves, in time, superseded by still greater mystifiers, let them not complain; they have fostered a love for the marvellous, and must feel the effects of credulity.

Our author inquires: 'Would any man in his senses send a watch to a stone-mason to repair?' And we continue: 'Would he entrust the building of a Grecian temple to a wood-cutter, or send a Latin thesis to an ignorant peasant to translate?' Yet we every day see men, self-styled doctors, who three months previously were behind counters, or in the work-shop, and ignorant of all but the rudiments of education, prescribing with consummate effrontery at the bed-side of helpless infancy, or prostrate adult nature. Who are to blame for this? Not the quack, certainly; for if he found no support, he would be compelled to return to his original obscurity; but those who employ him, and who think a doctor is a doctor, authorized or unauthorized. It is really not more disgusting to the physician to read the senseless puffs of empirics, than to see the avidity with which their medicines are sought after, and without knowing an article of which they are composed, greedily swallowed. They will thrust aside medicines of known and tried efficacy, compounded by a careful pharmacopolist, for the new and the unknown, and these in their turn must give place to something else. None but a practitioner would believe the amount of prejudice and credulity that prevails among mankind on these subjects; and many times he would abandon his profession in despair, did not a sense of duty to the community urge his continuance in a calling that costs money as well as time to attain. But what encouragement does the physician receive over the quack? If he performs his duty to the poor as well as to the rich, he pays a heavy tax; one third of his income, at least, he must consider lost. In the country, where physicians are not so well paid as day-laborers, this is felt with peculiar force; and when we recollect that of all bills, a doctor's is paid the most unwillingly, and generally the last, his case is far from enviable. But money is not always a compensation for the services of a faithful and feeling physician; and when he is ungratefully and abruptly discharged, to make way for a pretender, an injury has been inflicted on his moral sensibilities, greater than the thoughtless and prejudiced can conceive.

It is useless to urge, that cures have been performed by empirics and by patent medicines, after physicians have failed to succeed. Every person of observation is aware of the great influence which mind possesses over matter, and of the power of faith. But in addition to this, these cures are generally of chronic complaints, and after the patient has been scientifically treated. The cure not being immediate, he resorts to a quack, who reaps the benefit of his predecessor's skill, and claims all the honor. A lady had been for many years afflicted with a scrofulous complaint, which, not occasioning much uneasiness, she neglected. At length, the difficulty increasing,

she applied to a physician of undoubted skill. The remedies he employed were operating surely but slowly on the system; too slowly for the patience of the lady, who discharged her physician, and placed herself under the care of a man who followed the honest calling of a blacksmith, but who was fortunate enough to be a seventh son. He had already performed wonders, and people now crowded to him from all parts. He assured his new patient that he could cure her quicker than she could say 'Jack Robinson,' and that, too, without using any medicine whatever. Accordingly, she submitted to his manipulations, and strange to say, she grew decidedly and rapidly better! Now, it would be utterly impossible to make this lady or her friends believe, that the blacksmith had no hand in her cure; which was entirely owing to the medicine previously administered having had time to perform its office.

'But how are we to know this?' may be asked. First, by recollecting that the age of miracles has passed, and that with the last witch buried in New-England, expired the efficacy of charms and incantations; and in the next place, by informing themselves of their own natures. We have heard of members of Congress who carried in their pockets a box of pills, to use after partaking too freely of the pleasures of the table. If they must indulge in excesses, this practice is probably as good as any they could adopt; but with all due deference, we would observe, that if they are as ignorant of the affairs and wants of the nation, as of their own structure, alas for the government! And when the tone of the stomach is destroyed, and they become the victims of dyspepsia, with its numerous horrors, they will find that the effects of this abuse on the system cannot be removed by a portion, or by many portions, of any patent medicine, however highly recommended.

But are not regular physicians becoming convinced of the inefficacy of their own measures, and thronging the banners of steam and homœopathy.

When we look at the crowded state of the profession, we do not wonder at these pretended conversions. We say pretended, for no man who has learned his profession as he ought, can be deceived by such ridiculous monkery. They must live, and it is easier to chime in with the popular delusion, whatever it may be, than to stem the torrent, and consequently pocket the loss. Neither is it strange, if in villages where three or four physicians would be able to attend to the ordinary duties of their vocation, if the number should swell to twenty and upward; that among them should be found some who do not hesitate to use every unfair method of obtaining patronage, whether by dishonorable insinuations, or by undercharging. One would suppose that the last method would be the least likely to succeed. If a man has occasion to engage counsel in a matter of interest to himself, he does not usually inquire who will undertake it the cheapest, but who will be likely to do him the best service. And what is property, in comparison with health, or even life itself?

As to the exclusiveness that prevails among many of our brethren, we will observe in passing, that they may quarrel with ignorance, and rail against quackery as much as they will, and the latter will retaliate by ridiculing learned quackery, and not without reason; but until our



learning takes a practical cast, and is exercised in enlightening the ignorant, as well as benefitting them, it may as well be enclosed in a nut-shell. Any juggler who happens to recommend an article which effects a cure, will be as highly thought of. We leave subjects, however, to which Dr. Ticknor does ample justice, and turn to another of a delicate nature, and to which, like our author, we shall barely glance. We have a becoming respect for age, and when united with wisdom, yield it all due reverence; but we assert, that this feeling is liable to be abused, and that a practitioner's merits should not rest upon his age, but upon his skill and scientific knowledge. To a physician thus accomplished, whose attention is ever on the alert, and whose mind is regulated by the broadest principles of liberality, every year will bring additional information, and increased tact in the treatment of diseases; and to such a physician, the junior members of the faculty would, I am happy to say, be proud to look up. But it is too often the case, that men who have little beside age to recommend them, make their experience an offset, or more than an offset, to science.

In the country, the prejudice in favor of old doctors is excessive. You can scarcely persuade people that a faithful student in one of our large cities, who has access to alms-house and hospital practice, sees more diversity of practice in one year, than an ordinary country practitioner can possibly do in a whole life time. But it is vain to endeavor to make people believe this. Their idol possesses great experience, while many of the commonest diseases he knows only by name.

For some eight or ten years after graduating, the writer of this article was engaged in country practice, and he became acquainted in that time with instances of the most deplorable ignorance, in men who stood high in favor. A neighboring practitioner, whose veracity is unquestionable, related the following instance, that will be scarcely credited. He mentioned to an old doctor, whose 'experience' was lauded to the skies, that he had used with great success, in a particular case, the prussic acid; and inquired if he had ever made use of the remedy in the same disease. 'O yes,' was the reply, 'frequently.' 'In what proportions, doctor, did you administer the acid?' 'In tea-spoonfull doses!' was the ready answer. Now it was evident, that this man of experience was entirely ignorant of the article in question, and his interrogator took the liberty of enlightening him on the subject. A few instances of nearly similar ignorance, fell under the writer's own observation; but this is not the place to notice them, and our design is merely to show the reader that aged ignorance should not be preferred to mature, or even immature, science; that when a physician ceases to improve, and increase his knowledge, and rests entirely on the experience derived from a limited practice, he should retire from the field, to make way for those who have not yet so far approached perfection, as to think that nothing farther can be learned. The new lights in medicine, (botanic and steam doctors,) are calling loudly for reform. In this cry we cheerfully join. There is need of reform; but let this reform be, a greater amount of knowledge, not a less; and let it be diffused among the people, who may know in what hands they place the pre-

cious boon of health. Our medical periodicals are not only expensive, but are not adapted for the general reader, who would find but little interest in them; but I most earnestly recommend to the head of every family, a few books, as text-books, if they please, not as 'domestic medicines,' like Buchan's, in which every mother, and even child, may study to their own advantage, the laws that govern and animate their system; the causes of disease, and, it may be, the means of cure. Real knowledge is always modest, and the mother who learns the frail and delicate nature of the bodies and diseases to which her little ones are liable, will be in no danger, in real disease, of undertaking a cure herself; and the knowledge she will acquire from the following publications, all of which may be purchased for a few dollars, will inform her when such danger exists: 'Dewees on Children;' Combe's 'Principles of Physiology, applied to the Preservation of Health, and to the Improvement of Physical and Mental Education;' the 'Constitution of Man,' by the same author, and Ticknor's 'Philosophy of Living,' and the 'Exposition of Quackery,' to which we have alluded.

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#### H A T T E R A S .

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FROM 'SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES,' AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME.

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'By these soft breezes, by the odorous breath  
 From groves of pine, I know that we have past  
 The stormy cape!' Exclaiming thus, I leapt  
 From the close cabin to the deck, with speed,  
 And there, his wrath subdued, his ire at rest,  
 Lay the fierce god of cloudy Hatteras,  
 At length, along the deep. Our vessel ran  
 Beside him, fearless; and the forms that oft  
 Had trembled at the story of his storms,  
 Look'd on him without dread. Yet, in his sleep,  
 The sun down-blazing on his old gray head,  
 There was a moody murmur of his waves,  
 That spoke of ruthless power, and bade us fly  
 To our far homes, with wings of moving fear,  
 Not less than hope. We might not loiter long,  
 Like thoughtless birds, improvident of home,  
 And wand'ring, by the sunlight still seduced,  
 O'er treacherous billows. No half despot he,  
 To spare in mercy in his wrathful hour.  
 A thousand miles, along his sandy couch,  
 The shores shall feel his wakening, and his lash  
 Resound in thunder. Brooding by the sea,  
 He lurks in waiting for the pressing bark,  
 And every year hath its own chronicle  
 Of his exactions. Cruel is the tale,  
 Of the poor maiden shrieking in despair,  
 Grasped in his rude embrace, and perishing,  
 Ere yet she lived. Yet love survives his wrath,  
 And in the night of terror and of storm,  
 When his fierce winds were howling, when the ship  
 Was sinking 'neath them, a fond voice was heard,  
 A husband, by the billows torn away,  
 That called upon the woman who had lain  
 Upon his bosom, 'Where art thou, my wife!  
 And then the voice grew silent; the rude waves  
 Stifled the speech; yet not before the wife  
 Made answer to his ears, a sweet response,  
 That waken'd them in death: 'I come to thee,  
 I come to thee, dear husband — where art thou?'

She sprang to join him, and the swollen seas  
 Closed over them in death. It is my prayer,  
 That, ere he perished, she had wound her arms  
 About him, and had pressed her lip to his :  
 And it were fitting that, beneath the waves,  
 They sleep encircled in the same embrace ;  
 Her cheek upon his bosom, and his arm  
 Wrapped round her in the holy grasp of love,  
 Secure from storm, and, best assurance yet,  
 Secure from separation, evermore.

### RANDOM PASSAGES

FROM THE PRIVATE JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE LATE MRS. SOPHIE MANNING PHILLIPS.

#### NUMBER THREE.

'25th. — HAD some sport to-day, walking Chesnut street, in company with L — , speculating, to 'the top of our bent,' as far as such casual glimpses would warrant, on the passing faces of humanity before us. What an irreparable disagreement of different eyes, forms, gaits, noses ! Fat people, with the sanguinary flood of life laced up into their cheeks and ears ; lean people, with the wadded petticoats of the age and season administered impartially to all parts of the person ; men incapable of whiskers, ambuscading the end of their nose in a marshy moustache ; those disqualified for the moustache, 'laying a flattering unction' to the turpitude of their whiskers. If all creation did ever absolutely look flimsy to me, the pleasing idea was caught in Chesnut-street.

'26th. — Nothing since last time, except a little snow-storm, vouchsafed to us again to-day, in behalf of the cracked and parching earth. Such a drought, it is said, is not in the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant.' With what a grace the feathery particles pursue their mute dance toward the ground ! Well, we're all sinful, ministers and all ; and are extremely meritorious of 'a spell of weather.' If it were n't for theatres, and the Somnambula, and grand caravans, and such like, I'm convinced we should n't be visited with half the quantity of slop and snow. It's my belief, a body might become quite hardened, after a few undivided reflections before an old black stove, like this where I sit ; that is, 'all hopes, all feelings, all delights,' might soon be *ascertained down* to cinders, which, sifted in Reason's ash-pan, would disseminate in fine dust, which thereafter clearing away, would leave us as clean as a penny. So should we no more shrink from the bared bosom of deceit, nor bleed at the unlooked-for slight of friendship. So should we gather back from shrines near and far, our honor or our love, and care not that, in another hour, their flowers had withered beneath the curse and coldness of mortality. Wonder if I'm to open my Juno lids to-morrow upon a continuation of this snow story ? Believe I'll ask the watchman, and give him a dollar to say 'No ma'am !'

'29th. — Last time I shall notice the weather, unless an unnatural gleam of sunshine should come to 'fright me from my propriety.'

Hail, rain, frost, fog, to-day, backed by darkness, drizzle, sleet, slipperiness, devil! It's wicked to murmur and say devil, but when a sensible young woman sees every element fighting and fisting which shall make itself most abominable; when, to a benevolent vision, the ears and noses of a once white humanity appear in royal purple; when, week after week, that season usually appropriated to the blessing of light, namely, the *day-time*, can only be guessed at by the wakefulness of hens, and other feathered creatures, and one's hope of spring, at the end of February, wears 'madness on the face on't;' it is no amazement, the 'lion should be roused' in the meekest, and that we all are roaring with might and *main*, in the winter desert.'

'Entering the room just now, with considerable energy, where my olive branch lay sleeping, Miss Murphy desired me, from her *post*, by the bedside, to 'make a noise aisy!'

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'MARCH 2d, half-past 10 o'clock.—Heavens, what a night! The clear cold sky, all brilliant with the moon, doth span us as a beautiful mystery! Friends I have known and loved, and see not now, my soul is with you! Remembrance, then, is not a promise vain, a hopeful mockery. Truly, the air to-night smelleth of spring; a soupçon of buds to be born into blossoms. Verily, this hath a pleasant sound. I know where the crowned Summer will come in her sceptred loveliness, to sit upon a throne unmatched in this world's glory! Pray heaven, mine eyes be there to see!

'Friday, 4th. — Moon shining yet, 'like all natur.' Just returned from Musical Fund Concert; favor received at the hands of Mr. and Miss B —, relicts of E — B —, late of my particular acquaintance at West Point. After so lengthened a 'retiracy' as mine, from the sublunary amusements and follies of a glaring world of lamp-light, the concert presented to me a sufficiently alluring view of men and women, with 'varnished faces' expressly assembled for show and pleasure. Followed my leader, hood in hand, about half-past six, into the midst of countless fluttering heads, and glancing hands, all shaking out their curls and pocket-handkerchiefs, before a final settlement upon the long, hard benches, arranged for auditory purposes. Long time since I had the felicity to make one in any such crowded assembly. Buz! buz! on every side, with a sort of dizzy universal motion all around about. First twenty minutes, distinguished nothing; then grew out gradually on my more accustomed vision, a belle here and there, among two or three cavaliers, agitating her fan and ear-rings. Youths with hat under arm, and hair parted carefully at the side of the head, which does n't look the least finical nor girlish! Felt something heavy, that my closest scrutiny among the whole of these human faces divine, saving those I went with, still returned me the unanswering glances of eyes I knew not, and that knew not me. Oh, forlorn! I repented me for awhile, that I was there. Performers-vocal, of the evening, Mrs. and Miss Watson, and Miss Wheatley. Great rig of satin, white and pink, with silvered pink wreaths, displayed by the trio. Stage about as high up as a comet. Never beheld such a cargo of fiddles since I was born! Looked about for a rat-hole to creep into, when the first grand crash

should descend from the musical fund eminence. In truth 't was awful! Some sweet singing from the three rigged-up women, interspersed with choice overtures by first and second fiddles. I was born with a rebellious instinct against this little King Squeak. All the Paganini's 'going,' could n't make music therewith, in mine ears. Home from concert by the light of the moon, and haunting memories in my soul of other eves of pleasure, sought ought and partaken with friends now divided from me. If I were to ask the kindly-looking depths of yonder blessed heaven above, how long this weary parting time shall be, what voice would answer me? Ah! but I am weary, sick, of living alone among the people!

THE next passages recorded in the journal, are dated at Louisville, Kentucky, whither Mrs. PHILLIPS had accompanied her husband, who, being soon after ordered to a far western military station, was compelled to leave his affectionate companion, amidst new scenes and a new people, 'alike unknowing and unknown.' It is no marvel that, under these circumstances, that most miserable of all maladies, *homesickness*, should have taken possession of her spirit, or that, while under its blinding and desolate spell, she should have 'seen as through a glass darkly' the noble country and people, where, and among whom, she was a lone and unhappy sojourner.

'LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY! — How we are shuffled about in this world! \* \* And here am I, 'beyond the mountains!' 'Chained,' not to 'the chariot of triumphal art,' but among the brick, dust, and darkness, of this disagreeable town; away from every taste that directed, and every sympathy that civilized me! \* \* Who that has lived in mine own fair eastern land, and warmed him in the light of its blessed, *blessed* skies, and heard the sound of its beloved voices, can see among these cowering woods aught but dimness and estrangement? O, for a sight of my home! What does a *woman* here? \* \* And they have taken the very husband, for whose sake I am here, and flung him to the Choctaws! *Reviens mon mari!* 'Kaintuck!' Oh, how I hate it! When shall we quit — when, *when*, WHEN — never again to hear from, or visit, or mention, the name of *West*?'

\* \* \* 'It seems to me, that like some beautiful summer shower, I every now and then 'hold up' over this my learned diary, and again break out, like the vernal rain-bow, particularly when the color of *blue* is likely to predominate.' \* \* 'After death, from which we know there is no return, oh, what is like parting from the face we love! The last, last look, the trembling breath, the dropping hand, the turning form! Bitter, oh, bitter is it on earth to part!

'I *do* try to talk to these people. It surely is pleasant, where our lot is cast, to find some sharer of our words and thoughts; but there *are* repulses, though they be not meant, and barriers, though built by no voluntary hand, which the best of us have neither patience nor power to surmount.' \* \* 'Letter to-day from G ——. He 'opines how I am shining among the new sisterhood!' I would as soon

come out with some fairy's silver gift, to glitter among a row of pewter platters ! 'Shine,' in 'Kaintuck,' forsooth ! *Reviens mon mari !*

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L I N E S

TO MY FLOWERS, RECEIVED THIS MORNING, FROM MRS. G——N, WATCHEZ.

Oh, blessed, blessed flowers ! the hand  
That sent ye hither, pure and fair,  
Though it had swept through all the land,  
Could nothing home so lovely bear.

Most tender and most beautiful,  
All fresh with dew, and rich with balm ,  
How from art's garlands dim and dull,  
Ye bear the glory and the palm !

When thus your gathered crowns I see,  
Young queens of nature undefil'd !  
Methinks your only throne should be  
The bosom of a little child.

Yet breathe once more upon my sense,  
Ah, take my kiss your leaves among !  
Ye fill me with a bliss intense,  
Ye stir my soul to humblest song.

And not alone ye solace bring,  
Sweet blossoms ! to my present hour ;  
In every fairy cup and ring,  
I find a spell of memory's pow'r.

In every odorous breath, I feel  
That thus, in other spring-times gay,  
The lips of flowers did all unseal,  
To whisper gladness round my way.

And there were friends with loving eyes,  
And cheerful step, and words of mirth,  
And there was heaven with smiling skies,  
That bade us look beyond the earth.

Therefore my gentlest thanks I sing  
To her who sent these tender flow'rs ;  
They to my *present*, solace bring,  
And to my *memory*, vanish'd hours.

'Time is flying ! *Time*, that thins our locks, that chills our blood, that robs this earthly form of comeliness, that severs our loves, and mocks our hates, and lays us in the dust ; this time is passing on, and yet I wish it fleeter. I remember not its penalties. I only feel that every minute *here* is wasted ; utterly lost, and spent for ever !'

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'Sick to-day, and Dr. G—— told me I must not eat, for 'in the day that I ate,' I should surely be worse. The Major has a card-party this evening, and there be edibles on the table down stairs, fit to beguile one an hungered ; to wit, a great cold roast angel of a turkey, a verdant dish of cucumber-pickles, a happy pair of ducks, abundance of chicken-salad, a retired ham, and much more which I have not fortitude to mention. \* \* There's Gen. A—— n will strip the whole of that lovely turkey, at one 'rush !' I've



avoided temptation, Dr. G——, as we are counselled to do, by coming up stairs, and my guardian spirit has somewhat softened my trial, by sending me a horrible cold in my head, so that the smell of the supper hath not dominion over me.' \* \* 'There's 'a letter i' the candle!' as sure as can be! Pray heaven it is *de Toi*, to say **WE'RE** going home, and I shall be happy. **BE HAPPY!** Life, and love, and earth, and heaven, can make us no more than this. Happy! The old are hoping, the young are panting, and all are struggling, from birth till death, to be happy!

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**F A R E W E L L .**

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'She's gone!'—**OTHELLO.**

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**FAREWELL** to thee, lov'd one! — the moment has come,  
And the desert of life must now be my home;  
Extinguish'd for aye is that pillar of light  
Which illumined the path of the Israelite;  
We have linger'd too long o'er those pleasures which lie  
In life's path, like roses, that bloom but to die;  
Still we cherish'd the leaves, that lay scatter'd and strown,  
Like the last birds that linger, ere summer be gone.

Oh! fools that we were, to love on through such pain,  
That deceived and betrayed, like the syren's strain;  
To hope that the darkness and mists of our sorrow  
Would clear into light 'neath the ray of the morrow!  
Our bark was too frail for the freightage it bore,  
And the breath of Cythæra shall woo it no more;  
From the wreck not a joy, not a hope, could we save,  
*All* buried and lost, 'neath the merciless wave!

Yet the trials and sorrows which gloomed o'er our way,  
Whose sting knew no balm, and whose darkness no ray,  
But strengthen'd a passion so hopeless as ours,  
Which borrow'd its ties from the cypress' bowers;  
In despair it was nurtur'd, in sorrow it grew,  
And if ever a smile cross'd its path, 't was from you:  
Yet 'midst sorrow and strife the more brightly it glow'd,  
As the moon when she bursts from the womb of the cloud.

Then twine we the garland, though wither'd it be;  
The truer the type of our sad destiny;  
Ah! little we thought when in morning's bright hour,  
We rov'd in the sunshine, or gather'd the flower,  
That the buds which enamell'd and glowed in our path,  
Were yet to be twin'd in the chaplet of death!  
Oh! an Eden was ours, but wither'd and blighted  
Are the bloom that we gaz'd on, the faith we have plighted!

Still strain'd I mine eye through the vista of gloom,  
For *one* hope to illumine the curse of our doom;  
But dim was that eye with the shade of the past,  
And the sunset of joy o'er the future was cast;  
Yet I struggled, at parting, that one word to speak,  
Whose agony stole from the eye to the cheek:  
The most desolate far that the bosom can swell,  
Are the feelings which thrill in that one word, **FAREWELL!**

## ENGLISH AND AMERICAN STEAM VESSELS.

BY W. C. REDFIELD.

THE London 'Nautical Magazine' for August, contains an article on 'American Steamers,' which comprises a tabular description of some of the steam-boats in the 'New-York waters.' This table appears to have been furnished to the editor by an American correspondent, and though not entirely correct, is highly valuable for the information which it embodies, and is therefore presented to the readers on an adjoining page.

The sprightly and somewhat ironical article which the editor of the 'Nautical' has appended to this table, appears to be founded mainly on the loose and often discordant statements which appear from time to time in our newspapers. Of the numerous errors and false assumptions found in this paper, not the least is that of the supposed *current* of the Hudson, which is assumed to be of 'the moderate uniform rate of three miles per hour.' This current is allowed for, in a passage from New-York to Albany, 'against the stream,' whereas, the Hudson, being for the most part a narrow estuary, has no stream or current, except in case of freshets, for a few miles on the upper portion of the route, but exhibits a reciprocal course of ebb and flood tide, the average rate of which, for the entire distance, does not exceed one mile per hour. A fast steamer leaving New-York on the flood tide, often carries it to Albany without change, from which may be derived an advantage equal to about ten miles in a passage. The ebb tide is in like manner often carried from New-York to Albany, with a disadvantage proportionally greater, because encountered for a more lengthened period. The passage from Albany to New-York, on the contrary, has this peculiarity, that the tides are always changed from ebb to flood, and *vice versa*, once in about three hours; so that a nearly equal portion of favorable and opposing tide must always be had in descending the Hudson; except that the ratio of opposing tide usually predominates, for the reason above given.

The 'Nautical' accompanies its article with an engraving of the American steam-boat *Swallow*, reduced from one of Robinson's lithographs. 'The *Swallow*,' says the editor, 'is no beauty for model, whatever she may be for speed; but the New-York steamer is of a peculiar genus, to be found only in her own waters; a sort of *rara avis*, adapted to the notions of brother Jonathan.'

In the last remark here appended, there is more truth than poetry; and John Bull, it appears, is just obtaining knowledge of this to him unknown and hitherto unrivalled 'genus' of American steam-boats. In regard to beauty of model, we can inform the editor of the 'Nautical' that Jonathan has been long at school, where he has learned pretty thoroughly the art of adapting means to ends, in the most direct and efficient manner. It is thus that he has learned to discard his former heir-loom notions of taste and beauty, and he no longer considers obsolete forms and appendages, which are in themselves useless or injurious, as being essential to symmetry and beauty in a

T A B L E.

Name of Vessel.	When built.	Length in feet.	Beam in feet.	Draft in feet.	Cylind.		Wheel.		Dip. ft. in.	Rev. No. per min.	Steam.	Engines.	Boilers.	Route.	Average Passage.	Loss in landing.	Dist.	Speed in		Remarks.
					Diam. in.	Stroke ft.	Rad. feet in.	Face. feet in										Statute miles.	Nautic miles.	
De Witt Clinton,	1828	235.	28.	5.	65	10.	11.	16.	3.	25	.10	1	2	Albany.	11 hours.	45. m.	147	14.3	12.4	Short passage 10h. to Van
Swallow,	1836	225.	23.	3.†	46	10.	12.	10.	2.2	26	.18	1	2	do.	9.†	22.	"	16.1	13.9	Wies' Pt.
Rochester,	1835	200.	24.	5.	44	10.	12.	12.	2.	25	.25	1	2	do.	11.*	45.	"	14.3	12.4	"
Utica,	1836	185.	22.3	4.†	39	10.	11.	12.	2.	23	.25	1	1	do.	11.	33.	"	14.0	12.1	Wies' Pt. no
N. America,	1827	228.	30.	5.	44	8.	10.	14.6	2.8	26	.18	2	2	do.	11.	33.	"	14.0	12.1	landings.
Lexington,	1835	210.	23.	5.	48	11.	12.6	11.	3.	27	.20	1	1	Providence.	12. to 14†	5.	183	15.2	13.2	11h. 39m. to Pr.
Massachusetts,	1835	202.	29.6	8.	44	9.	11.6	10.	2.6	22†	.18	2	2	do.	"		183	15.2	13.2	"
Rhode Island,	1836	211.	27.6	6.†	60	11.	12.6	11.	2.8	21	.20	1	2	do.	14†		183	13.0	11.3	"
Narragansett,	1836	212.6	27.	6.	56	11.†	12.	10.6	2.	23	.18	1	2	do.	"		183	13.0	11.3	"
New-York,	1836	230.	24.	5.	50	10.	12.6	10.6	2.8	22	.15	1	2	New-Haven.	4.† to 5.		76	15.2	13.2	11h. 45m. do.
Splendid,	1834	140.	22.	5.	36	7.	8.6	7.	2.6	24	.18	1	2	do.	6.†		"	13.0	11.3	"
New-Haven,	1834	180.	22.6	5.	46	10.	12.	9.	2.8	22	.14	1	1	do.	5.†		"	14.0	12.1	"
C. Vanderbilt,	1837	178.	24.	4.†	41	10.	11.	12.	2.	27	.12	1	1	Bridge Port.	"		"	14.0	12.1	"
Cleopatra,	1835	193.	24.	5.	47	11.	11.6	10.	2.4	25	.25	1	2	Harford.	"		150			"
Bunker Hill,	1835	180.	34.	4.†	41	11.	10.6	10.	2.3	26	.20	1	2	do.	"		"			"
Charter Oak,	1837													do.	"		"			"
Norwich,	1836	160.	25.	5.0	41	10.	10.3	10.	2.3	24	.21	1	2	Norwich.	"		140			One mast.
New-York,	1837	160.	22.6	6.†	38	10.	11.	9.	2.2	24	.21	1	1	Charleston.	70.		722	10.3	8.9	do.
Columbia,	1835	186.	22.6	8.	56	8.	13.	10.	3.	22	.18			do.	67.		722	10.7	9.2	do.
Home,	1837	210.9	22.6	7.	56	9.	11.6	9.	3.	21	.14			do.	"	Lost.	722	10.7	9.2	2 masts, just finished.
Neptune,	1837	221.	25.	7.	50	11.†	12.6	9.6	3.	21	.14	1	2	do.	"		722			
Belle,	1837	180.	26.	5.	50	10.	12.6	10.	2.6	25	.25			Albany.	10.		147	14.7	12.7	

NOTE. These boats all take their departure from New-York; the draft of water varies on the same passage, according to the turn. † There is doubtless an error in regard to the Swallow and Rochester, as these boats are known to be nearly equal in speed. † 13 hours by day, 14 by night. † By night.

river going steamer. But John Bull has been so long accustomed to strait sides and bulwarks, quarter galleries and cutwater, the latter surmounted by bowsprit and figure head, that it is difficult for him to imagine any other standard of beauty in naval architecture. Thus it happens, too, with his steamers, owing in part to the imperfection of their models or construction, and the comparative inefficiency of their engines, that he still finds it expedient to employ canvass, in aid of steam in his home navigation; a practice which, in a steamer of proper efficiency, is worse than useless, except perhaps on sea voyages.

There is however a 'genus' of American steam-boats, of which we are not so proud, and which unfortunately has furnished material to the editor of the 'Nautical' and other foreign writers, for most of their witticisms upon American steam navigation. This genus, whose *habitat* is chiefly on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, has also contributed much to unsettle the public mind, and to impair the just confidence which has hitherto been placed in the skill and science of American artisans and engineers; and which has likewise been the means of fastening upon our invaluable steam marine a legislative incubus, which bids fair to secure to the steamers of Britain the most valuable portion of our intercourse with the parent country.

Ours is a reading public, while the writers on steam or steam navigation are almost exclusively English, and give currency to English views and opinions, whether the same be sound or practically obsolete. This tendency in our literature is unwittingly abetted by a great portion of the American press, the conductors of which are not sufficiently conversant with the facts and principles on which alone a correct estimate can be founded; while American engineers are better employed than in sketching the present state of their art, or in writing the chronicles of their own labors and achievements, which latter have a brighter and more enduring record in their results, and in the changes which they have so rapidly wrought upon the face of nature, and of human society.

It seems hardly to be known, at the present time, even in our own country, that a proper sea going steam ship, well adapted to the navigation of the Atlantic, was built and fitted out at New-York full seventeen years ago, when the art of steam navigation in Europe was in its very infancy. This steam ship, the Robert Fulton, made a number of voyages to Havana and New-Orleans, but owing to the embarrassments of her owner, was dismantled, and sold in another country. This vessel was designed and built by that celebrated shipwright, the late Henry Eckford, for David Dunham, Esq., since deceased, and is now a ship of war, mounting twenty-six guns, and remarkable for her sailing qualities; having for several years past been attached to the Brazilian navy. This ship, if propelled by a modern 'New-York' engine, or with the portion of steam power which is now used in the best British steam ships, would, even now, prove a successful rival to the Great Western; at least for any length of passage for which her structure was designed.

Of the practicability of trans-atlantic navigation by steam power alone, American engineers have, for several years, been fully sensible. Of the probability of obtaining a remuneration proportioned to the outlay, however, great doubts have always been entertained. But should the sound practical talent of our countrymen be brought to

bear properly upon this enterprise, a degree of surety and despatch which has not yet been realized, is sure to be attained. Whether such an attempt be justifiable at this time, in view of the false position in which the American merchants and engineers have been placed by the recent investments of British capital in ocean steamers, and by the unwise legislation of our own government, is a question admitting of more doubt. This remark is applied to the new steam-boat law; more especially to that odious provision, which makes the owners of American steam vessels liable, in case of accident, for all the property on board their vessels, in violation of the first principles of justice, which deem a man innocent till he is proved guilty.

### ODE TO THE CZAR.

'He has ravaged six hundred young women from their homes in Poland to distribute among the soldiery.'

GERMAN PAPER.

'Odii immortales! ubinam gentium sumus?'

And so 'tis o'er; and Poland, torn  
And bleeding, bows to thee;  
Thou hast thy guerdon in the scorn,  
The curses of the free!  
And men shall say, in other times,  
Thou wast Napoleon in thy crimes,  
But nothing more could be;  
Fore-doomed to ape those acts alone,  
The exile scorned or dared not own!

And then this last! It were a deed  
A Nero's name would blot;  
By worse than Rome's worst son decreed,  
It shall not be forgot.  
Thy fame will be, the ruthless foe,  
Whose every breath was human wo,  
Till thrones and time are not;  
The first, the last, the worst to claim  
An immortality of shame!

The Grecian, with the earth at ban,  
Wept for a world to win;  
But mourned, for he was still a man,  
The plague-spot dark within:  
The Thunderer, melted by the spell,  
Wept at the distant evening bell  
Of his own young Bienne:  
But thou!—the fiend hath blasted thee  
From all of human sympathy.

The Cæsar mourned the laurelled foe  
Hurled headlong from his side,  
Forgetting, in that hour of wo,  
He would the world divide:  
But thou!—to thee 't is doubly sweet  
To stab the victim at thy feet,  
Thou lord of homicide!  
Dark thing—go glut thee o'er thy blade,  
And mark the ruin thou hast made.

The dying mourning for the dead,  
The conquered on the slain,  
The night-clouds glowing wildly red,  
The blood-empurpled plain,

The earthquake charge, the freeman's prayer  
A nation in its last despair,  
These crowd thy reeking train;  
Till even Ruin checks her way,  
And waves her ghastly arm to stay.

The father tearless grieves his son,  
The warrior mourns his bride;  
The mother clasps her little one,  
For she has nought beside;  
The famished boy, of lordly birth,  
Stands weeping by the smouldering hearth,  
Where all his race have died.  
And Poland wails, in widowed wo,  
Her martyred sons, her ruthless foe,

And Europe heard her last, wild shriek,  
Nor answered to the call;  
The Austrian whet his vulture beak,  
And severed for her fall;  
And Prussia shouted in her glee,  
And England, traitress to the free!  
Was harloting with Gaul;  
Gods! did the Corsican but reign,  
How would they leap to arms again!

But all in vain; his eagle wing  
Low in the dust is laid!  
The children of the thunder-king  
Have sheathed his lightning blade!  
And since he fell, their land hath been  
The plaything of whate'er was mean,  
Betraying and betrayed!  
By Europe chained, then vainly free,  
The slaves, the dupes of tyranny.

Yet there are mourners o'er thy grave;  
Oh Poland, shall it be?  
And nations mock the bold and brave,  
With such hypocrisy!  
But it is well; from out thy tomb  
Their ruin, Phoenix-like, shall come,  
And Europe yet be free.  
Nor kings nor traitors barter then  
The eternal heritage of men.

## HANS CARVEL.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE KUSHOW PROPERTY,' 'THE LATE JOHNNY MARSDEN,' ETC.

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WHEN old HANS CARVEL departed this life, at a very advanced age, (may his bones rest in peace!) he bequeathed to his only son, Hans, a well-cultivated farm, and the ancient homestead of the family. To these he superadded God's blessing on him, and some salutary directions for his future conduct in life, as namely: 'Fear God — speed the plough — marry a wife — curb the tongue.' Having inculcated these essential principles in the character of every good husbandman, and honest yeoman, he said no more, but being perfectly 'willing to go,' threw back his hoary head, and sank like a patriarch to his slumbers. And now Hans, finding himself deprived of the paternal counsel, and put in jeopardy of the world, carefully stored away this legacy of good advice, and went about his business as usual. He plodded industriously, as his fathers had done, ploughed the paternal soil, and although the earth did not always yield an equal abundance, he never wanted a sufficiency of good things, and a contented heart to enjoy them. Although the mansion, a homely tenement, built a hundred years ago, in the style of that period, might be looked upon with an insolent sneer, by some of your imposing modern structures, it was none the less comfortable for all that, affording a sufficient covert from the storm, and shelter from the tempest. It had a quiet air, and a variety of appearances without, gave evidence of thrift and hospitality within. There it stood, and appeared likely to stand, with the gable end to the street, a dog, grisly and blind with age, reclining on the sunny porch, gourds and wooden trenchers, and milk-strainers, and strings of apples put out to dry, a washing-tub on a barrel, and cats and dogs, and chickens walking right into the kitchen. Any one will agree, that this was too pleasant a place to live alone in. So Hans thought, and having acquitted his conscience on other points, he determined to get married, and obey the dying injunction of his father. He was not very difficult to please, looking neither for riches nor beauty. He considered a prudent woman a mine of wealth to her husband, and for the latter quality, his ideas of it were founded wholly in utility. A very short search made him acquainted with one whom he considered qualified to render him happy, and he courted her, to the best of his abilities, for three weeks; when he mustered up courage, and asked her in plain terms to accede to his proposals. She replied, with a modest refinement, that she 'did n't care if she did.' This soft confession was decisive, and the dominie being forthwith called, brought the matter to a happy termination. There was some little merry-making and jollity afterward, and then the household affairs went on as if nothing had happened. None of your long and expensive journeys to mountain-houses, and mineral fountains, suffocating to death on the dusty roads, and coppering your complexion with impregnated waters. This first false step too frequently leads to a habit of gadding, never afterward recovered from. The more Hans



reflected on his marriage, the more he had reason to be pleased with the object of his choice. She, it is true, rather had the 'upper hand' in the family, but in other respects, she was every thing his heart could desire, and gave him many a sound lesson in marketing. Hans was stingy, but she was stingier than Hans. If he put seven radishes into a bunch, she took out one, in order to make the number even, and to give a more trim appearance to the same. If he parcelled out the asparagus too bountifully for their customers, she withdrew enough spears to reduce the bunches to a reasonable size. Thus she perpetually repressed a vicious propensity which he had, of giving good measure, and of treading on the line of honesty. When he came home from market, she demanded his purse, with an executive air, being already possessed of the sword of power, separated the coin from the bank notes, and both from the shin-plasters, rating him merrily for having any thing to do with the latter, and then jingling the pieces severally into the foot of a long stocking, placed them for safe-keeping in her pet bank of deposite.

Years passed sluggishly away, without any thing material to interrupt his happiness, until a circumstance occurred, which suddenly altered his prospects, and produced a new era in the life of Hans Carvel. Two speculators came along, and wanted to buy his farm. This proposal took him all aghast. It was unexpected, and with that credulity natural to ignorance, he concluded that they wanted to cheat him. The consequence was, they could do nothing with him. He was immoveable. They argued, they reasoned, they made liberal offers. They might as well have planted the sea-shore with salt. The Messrs. Snipkins had very foolishly considered themselves sure of their bargain. In the fertility of their imaginations, they had already pulled down the old house 'about his ears,' run an avenue through the orchard, and parcelled the land out on either side into innumerable lots. So now their airy castles tumbled to the ground, their schemes were frustrated, they fairly knocked their heads together with vexation, and going away, damned him up and down. The moment they had gone out, Hans finding the ground clear, took time for reflection, and gathering together his scattered ideas, began to think solemnly of the matter. He coned over all that had been said, considered the price offered for his land 'so much greater than he had ever dreamed of,' and ere he laid his cap that night on the pillow, resolved to abide by the offer. When the speculators came again, to make a fresh effort, he treated them more considerately than at first, told them that he did not want 'to sell,' and *at any rate*, could not think of their former proposal. At this first dawn of hope, the Messrs. Snipkins tipped each other the wink, and feeling their way softly as they went, after a long parley, succeeded in closing in with him for one third more. But an unseen difficulty soon arose, which made their ground still very ticklish. The bill having met the concurrence of Hans, must needs pass through the other branch of the legislature, and receive the sanction of Mrs. Carvel. Here it came very near being thrown under the table; for some of the neighbors had been 'ploughing' with Hans' 'heifer,' and discovering what was on foot, exhorted Mrs. Carvel to have nothing at all to do with the matter. She therefore refused point blank to sign the papers, and when-

ever the subject was alluded to, shot out her lips, turned her nose heavenward, and put on the ugliest look imaginable. This difficulty was, however, got over, she being prevailed on, not by any persuasion, (for that only made things worse,) but by the prospect of so much ready money, and was at last not only willing to 'sign off,' but to acknowledge that she had done so without bodily fear, or compulsion. The bargain was clenched. Mr. Snooks, the lawyer, executed the necessary deeds and papers, and the old homestead passed from the Carvel family for ever. Hans did not close the negotiation without self-reproaches, and a slight ripple of emotion stirred his heart, as he relinquished the abode of his fathers. He could not with indifference turn from a spot so hallowed for its age and associations, where he had been born, and passed the days of his childhood and of his youth, and grown up to man's estate. It is impossible to break away from old attachments, be they of what kind soever, without doing violence to our nature. It is not father and mother, brethren and sisters, merely, which make up a home; it is place likewise; the old mansion, the pleasant nooks and corners, the fireside, and all those familiar objects which are indissolubly connected with them. How pleasantly do all these mingle together, when we are absent, making it sweet to remember them, and persuading us, how convincingly, that 'there is no *place* like home.' And now Hans felt all that affection for the old places which had hitherto lain as a dormant principle within him, awake into being. He reproached himself again and again, and sitting for the last time within the ample jambs of the kitchen fire-place, leaned his head upon his hands, and indulged in a pensive melancholy. It was now too late; the estate had passed from him; he did not know before how much he loved it. Thus, thus do we wring our hands, and weep over the dead, whom perhaps we have loved too coldly while living.

When all the business and papers connected with this important transaction were cleared away, and left a little breathing time, Hans Carvel reviewed his worldly prospects, cast up his accounts with an accurate eye, and at last wrought out the glorious conclusion that he was — *independent*. This word must not be understood in the enlarged sense which the extravagance of the present day would give to it. Perhaps the rich and the luxurious would smile at the independence of Hans Carvel. Some persons depend so much upon the world, that it requires a vast sum to place them above it. His wants, on the contrary, were limited, and with strict frugality, he deemed his interest sufficient to meet them; he should be able to 'make both ends meet,' without having recourse to labor, or in more grandiloquent phrase, to 'live on his money.' One day as he passed by the old domains, rubbing his hands, and chuckling over his late bargain, he espied red flags put up in different directions, and several important personages striding backward and forward, with measured steps. These preparations seemed ominous. Vague apprehensions came over him, and a terrible suspicion that after all he had been overreached. While he stood thus musing against a fence, a 'd — d good-natured friend' passed that way, and having smilingly given him the time of the day, led him into the secret that Messrs. Snipkins, the speculators, had parted with that property at a large advance. Hans

said nothing, although his nether jaw dropped perceptibly. Every one knows what sort of a feeling repentance is, when it comes too late. He went home, groaned all night upon his pillow, and loaded himself with new reproaches. As he before considered what he had gained, he now counted his losses, called the speculators all hard names, and accused them of taking the bread out of his mouth. He, like a hard-working hind, had tugged all his life at the stubborn glebe, enduring 'the burden and heat of the day,' while they came in at the eleventh hour to enjoy the golden harvest. His neighbors were not slow in aggravating his distress. They taunted him before his face, and they upbraided him behind his back. 'What a natural-born fool,' said they, 'is Hans Carvel. Had he only waited a little longer, he might have taken the tide at its flood, and possessed the money now pocketed by strangers. They looked at him in a deprecating manner, wagging their heads, and hinting that he was old enough to have his eye-teeth cut. 'What,' said they, 'if old Hans could rise out of his grave, and see these strange doings, the house torn down, and not one stone upon another, the cider-presses moved off, the orchard cut down, the land slashed up. And if—' 'And if—and if,' replied Hans the younger, with admirable serenity, 'you will have a little patience, neighbours, *we shall see what we shall see.*' It so happened, that in a short time he achieved a complete triumph over these cavillers. For the old farm, having passed through a great number of hands, and got beyond its intrinsic value, when a revulsion took place, naturally reverted to its former owners, and the Messrs Snipkins, who had speculated largely in lands, broke all to pieces. Hans was secure, and with this catastrophe his temper recovered its equilibrium.

He now removed to a small tenement, for which he paid more than it was worth, and considering how suddenly he had been thrown from his appropriate sphere, led a tolerable contented life. A garden afforded him light employment, which was just large enough to raise a few cabbages, and to contain a pig-stye to rear his winter pork. He was *independent*, and already got reputation as a man of substance. The knowing ones pointed him out in that short monosyllabic way which means a good deal, whispering that he was a rich old fellow, who 'lived on his money.' Thus being fairly settled down in a new capacity, having no fields to plough, no seed to sow, no cattle to feed, no fences to mend, he had on hand more precious time than he knew what to do with. Those idle and talkative propensities which had been before checked by the necessity of earning his daily bread, found full occasion for exercise, and he became one of the most inveterate and really troublesome bores, ever inflicted on a community. Those who have nothing to do, are apt to fancy all others in the same 'category.' Hans might be said to 'eat the bread of idleness.' He rose betimes in the morning, wrought a half an hour in his garden, ate his breakfast, and then sallied forth to bestow himself on his neighbors. He sauntered leisurely and pleasantly about, sat a little here, a little there, and chatted sociably at the corner of a street or over a stile. His mode of operating differed from that of the common herd of bores. He was not one of those who hold you with tender violence by the button hole, nor secure you

more thoroughly by the arm, like Claud Halcro in the 'Pirate,' when he discoursed of 'Glorious John Dryden,' nor follow pertinaciously at your heels, like the person who encountered Horace as he took his customary walk in the Sacred Way. With such fellows you *can* dispense, if you will. It needs decision. You must bring an antagonist brute force into play, not wave them off, with a cold politeness. Shake them violently away, and Diogenes-like, compel them to get from between you and the sun. Or if their impudence comes in too palpable a form, I know of no law of etiquette which forbids a gentleman from knocking them down. Hans Carvel was none such. There was nothing in his approaches to justify even the thought of violence. You could not discard him hastily, without doing injury to your own feelings; he was so mild, peaceful, lamb-like in his conduct. It was not any respect for him, but a principle of self-respect, which prevented you from breaking rudely away. He gave no apparent cause for such a procedure. How can you get rid of a man who looks so blandly, and has to all appearance got something to say? There was a quiet fascination in his dark, whimsical, slow-rolling eye, which was irresistible, and held you as surely as the cords of love. Did he select you as his victim, he placed himself right before you, straddled his legs moderately apart, and declining his head a little on one side, with a placid smile, stood in the attitude to speak. As a bird oscillating gaily on a bush, catches the vivid eye of a 'snake in the grass,' and is straightway drawn into his fascinating jaws, so certainly were you captured, and you had only to yield up your attention at once, and utter in a dejected tone, 'Well, what is it, Hans Carvel?' That was enough. The victory was complete, the stage clear, the audience attentive. After a slight pause, as if to gather up his resources, and adjust his organs, Hans began his communication in soft, under tones, imperceptible to the by-standers, and sometimes sinking into a mysterious whisper. He spoke with an official importance, stopping at intervals to take a pinch of tobacco. This you might suppose a capital opportunity to escape. Did you make the attempt, however, you would find yourself in the situation of a rogue who takes advantage of a little more rope, only to be brought up with a jerk. Ashamed of being baffled, you would be compelled to hang down your head, like an untoward ass, who has been kicking incontinently in the traces, and whose burden is greater than he can bear. Gliding with a rapid, though easy motion toward the door, he touched you slightly on the arm, as if the cream of the talk were yet to come, and will you nil, you, took a new lease upon your patience. And what think you did Hans talk about? What important information had he to impart or to acquire, what deep questions of state or national policy to discuss? Was it the official acts of the government that he spake of, wherein they were salutary or oppressive, and what was their effect on the industrious classes? By no means. He was not affected by them. He drew his interest half-yearly, and beside, his policy was, to 'obey the powers that be.' 'The worser they acted, the better he liked them.' Was it the contingency of a war? He was emphatically a man of peace, and cared neither for wars nor rumors of wars. He had none of the revolutionary spirit. A hundred such fellows might be put into a magazine of gunpowder, and

their united wits could not conjure one little spark to blow it up. Was it the subject of popular education, so dear to every genuine lover of his country? His mind was already made up on that point. He knew too much of the bliss of ignorance, to be guilty of the folly of being wise. He had never felt the want of 'schooling' himself, and in fact disapproved of common schools altogether. They tended to 'unite church and state.' It is not easy to decide by what process of reasoning he came to this dull and ingenious result. Probably he had heard the phrase bandied about, but what was really meant by the union of church and state, he understood no more than the back of his hand. But what did Hans talk about? Simply — NOTHING. Alas! how many in all classes of society are gifted with this same faculty of talking about nothing! Such characters are in abundance in the world, and are every where to be met with. They display their exquisite demeanor in the drawing room, and 'with many holiday and lady terms,' question you about — nothing. They enter the halls of legislation, disgrace their constituents, make a spectacle of themselves, and swell up with empty nothings. I had rather endure the silence of primeval nature, than the troublesome chatter of those who talk about nothing. It is better to think without speaking, than to speak without thinking.

Hans Carvel always carried an empty basket on his arm. It took away from that vagabond air, which those have who stray much in the streets. It gave steadiness to his motions, and added weight to his character. He could thus, without fear of reproach, hold a long parley with a neighbor, and when on departing he cast his eyes down on the basket, appearing suddenly to remember himself, it looked as if he had some ulterior object in view. No doubt he was going to purchase a few necessary commodities for the household; a joint of meat for a dinner, or eggs for the 'gude woman' to infuse into a pudding. On Sundays he went punctually to the Dutch church, stationed himself a little before service at the entrance, and intercepted severally all that passed by, as a cobweb catches a fly. It was rather amusing to notice his motions at the courts, and places where public business was going on. He usually gave signal to some of the parties concerned that he wanted to speak with them, and withdrawing to a window at the extremity of the room, whispered, and smiled, and nodded, and winked, to the discomfiture of the curious, who had noticed the movement, and pricked up their ears for nought.

Thus he jogged on through this weary world. He ate, and drank, and slept, and one day was exactly the counterpart of another. An event however occurred at last, which affected him very deeply. His wife, who had always been in her sound mind, suddenly cut a fantastic freak, and became as crazy as a March hare. In this situation, she was extremely troublesome. It seemed as if all the traits and qualities of her mind had gone over to their opposites. She hated whom she had loved, and loved whom she had hated, and instead of being any more a rigid economist, her extravagance exceeded all bounds. She ripped up all the rag-carpet in the 'best parlour,' and put down an 'ingrain carpetin',' of lively colors, which the neighbors considered a very elegant 'floor cloth' to be sure. Every thing homespun in the house gradually gave way to articles of foreign



manufacture. Britannia-ware and pewter were discarded from the table. She bought silver spoons with her own initials on the handles, which were so thin that they were as sharp as knife-blades. She overhauled Hans' shirts and had them adorned with frills, and ruffles, by reason of which he cut a very ridiculous figure on Sunday. Instead of doing her own work, she hired a servant, and held a perpetual levee in the parlor. Finally, Hans could not 'stand it' any longer, and in self defence, put her in the asylum. He had not the heart to keep her there long. She soon came out apparently amended, but never after became completely cured.

What a pity it was that Hans Carvel ever parted from the old homestead, or ever knew the blessings of 'independence!' Then he was engaged in the honorable occupation of tilling the soil, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, and when the night came on, laid down his weary head to more sound and refreshing slumbers. Now, like many who emerge too suddenly from their customary course, he only diminished his happiness, and reaped no advantage from the change. While Mrs. Carvel became extravagant, put on the airs of a fine lady, rustled in silks, and scolded him more soundly than ever, he sauntered leisurely about, enjoying the reputation of living on his means, doing nothing for the public good, and conscious of nothing but his own importance.

#### AUTUMNAL STANZAS.

Clouds athwart the stars are straying,  
Moaning winds disturb the night,  
Leaves unto the dust are falling,  
Touch'd with blight.

Autumn eve shuts cold around me,  
Gay companions, here are none;  
Silent thoughts and visions give me  
Life that's gone.

Minutes seen and snatched for ever;  
Told in beauty — told in mirth!  
How they fitted, bright and noiseless  
O'er the earth!

How my heart, untouched of trial,  
Bathed in sunshine daily lay,  
Reckless all of care or conflict,  
Far away.

Joyous hours! I glow to meet you,  
Even in fitful, changeful dreams!  
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,  
Vanished gleams!

Float ye o'er the faded garlands,  
On my brow that used to be;  
Sun the paths my feet have trodden,  
Blithe and free!

Gem the skies my glance hath pondered,  
Oft at midnight's thrilling tide;  
Where the breath of waking summer  
Only sighed.

Where my spirit so was reaping  
Gentle gifts from altars high,  
I could wish, amidst their fulness,  
Ne'er to die.

Happier days than e'er can meet me,  
To the mystic land are flown;  
Days of blossom! days of blessing!  
Past and gone!

Lo! the future, Winter sealeth,  
Clothed in sternness, storm, and night!  
Birds and flowers along the pathway,  
Ta'en to flight!

Lessons from the present flowing,  
Yield but dull, unwelcome lore,  
All unlike the spreading pages  
Traced of yore!

Let me then the past embracing,  
On her breast my vigils keep,  
Till amidst her murm'ring music,  
Lull'd to sleep.

Voices of the lost beside me,  
Faces of the loved shall be;  
I shall feast at olden fountains,  
Plenteously!

Joyous hours! I smile to greet you,  
Even in changeful, fitful dreams!  
Pierce the shadow of my slumbers,  
Vanished gleams!



## HUMAN OCCUPATIONS.

## COMPARATIVE PRIVILEGES AND EFFECTS OF THE DIFFERENT OCCUPATIONS IN LIFE.

MAN was formed from the dust of the earth, and placed in the garden of Eden. All his wants were supplied by the spontaneous productions of the soil. He toiled not, and the sweat of his brow was only the healthy destitution of the nectarean waters he drank, as he reclined beneath the shady groves of Paradise, and gazed with delight upon the glowing beauties of a pure world. Thus he would have lived, in unmixed joy; every breeze would have been tempered to softness, and every gale been balmy; new objects would probably have arisen, to satisfy his curiosity, and his course through the cycles of ages might have been one of constant progression. Eve came to share his happiness, and minister to his affections. Adorned with perfect beauty, the fairest of womankind came into existence, herself most beautiful where all was lovely. Imagine the happy pair, as they walked through this magnificent palace of nature! Mark the dignified repose and content upon the countenance of Adam, and the bright intelligence of Eve, as she listens to his discourse, responds to his feelings, and harmonizes with the scene. Now she calls his attention to new beauties which her fine senses have discovered, and with the untaught grace of nature, and the true eloquence of simplicity, she kindles in the bosom of her husband content into admiration, and satisfaction into delight. The notes of birds, the odor of flowers, the music of streams, and the wondrous brilliancy of the virgin firmament, all contribute to their felicity. Sin is not; labor is not. No dismal thoughts of the future brood in their hearts; no anticipations of sorrow darken their dwelling. Want is not known in the garden of God, and human passion is not yet born to disturb their repose. Who, in contemplating a pair like this, can believe that they are the origin of a race who get their bread by the sweat of their brow? But temptation came, and sin followed close upon the temptation, and from thenceforth man was born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward; and from this point in the history of the world, we may date the commencement of trades, occupations, and professions.

Had our first parents remained spotless and sinless; had no serpent twined his wily folds around 'her with perfect beauty adorned,' what would have been the situation of mankind, or the state of our planet, who can conjecture? Here is a fine field for speculation, but one in which it is not our business to indulge. It is enough for us to acquiesce in the course of events; and since doomed to a necessity to toil, let us examine the state of the world, in its vast variety of fulfilling the decision, and see if any have the advantage, or if any class can be said to be exempt from the decree.

In the early ages of the world, occupations were few, because the wants of mankind were few, as they would be now, perhaps, if we could be content to be simple and unostentatious. Pasturage of their flocks employed their chief attention, which, with the game that came in their way, furnished them with all they thought they required. The skins of animals furnished them coverings for their bodies; and

their flesh, food. Tents of the easiest constructure sheltered them from the heat and cold, and ownerships in land being unknown and unthought of, they roamed here and there, to suit their convenience, and accommodate their wants. Mankind must at this point be viewed as shepherds. They watched their flocks by night, to protect them from the incursions of beasts of prey; they were drawers of water and hewers of wood. Water, in that part of the world where mankind were first planted, was of more consequence, it appears, than land; and we read of ownership in wells of water. They lived in a state of labor, then, in the most primitive state of the world; for watching flocks by night, and going any distance for water, would be esteemed no slight drudgery, even at this day.

There is a charm that hangs around this view of our progenitors, which always belongs to contemplations of a wild and untutored independence, a modification of the natural love of liberty. Hedged about, as we are, with laws and customs, enslaved by the despotism of fashion, and wearing the servility of opinion; drawn this way by conscience, and that by regard for temporary interest, or some distant prospect of aggrandizement, we look at the free wanderers of the wild, or unprejudiced followers of nature, as possessing privileges, for which we would gladly barter all we possess of refinement, or enjoy of luxury. But superinduced upon all this, we may add the majesty of their unadulterated religion. Holding communication with the Deity himself, like the patriarchs, or receiving his commands like Moses, or going out to battle, clothed with the armor of his approbation and protection, like David. Nor is this simplicity confined to those who had a knowledge of the true God. All men living in a simple state, will frame to themselves, by the light of nature, a plain system of belief, grand and imposing from its majestic unity. It is the adulteration of the true religion which is to be feared; it is this which debases a nation, like the heathen idolatries of Asia, which all, or mostly, are the results of wicked aims in a few to enslave the many. Religion, like a valuable medicine, may, by foreign mixtures, be rendered a deadly poison, killing instead of curing, degrading instead of elevating. The unlettered Indian, whose heaven is in the 'sweet south-west,' who sees God in clouds, and hears him in the wind, who bows to the inward promptings of his great spirit, feels a dignity of devotion, as he listens to its suggestions, and obeys its mandates, unknown to the speculative caviller of sects, and the half-doubting, half-believing follower of Christianity.

This state of the world has been the favorite theme of poets, and dreamers of happiness; and, indeed, it may be asserted, with some truth, that men are more virtuous, and consequently happy, who are left much to a free dependence upon their own thoughts, and escaping all social evils, are open to the action of the purifying influences of nature. The shepherd who watches his flocks, and moralizes like the melancholy Jacques, in the woods of Arden, may, like him, find

'Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

Hannah More, in her *Shepherd of Salisbury Plains*, has given us an instance at how high a state of moral greatness a poor, laboring, yet

thinking man may arrive, in this primeval occupation ; and taught, by an instructive tale, how beautiful piety and resignation may be made to appear in the humble shed, where, though visited by all the ills that flesh is heir to, we almost envy the contentedness of the man, though we should have to take his physical misery along with it.

But from the constitution of the mind of man, he could not long remain in the shepherd state. Social feeling led men together. Our progenitors soon discovered the pleasures of love and friendship, the reciprocation of kindness, and the pleasures of sympathy. We suppose the opening of these resources of happiness in the human heart were purely accidental. Necessity and chance operated in the moral world, as in the physical, in continually calling out new powers, and unfolding new affections. I am aware that this is contradictory to many notions of our parents, and their immediate descendants ; for some have supposed that Adam came into existence endowed with a mind richly stored with science, and particularly excelling in astronomical knowledge. But when men began to find it for their happiness to form clans, they became more fixed in their abiding places, and local attachments became known, and the word 'home' began to have a sweetness and a charm, which it has never lost. Division of labor, so well understood by ants and bees, would seem to be the obvious result of such an arrangement. But division of labor, or exchange of one kind of labor for another, soon led to the discovery, that practice rendered some more perfect in certain kinds of employment than others, owing to physical organization, taste, etc ; and so arts and trades became known. Long periods of years must have elapsed to produce this classification of men, which we gladly acknowledge, to enable us to step over certain dark gulfs in the history of our kind, and to come down to periods better known, and more suited to our purpose. This, however, is merely supposition ; for it must be acknowledged, that it is in vain to seek for commencement ; all is progress. In imagination, we may conceive a time when the human race was in the lowest degree of culture ; but on inquiry, we every where meet the arts, meet men collected into societies, meet property, legislation, and government.

Arts, however, even almost down to our own time, were viewed as a direful necessity. The improvements were so slow, that they can hardly be perceived. War was the great business of man. This seemed to offer an opportunity for the exercise of those powers, which have since been proved to be capable of contending with the elements themselves. Man spurns labor ; and it is only when he views it in its consequences upon society, in the melioration of his kind ; when he views labor philosophically and religiously, that he will submit to it, any farther than for the immediate supply of his necessities. The Indian places his glory, his pleasure, his virtue, even, in the arm of battle ; and thus it has been over the whole world. And we question if the love of contention, which manifests itself upon all occasions, and which throws our country into such violent agitations, is worthy of a better origin, than a hereditary disposition to fight, bred so closely in the habits of our progenitors. No matter what the subject or the project, opposition will come. Does a man

labor to demoralize, he is opposed. Does he labor to moralize, he is opposed. Where is the undertaking which has not its opposers? Where is the individual, who has not his enemies? It is precisely the same spirit that leads to violent invective, and random abuse, now-a-days, that formerly marshalled men with the buckler and sword. Instead of the trumpet, we are summoned by the press, and instead of the proud war-horse, shaking the plain, each man rides his own hobby, until he or his hobby lies panting upon the sand, in inglorious death. Nevertheless, our wars do not interrupt the order of society, nor interfere with the pursuits of agriculture, and commerce, and manufactures; while the wars of the ancients employed nearly all the able-bodied men, and left domestic affairs entirely to the women. We may here discover the cause of the slow progress of the arts, and dragging movements of civilization, which always move at an equal pace with the advancements in the sciences. Nearly up to the discovery of the western continent, mankind must be viewed as warriors. It is true that short intervals of peace led them into other pursuits. Love of ease and luxury begot the means of enjoying pleasure. Conquerors carried their poets, and painters, and jesters, with them to battle. Greece had her poets, and sculptors, and orators, and Imperial Rome 'sat upon her seven hills, and from her throne of beauty ruled the world,' as much by the power of her senate, the eloquence of her patriots, and the sagacity of her consuls, as by the splendor of her arms, and the chivalry of her achievements. Egypt, too, had long before this built her pyramids, and found time to study the stars, and hide in her archives the secrets of science. '*Carthago fuit — Troja fuit.*' Pericles had adorned Athens with magnificent buildings, and the arts flourished beneath his patronage. The treasures of the east had been accumulated; astrology had deluded kings, and incense had burned to heathen gods, and to vile impostors. Women had been won by the songs of troubadours; tournaments had been held to reward the valiant; but war, *war*, was the great business of mankind. To overrun a country, and deluge it with blood; to slay women and children, or to destroy harvests of rich grain, and leave the wretched inhabitants to a cruel death; these were the exploits of men, whose names almost alone shine conspicuously on the page of history. So that history seems a charnel-house of butcheries, with here and there a character to remind us that we are reading of civilized men, instead of savages.

It is not within our scope, to account for all the different occupations that employ mankind, although the subject is highly interesting, involving as it does, the progress of science and civilization. We must content ourselves with saying, that moral and physical necessity is the ground-work of all art. Men act not without motive. Dread of labor, irksomeness of toil, is the mother of invention. Though some arts may trace their origin to accident, as the discovery of Newton, who, idly dreaming in his garden, seized upon the fall of an apple as the nearest and most convenient object upon which to exercise his speculating propensities, has led to results which have changed the whole face of astronomical knowledge, and given birth to a new era in philosophy.

It would indeed be a curious subject, to trace the occupation of

the tailor, from its commencement as a trade, distinct from other occupations, through all the vagaries of fashion, the windings of his scissors, the niceties of his needle, the allayings of his goose, and the swellings of his buckram, from the rude construction and excruciating tortures of a primitive new coat, and the tiresome constraint of the first pair of pantaloons, up to the elegant 'fits' of his workmanship; the wardrobe of a Brummel, and the science that enchanted a Pelham. Equally interesting, would be the dissection of the lawyer; to view him as the pedant of parchment, the inditer of forms, the memory-bag of unmeaning terms, and useless circumlocutions, with wig like a wool-basket, as if to impose upon the vulgar some imaginary terrors as to the size of his head, and extent of his knowledge-box; thus awing into silence, by external grandeur of appearance; yes, to trace him almost down to our own times, thus cumbered with false hair, and fictitious suits, a ravenous consumer of ink, and destroyer of paper, until he should emerge into the character of our own day, and unite the gentleman with the philanthropist, and scholar, the literary and scientific patron of the age; an honor to his country, and the framer and supporter of its laws. But we lack time for this pleasingly laborious task, and the reader may not care to examine the literary budget of such labors; let us therefore calculate the amount of men, as they are — clergymen, lawyers, doctors, school-masters, mechanics, idlers, and busy-bodies.

Clergymen — surely we may speak of them. The day has gone by, when the clergy and the inquisition were an equal terror. They themselves rejoice, that at last they have come to be viewed as other men, with like infirmities, wants, and passions, and let us remember, privileges too. But many centuries must elapse, before this class of men can entirely recover, in the estimation of a certain portion of mankind, that confidence which we feel sure is their due, at least in our country, and in England. Power is dear to the human heart; so dear, and it has been so invariably abused, that the highest praise we give our own WASHINGTON, is the self-control he practised in favor of republican principles; for it has been said that he might have been dictator. Ignorance and Superstition walk hand and hand; and it by no means is to be viewed as a strange result, that the mysteries which belong to the subject of religion, should have been made subservient to base purposes, and political designs. Such being the acknowledged fact, it being matter of history, many notions with regard to clergymen have become the common property of very common men. By this, we may be able to see the justice of the enactment of the legislatures of several states, that clergymen shall have no part in public government, not even the influence of a vote; which law, if I rightly apprehend it, is not so much for the safety of the state, as for the disarming of the prejudices of the multitude, who now can find no political ground upon which to establish their objections against the institutions of the churches. No one would be patiently listened to, who should commence a tirade against any one of the mechanic arts. The uses of the trades are too obvious, to offer any excuse for such comment; but sneerings at the clergy are too common, as a class of men who get their living from the community,



without paying an adequate *quid pro quo*. Many view their contribution to the support of the ministry, as a heavy tax, and by the smallness of the amount they give, and the grudging manner of giving it, evidently proclaim their feelings. We pass by the real grounds of this profession, and view it as one of convenience and policy. And in this respect, as a matter of safety, public order, intellectual pleasure, we cannot see how it can be dispensed with. The great mass of our population is actually educated by the clergy. They get their language from the sermons they hear, and indeed nearly all the book-knowledge they possess. A bad grammarian, in a clergyman, will barbarize a whole people. A close thinker, and proper writer, will render a people polished in their diction, and pure in their idioms. It is impossible to estimate their influence; as impossible as it is for us to conceive of vast convulsions in nature, caused by the simple drops of water long continuing to fall in one place.

Are the men who exert such influences useless? Shall we deny to them the privileges we grant to other men? Are 'all his faults to be observed, set in a note-book, and conned by heart, to cast into his teeth?' Is the person who ministers to us in times of affliction, who buries our dead, and says the consecrated rite over the new-born child, whose time is divided between the sick, the desponding, and the ignorant; who subjects himself to insult, in the discharge of his duty, who carries words of peace and happiness to the remotest corners of the earth, and yet only subsists upon the public, shall we talk slightingly of such a profession? Nay, we blush at the idea. Still, who does not know that the clergy of our land, while debarred the privilege of trade, barely live, some almost starve. I have heard the idea suggested, that the clergyman of a village should be furnished by his parishioners with a fine large house, a good stock of cows, and have all those conveniences about him to enable him to entertain strangers. He should be placed in such a situation, that the needy might be pointed to his door; in short, he should be the charitable organ of the village, and in order to be so, be placed as far above want as he should be above meanness. A clergyman cannot do his duty, who is dependent upon the whims and caprices of his flock. A poor and needy person cannot, without the possession of the highest philosophy, and the strongest exercise of principle, be an independent thinker, or a dignified actor. Poverty weighs down the spirits, and makes the mind truckling and base. There is one exception to this rule, and that is the poverty of a small annuity, by which, though it be little, a man is rendered perfectly independent of the patronage of those around him. Public sentiment should act upon men, and strongly; but let opinion be free as the wind; let it be left to find its own level. Let us have an honest criterion of character, of measures, or we cease to be a people of opinion, and become the mere hucksters of petty contrivances.

But this profession is peculiarly valuable, on another account. Upon the principle of labor-saving machinery, a community employs a competent person to perform the offices of religion, and to furnish religious instruction. This person is educated for the very purpose. He possesses means of information which it has cost lives to accu-



mulate; he is familiar with all those points upon which we need light; proofs of the authenticity of the Scriptures, and collateral information, that renders the subject one of the most interesting in the world. He is a ready-armed champion, to fight for us in the lists of polemic warfare. He is the protector of our opinions in matters not so obvious to many. His whole life is engaged to prepare for heaven. He is an alarm-watch, that wakes us from the slumbers of conscience. He macadamizes the path of life, and smooths the pillow of death. He is the first person that speaks of us seriously, and acknowledges our importance in the scale of being, and the last person that speaks over us in death. None are too mean to address him, none too high to be found of him. He is the poor man's friend, the orphan's father. He clothes the beggar with bright garments, till he weeps for joy. And what are the inducements to their profession? They are of the highest kind, so high as to be above the comprehension of most men. He shuts himself out from wealth, from what the world calls pleasure; he closes the door of political advancement. He barter his time, his health often, and his country, for what — fame? He rarely obtains it, he seldom hopes for it, or wishes for it, beyond the reputation of doing his duty. For what, then, does he make all these sacrifices?

But we break away from this part of our subject, to look at the more stirring profession of the law. We must remark of this profession, that it draws its main support from the deformities of society; from immorality, dishonesty, and crime; from faults, at least; and this fact, too, is not derogatory to the profession, neither do we mean it to be. Law is derived from God. Man cannot exist, in a social state, without it. The very constitution of society is founded upon the principle of giving up certain natural rights, things not '*mala in se*,' that we may enjoy certain privileges, and live under certain protections. The love of liberty, and the desire of following the dictates of passion, without regard to the interests of others, are the chief causes of most of the wrongs committed in society. When wrongs are committed, popular vengeance or individual malice might take too summary vengeance. Hence courts have been instituted, to try the degree of wrong, and to inflict the proper penalty. That the wrong-doer may have every advantage to show his innocence, to seek protection, to avoid oppression, to mitigate his crime, learned men are assigned to fill this place, and, also, in behalf of the supremacy of the law; and thus as long as men are bad, and live in the social state, lawyers must be esteemed a necessary part of the organization of society. A most useful class of men, indeed, as things now are, though it is matter of deep regret, that some plainer, shorter course cannot be contrived; one better understood by the people at large. Most of the cases in court occur from the quarrels or imaginary rights of an ignorant class of men — men of violent passions, strong prejudices, and great 'pluck.' The plaintiff and defendant know little of the reasons of the greater part of the proceedings in their own business, unless they happen to be litigants of long standing, as may be here and there found; men who are truly blessed in the heated air of courts, and who are only at peace in the

contentions of the crowd ; men who love to see the human countenance distorted with passion, and stained with crime ; unless such can be found, none can be said to appreciate the beauty of pleadings, the jerk of a rejoinder, the wit of rebutter, or the knock-down argumentativeness of the sur-rebutter. These, unhappily, are but Greek to the heroes of the battles fought under their golden flags ; and if victory crowns the combat, (for there are conflicts that may be fought over and over again, and at intervals of years, without being decisive,) the vanquished stares in stupid wonder at his defeat ; while the victor scarce believes his own good fortune. This is but a sorry view of litigation, but we see not how it can be charged to the profession, who are by no means accountable for the usages and musty processes which have been handed down, enveloped in all the mysterious majesty of antiquity.

We say nothing more of the importance of the profession of law, than that it will be necessary as long as the strong endeavor to oppress the weak ; as long as men strive to worry and devour each other ; but as long as the cause of injured innocence is to be pleaded, this profession will furnish bright examples of disinterested exertions, chivalrous eloquence, and fearless disclosure of truth, whatever be the consequence.

But we come now to the important influence of lawyers, in matters separated from the technicalities of their art. It is the privilege of the bar to hold a high station in society, and to come under customary respect, as men endowed with learning and eloquence. Cicero was a lawyer. Cæsar was a lawyer, as well as general. The great names of England belong to this profession, and in our own country, great men have been trained at the bar. We are by education prepared to think favorably of a man's intellect, when we hear that he belongs to this profession, and with reason ; for there is enough in a course of legal study, to make a great mind. The history of law, the reasons of decisions, the feudal system, embrace the history of the world, politically and morally. The right study of law embraces all other learning, and distinguished judges have even made themselves familiar with the mechanical arts, to assist them in deciding cases involving them. Parsons, of reported memory, is said to have set a ship-builder right in some nice examination regarding his business, in a trial ; and such instances have not been rare. We look to the bar for leaders in important matters. They are the patrons of literature, the forwarders of great movements in political economy, and the advocates of most of our public concerns. However good and sound may be the views of other men, the practice of the lawyer in courts, his familiarity with the forms of business, and the details of affairs, qualify him to speak publicly, when bodies of men are to be addressed ; and here is a noble field for the enlargement of his influence, and the generality of his fame. Another advantage is, that its pursuits are entirely of an intellectual nature. There is enough constantly to practice his ingenuity, to keep fresh his information, and to enlarge it. The lawyer is not a solitary student, bending his mind for learning's sake ; he lives in the very bustle and strife of mankind. He is acquainted with all the conspicuous men of his time ; his rank admits him to the highest society when abroad ; he is equally spurred on by

interest and pleasure. He never flags, and says it is all stale, flat, and unprofitable, for he meets encouragement at every step, in the suggestions of fame, money, and competition. The effect in society of this profession may be most salutary, its merits most conspicuous. Brougham has not thought penny magazines beneath his notice; much more has he given his influence to the higher order of literary societies. He finds time, amid the arduous duties of many stations, to act his part well in great and little concerns; acknowledging the principle, I presume, that they who do not attend well to their smaller duties, will probably neglect their larger ones. We have been speaking of law pursued as a science, and unless so pursued, of course none of the effects we have mentioned, will follow.

Of the medical profession, I hardly dare speak. It offers much room for real and justifiable reproach, at the same time that it numbers in its ranks some of the brightest names of the age, past and present. But it is yet a question whether the profession itself is not to blame for not long ago freeing the public from the incursions of imposters in science, by adopting a more easily-understood phraseology. The very constitution of the human mind makes it a ready prey to impositions, in cases where health and life are concerned. A drowning man will catch at a straw. Else who pays for the long and weary recountings of wonderful cures in our newspapers, the patent nostrums, the life-giving cordials, the redeeming cosmetics, the preservers of beauty, the renewers of youth, the cure-alls (more properly denominated the kill-alls,) who pays for all this trash? We answer, the very persons who think themselves too poor to call a regular physician; who think health is bought by the ounce, and the more medicine, the more health; who sometimes get ahead of the doctor, with a vengeance, as in the case of a poor family, who, calling a physician, happened to discover after his departure, that he had left some medicine; after contemplating the charm for some time, in astonishment, and wondering what it could be, they concluded to divide the stuff, and each to take a dose. It was done with greedy satisfaction, but it turned out to be sticking salve, and nearly cost them their lives. This is fact, and not fiction, and proves our assertion, that effort should be made to disabuse the public mind of any idea of charms and love-powders. It belongs to the profession of medicine itself, to do away with these ridiculous notions. Some have pretended to raise the dead; and we see the astonishing credulity of the public mind, in the fact, that even a regular physician jumps into an extensive practice by one unexpected cure; a cure which, after all, was effected by removing all medicines out of the reach of the patient, and giving nature fair play. Let us not be understood as speaking slightly of the healing art; it is as necessary, in our day of unnatural habits, as the prop which supports the overlaid tree; but we are taking the liberty to object to the unnecessary obscurity that is thrown around the subject, by terms and phrases. In a matter so near to the interest of every one, people should know things by their right names, that they may have the privilege of taking a little care of themselves. I am objecting to mystery, which makes the poor and ignorant an easy prey to quacks and pretenders. People generally have now few tests by which to try a physician, because the whole art is clothed in a language they can-

not understand. I am aware that upon some subjects, scientific phraseology is necessary ; but we need an Abernethy in our country, who will reduce the subject to a little more common sense standard.

The profession of medicine opens a wide field for the exercise of philanthropy and charity. The poor are its subjects, for the most part, particularly in cities, where a large portion of the laboring population, debarred by their necessities from paying any attention to causes of disease, contract chronic disorders of inveterate strength. We say debarred : perhaps we should rather say, the evils of poverty, the miseries of vice, the pressing necessities of the hour, being the present great evil, they are insensible to the hints of nature, so easily discovered by those who have little to do but to think of their comfort and convenience. Here the physician has room to exercise all his charities, and they are not wanting. In times of epidemics, of the most malignant character, they are a bold, fearless, and philosophical class of men. At such times, often are they called to perform all the offices of nurse, doctor, minister, and undertaker ; and hardly a sickly season has occurred of late, without depriving us of many of these most valuable men. Living as we do in what is called a *refined* state of society, which often means nothing more than dressing better, consuming larger quantities of food, and deeper goblets of sparkling wine, it would be hard to look for an alternative in the medical profession ; and the fact that it draws its support from the miseries and sufferings of the world, is no objection to its respectability. Indeed, what profession is there, that does not draw its support from some suffering, necessity, or disability, unless it be that of the mountebank, who, after all, may be said to draw *his* support, too, from a suffering state of mind ; a state of emptiness, we suppose, as unpleasant as hunger is to the body. The advantages to be derived from this walk in life, are few, in comparison to those of many others. In cities, many, to be sure, amass much wealth, but elsewhere, few acquire much property, as physicians merely. In its effect upon the mind of the individual, the natural result would seem to be, a hardening process. It cannot well be otherwise, than that the constant sight of pain, and disease, and death, should lead to philosophical inquiry, and these lead to theories calculated to stifle the feelings, and deaden the sensibilities. Here, however, a distinction is to be drawn between physical insensibility of nerve, and moral sensibility. A man may acquire great strength of nerve, and yet possess great tenderness of heart. We usually find those young men enter upon the study of medicine, after the discipline of a college life, who have evinced a love for the physical sciences, a taste for natural inquiry, while the aspiring, the turbulent, the lovers of pleasure and fame, the moot court debaters, the gallants, the club-men, choose the law. The quiet, meek-eyed student, the poetic dreamer, the elegant belle-lettres scholar, the man who loves solitary walks in the woods, or by the river's side, who gazes at the stars, not as the astronomer, but in mute wonder, and boundless awe, seeks the more retired labors of the divine, and kindles the lamp of his inspiration at the source of all knowledge.

Thus far, we have confined our remarks to those who labor in what are called the professions. In another and concluding number, we shall dwell upon the occupations of the mechanic trades.

## THE FADING TREE.

I.

OLD TREE! — old tree! The only one  
 Round which the poet's mesh I twine,  
 When faintly wakes the autumnal sun,  
 Or wearied sleeps at day's decline,  
 I see the frost-king, here and there,  
 Doth mark some leaflets for his own,  
 And point with icy finger where  
 He soon shall rear a tyrant throne.

II.

Too soon! too soon! in crimson bright,  
 Cold mockery of thy shame, he'll flout,  
 And proudly climb thy topmost height,  
 To hang his flaunting signal out;  
 While thou, all trembling at thy fate,  
 Shalt stand with sear'd and naked bark,  
 Like banner-staff, so tall and strait,  
 His ruthless victory to mark.

III.

I too, old friend, when thou art gone,  
 Shall pensive to my casement go,  
 Or like the lonely Druid moan,  
 The blighting of the mistletoe;  
 But when young Spring, with matin clear,  
 Shall wake the bird, the stream, the tree,  
 Fain would I 'mid the train appear,  
 And hang my slender wreath on thee.

L. H. S.

*Hartford, Conn., Oct., 1838.*

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A RESIDENCE IN EUROPE.

## NUMBER THREE.

## A VISIT TO THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

NOT all the luxury and brilliancy of this fascinating capitol, of whose intoxicating pleasures I had drank deeply enough, could reconcile me to the thought of being compelled to abandon a visit to the great catacombs, which undermine the south-eastern quarter of the city. I had, when a child, got possession of an old Galignani, which a connexion had brought from Europe, in those days when to have travelled beyond the Atlantic was a distinction for life, and my boyish fancy was deeply worked upon by the mysterious terrors of that subterranean city of the dead. Those long walls of leg and arm bones, piled with such curious regularity, with their layers of skulls at regular distances — ghastly ornaments in this architecture of death — still to be seen in the clumsy engravings that adorn the twentieth edition of the 'Guide,' filled my imagination with inexpressible terror. And though, at the period of my residence in Paris, these vaults had long ceased to be opened to the public, and consequently, to figure among the great curiosities of the capital, the desire I had always felt to explore them myself, retained as strong a



hold upon me as ever. I communicated my wishes to a gentleman, then the Vice Consul of the United States,\* and I was not a little discouraged on hearing that he had been, for several years, in vain soliciting permission to visit them himself. This favor, though so long denied, I have reason to believe, was at last accorded to him. An acquaintance I had fortunately formed with a gentleman holding a very high office under the government, in the engineer service, was the means of procuring me the leave I was so anxious to obtain. As a precaution against the danger of being lost among the intricate and intersecting passages of which this vast labyrinth is composed, and to guard against the possibility of a whole party being destroyed, for the want of the means of sending for relief, in the event of the sudden sinking of any part of the irregular archworks which supports the ground above the excavations, I was informed that it would be necessary to procure several persons to accompany me, in addition to the guide. To prevent confusion, the number was limited, the person deputed to accompany us having received instructions to admit a party of eight. I was told it would be necessary to descend by night, to avoid attracting attention, or giving any unnecessary publicity to our visit. It was generally understood that the dangerous condition of the catacombs, which had been excavated with little skill, or attention to render them secure, was the reason which led the government, several years before, to prohibit the admission of visitors; and that a large number of workmen were constantly engaged, under the direction of the engineer department, in repairing and strengthening the walls and pillars which sustain the portion of the city built above. Much uneasiness had been felt among the inhabitants of that quarter of the capitol, in consequence of one or two alarming accidents; and it was hoped that, by entirely closing them to the public, the alarm would sooner subside. The apprehensions of the people were not entirely unfounded. The sudden sinking of a house, some seventy feet under ground, an occurrence which left a fearful impression on the public mind, was a more real cause

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\* THIS amiable and accomplished young gentleman, Mr. BRADFORD, of New-York, had, greatly to his own credit and the public benefit, acted for some time as Consul, previously to the appointment of Mr. BAENT, the present popular officer; he subsequently discharged the duties of the office of Vice Consul. His untimely death, (which occurred during the last winter,) will be long regretted by the large circle of friends, composed of Americans from every quarter of the Union, which he had formed during his official residence in Paris. His attentive politeness and unaffected kindness of heart, will not be the less gratefully remembered, for its contrast with the rudeness, heartlessness, and vulgarity, which, I blush to confess, has but too frequently disgraced our own agents and ministers abroad. Lest this language should appear unwarrantably harsh, I will, at the risk of extending this note beyond the patience of the reader, mention one of many circumstances of a similar character, which have come within the limited sphere of my own knowledge. A young American, an artist, of small means, but of great worth and promise, was in ———, prosecuting the study of his profession. Some accident unexpectedly reduced him to the most distressing want. While waiting for remittances from his friends in this country, his slender resources became entirely exhausted; he was reduced to his last franc. A few dollars were sufficient to relieve him. In this state of almost literal starvation, he applied to the American Chargé for temporary assistance. His character was unblemished, and his connections of the most respectable character, and affectionately attached to him, as the letters in his possession abundantly proved. The reply he received, from one who should be, officially, the friend of every American abroad, was, 'that any man who couldn't make his own living, ought to throw himself in the ———,' and with this recommendation he was turned from his door. To those who are aware that every American sailor has a right to demand assistance from any consul of his own country abroad, whenever he may find himself in want, and who know how frequently the nets which are dragged through this river bring up the bodies of men who have sought death in one form only to avoid it an another more terrible, that reply will exhibit in a far more atrocious light the spirit of this wretched agent, than it can appear to persons who have never lived but in our own abundant country. The refusal of assistance was niggardly and disgraceful, but the language in which it was conveyed, was more than inhuman — it was brutal.



for alarm, than is generally to be found at the bottom of a popular panic.

Saturday, the —— of January, was fixed for the evening of our descent. It was a cold, clear night, of unusual brilliancy, for the latitude of Paris. A couple of fiacres were ordered to be in attendance at seven, and we rose from the dinner table to prepare for our visit. It was the night of the first great ball of the season at the Tuilleries; and as we drove through the Place du Carousel, the brilliant illumination of the vast suite of apartments, which extend the whole length of the palace, made me almost regret that I had given up so splendid a spectacle, for the gloomy visit on which we were bound. Crossing the Seine, we directed our course through the Quartier Latin and the Faubourg St. Jacques, toward the Barrière, beyond which, at a house the number of which had been given to us, we were directed to inquire for the person appointed to accompany us to these regions of the dead, to which we were hurrying with an impatience seldom exhibited, even by those whom an inexorable necessity compels to such a journey. Descending the principal street of one of those villages of laborers to be found at almost every gate leading from the city, we drew up in front of a neat three story building, which bore the number we were in search of. One of our drivers gave a pull at the bell. In a few minutes the guide made his appearance. He requested us to drive a few hundred yards to a shop farther on, at which we quitted our carriages, leaving them with orders to the coachmen to await our return. Here we procured a supply of wax candles, of the peculiar construction used by workmen, and others visiting the catacombs. Proceeding some distance farther down the principal street, now become an open road, we turned to the left, and entered a narrow alley, enclosed on either side by high walls. We were now some distance beyond the village; we had left the last houses and lights behind us; and began to feel, as we entered this lonely and desolate avenue, that we had already passed from the region of the living. Not a tree nor a house was to be seen; nothing but the two long, unbroken walls, which stretched before us across the fields, dead and cold, and presenting an appearance in perfect keeping with the spot to which they led. The moon itself seemed to throw an unearthly light over the uncultivated waste. We walked with rapid steps, which the coolness of the evening made necessary to our comfort, a few hundred yards along this alley, when the guide suddenly stopped, unlocking a door in the wall on our left. We entered an uncovered yard, some sixty feet square, in one corner of which was a small brick house, covering the entrance to the catacombs. The door of this little building being unfastened, we entered a small unplastered apartment, and were not displeased to exchange the nipping cold of the open air, for the comfortable warmth proceeding from the vaults below. The door being carefully locked from within, as soon as the necessary preparation of lighting our candles was completed, we commenced the descent, the guide preceding us. A winding stairway of stone, scarcely wide enough to admit a single person of extraordinary size, leads, by a flight of some eighty or ninety steps, to the vaults. We found ourselves, on reaching the bottom, in a broad, irregular passage, with a black

line, painted on the rough ceiling of stone, pointing out a direct course to the entrance of the great city of the dead. It is supposed that the bones of more than three millions of people are collected in this vast charnel-house, but the space occupied by them forms a very small portion of the quarries under the city. These excavations compose a series of passages, from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and ten or twelve in height, running in every possible direction, and intersecting each other so frequently, and at angles so irregular, as to render it absolutely impossible to find one's way, but by the aid of some such contrivance as a line painted on the ceiling. We proceeded some distance along one of these passages, before reaching the portal of the great cemetery. An appropriate inscription reminded us that we had arrived at the awful limits of this dread abode of the dead. We passed within. Piles of human bones, several feet deep, reached on either hand from the floor to the ceiling. A peculiar but not offensive smell, which I fancied to proceed from these great masses of mouldering bones, *ossa non inodora*, left an impression on my nerves I shall scarcely ever forget. We wandered through these passages, examining, with a curious attention, that quite exhausted the patience of our guide, every object that we passed. Innumerable inscriptions, from Latin and French poets, among whom Virgil and J. B. Rousseau seemed the greatest favorites, some full of tenderness and regret, others of a more philosophizing but equally melancholy turn, caught our eyes wherever we turned.

The air of this subterranean world was of balmy softness; the surface on which we walked dry and smooth; and if one could be reconciled to the mute society of this unliving multitude, and to the endless night which pervades a region where the sun never shone, and from which the face of heaven is for ever shut out, it would be difficult to select a more enviable habitation. For some time I found it absolutely impossible to rid myself of the strange feelings excited by so novel a situation. Enclosed in the very bosom of the earth, deep buried beneath the possibility of human assistance, our little party was surrounded by three millions of the dead! I felt that the most frivolous curiosity had led us to violate, with irreverent steps, the solemn repose of the grave. I looked upon myself as a criminal; and shuddered as I thought upon the dreadful punishment that might await our impious rashness. I imagined every instant that I should see the long buried ghosts of the millions around me, rising from the dead, to avenge our sacrilegious presence. I was overwhelmed with terror; I strained my ears to catch the faintest sound; I fixed my eyes upon a skull, to see if its hideous features changed their fixed grin of death. Not a sound was heard; nothing moved; the silence of the vaults was unbroken, save by the distant footsteps of our party, who were by this time some distance before me. I was safe. The iron hand of Death held down the vast multitude around me! How mighty is his power!

The great mass of bones in these catacombs were brought from the cemeteries within the walls of Paris, before the first revolution. It has never been a place of private interment. The remains of those who were murdered on the memorable tenth of August, and in one or two other of the more dreadful massacres of the revolution,

are deposited here; their bones are not exposed to view. A separate vault, closely walled up, contains the remains of the victims of each of these massacres. A brief inscription records the time and manner of their death.

The spirit of collecting seems to have invaded even these dismal caverns. In the arrangement of the bones, a selection was made of such as exhibited peculiar formation; and they have been carefully preserved in a museum. The guide conducted us to this *interesting* collection. We found it carefully laid out on shelves, in a chamber cut from the solid rock. Here were certainly specimens of the most curious distortions; skulls of a construction to afford inexpressible delight to any nose-fingering disciple of Gall; and I am not entirely satisfied that some of them may not even now be attracting the attention of the learned upon the upper earth; for one of our party, a student of medicine, appeared to me to betray a very suspicious interest in this exhibition; and I soon after observed him arranging the folds of his cloak in a manner that was far from dissipating any doubt I might have previously entertained of his intentions.

In a quarter remote from the stairway by which we entered, is a plan of the city and harbor of Mahon, with its fortifications, as they existed about the middle of the last century, cut from the rock by a soldier, who had been many years a prisoner of war in that town. He is said to have employed more than seven years in the execution of this wretched task, passing every day from ten to twelve hours in his solitary occupation. The work is rude, but is said to be exact. I confess that this spot excited my interest, for it spoke eloquently of the desolate misery of man. This poor hermit had served the better part of his life in the armies of France; he had been scarred, maimed, imprisoned, for years. He had hoped, perhaps, to pass the remainder of his days in his own beloved country, in ease and happiness, in the bosom of his family, descending full of honor to the grave. He returned; but alas! what a picture does this vain employment and hideous solitude not exhibit of ruined hopes, of disappointed affections, of bereavement, of utter nakedness and desolation of heart! What could man, or woman, or lisping childhood, or the sweet face of nature, have been to him, who, from no affectation of misanthropy, but from the mere impulse of the heart, could thus withdraw himself from the earth, to live buried in the frightful gloom of these unvisited vaults, amid death, and solitude, and eternal night! What a consciousness was here, of the emptiness of life, of the vanity of its ambition, of its labors and cares! What was the surly cynicism of Diogenes to this! What think ye of the poetical philosophy of the wisest of men — is there such a lesson in the proverbs of the Jewish monarch? Which was blessed with the '*fortem animum, et mortis terrore carentem*,' the poor hermit of the catacombs, or the king of kings?

Turning in another direction, we passed a place where the earth had fallen in, and the broken rocks lay one upon another, as if the accident had occurred but a few days before. On a closer inspection, this appeared evidently not the case. I inquired with surprise why this breach had not been repaired; but the guide could give no ex-

planation of the reasons which had caused it to be left in so insecure a condition. Here and there I observed occasional marks of recent work; but I confess it did not strike me that much labor had been expended in any part of the vaults through which we passed, or that there was any danger attending a visit to them, sufficient to justify the exclusion of the public. I concluded it was in the vast quarries beyond the limits of the burial place, that the danger was to be found; and that there perhaps workmen were employed in rebuilding and strengthening the foundations of the city. There was no temptation to visit those dark passages, in which we should have had to scramble over blocks of loose stone, exposed perhaps to atmospheres of the most fatal gases; and I never ascertained the truth of my conjecture.

We still wandered on, among avenues lined with bones, built up with the same monotonous regularity. We perceived that our course led, with a rapid inclination, deeper into the earth. We had not proceeded very far, before we found ourselves at the top of a flight of broad steps; descending these, we discovered, at the extremity of a long passage, a spring of the purest water, collected in a basin hollowed in the rock. We held our tapers over its surface, smooth as glass, and counted the pebbles that covered its bottom. Not a breath of air had ever ruffled its placid surface; eternal darkness rested upon its waters, save when the glimmering lights of some wanderers like ourselves were mirrored in its bosom. The guide informed us that numbers of little golden-backed fish had been left in its waters; but they never long survived. The last time he had been here, there were still two or three remaining, of a half dozen left not very long before. But they were no longer to be seen; after some minutes, we discovered the body of one, probably the last to die, floating on the surface. No living thing could long breathe such an atmosphere of darkness and death. Its sunless waters reminded me of the fabulous rivers of the infernal world; and I almost persuaded myself, as I stooped over its brink, that one draught would have steeped my senses in a pleasing oblivion of the world. Perhaps the poor prisoner of Mahon had tasted its Lethean powers.

Our visit lasted several hours, during which we heard nothing of the upper earth, save the occasional rumbling of some heavily-laden wagon, as it passed directly over our heads. We returned along the route we had entered, and were not sorry to feel again the reviving coldness of the open air, and to find ourselves once more *upon* the earth; a sensation not completely realized, until we had locked the last door upon the catacombs, and were beyond the enclosures of this region of the dead.

A TRAVELLER.

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THE BAD BARGAIN.

This happy pair the day and night  
To tax each other waste,  
With every failing under heaven,  
Except a — want of taste!  
In one thing only both agree,  
And mutual discord waive;  
He Julia joins, to wet with tears  
Her former husband's grave!

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## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**PUBLIC AND PRIVATE ECONOMY.** Illustrated by Observations made in England, in the year 1836. By THEODORE SEDGWICK. One volume. pp. 210. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

If this book, in its specific object, were entirely useless, which it is far from being, still it would effect the valuable purpose of showing, that a subject which most people suppose to be confined to high conclaves, abstract thinkers, and Adam Smith, may be naturally, simply, and clearly treated, without any solemn mystification, and learned nonsense. The reader is supposed to be acquainted with things in America, and our author takes him over to England in a packet ship. No sooner is he embarked, than he begins to examine the principles of the facts about him. He journeys through much of England, and his mind is active all the while. He is teaching his pupil political economy at every step; and the man who can read his remarks of sailors, packets, temperance, roads, dress, Christian equality, productive labor, ornament, etc., and find nothing to assent to, or much to blame, will disagree with us. It is an easy book to read. Some, on this account, may think it trite. Some people, not a few, have the idea that every thing which is called learned and useful, a science, must be hard to understand. They think 'the hardest way is the rightest way;' as the man who, ignorant of spelling, trying to spell Peter, did it thus, *P-e-a-t-o-u-r*, triumphantly; as much as to say, 'Find a harder way than that, if you can!' Now this man, in his lamentable views of orthography, is like many in their notions of religion, science, and art. With them, the *hard* is the *right*. But it is generally just the other way. Many persons will read this book, who never would nor could read Adam Smith. If it were possible for people to read it without thinking they were learning political economy, it were better. Our author places productive labor and temperance as the ground work of our national prosperity. These are to bring about that republican, Christian equality, which is the proper destiny of nations. While a man is manufacturing useless trinkets, he is paid for his work, but is not, beyond this, benefitted by his employment. His time is lost to society. But if he be employed in making a road, here too he is paid for his labor, but he has the privilege of using the road; the expense of carriage of produce is lessened; prices are equalized, and so the poor man is benefitted. The trinket is unproductive labor; the road is productive labor. Apply this principle to dress, food, etc. If a man wear garments that do not protect him comfortably, or subserve a good taste, or show off, by their adaptation to his employment, his manliness and dignity, this is unproductive dress. A productive dress is that which keeps him in the best health; suffers him to move with the least fatigue, or one which, by its cost, does not infringe upon his other wants. So too of diet. A productive diet will give him most strength, the best heart, the clearest judgment. Wine and stimulating drinks, which addle the brain, are very unproductive affairs. Simplicity in dress, and temperance in eating and drinking, are no less a man's interest than his Christian duty; indeed the

duty is founded upon the fact of their being for his interest. There is hardly a page of the book where our author does not speak of the temperance principle; and to us the subject seems not to be dragged forward, but to come in, like all his other remarks, from the nature of the case.

There are many good thoughts, upon many subjects, in this book. We might quote many beautiful passages, many sound opinions, many philanthropic notions; much religious, republican, patriotic feeling. We must content ourselves, however, with advising the reader to purchase the work; especially the laborer, and packet owners, over-dressy people, and those who eat dinners at five dollars a plate, or any larger sum.

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**SKETCHES IN LONDON.** By JAMES GRANT, Author of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons,' 'The Great Metropolis,' etc. In one volume. pp. 408. London: W. S. ORR AND COMPANY. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

THE first and only copy of this work, which has reached America, lies before us; and 'at the present writing,' it has not even been published in England. We have perused portions of the book with very considerable interest and pleasure. In narrative and description, Mr. GRANT seldom fails in placing his pictures vividly before the reader; but his attempts at dialogue, and at making his personages *reveal themselves*, after the manner of the Pickwickians, by their bearing and conversation, are much less felicitous. He is sometimes tediously minute, and writes as if he were conscious of the solemnity of an oath, by which he is bound to 'state the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' He pads out his sentences, too, occasionally, with unnecessary epithets, as in the following, where he takes the trouble to explain what could not but be clear to the dumbest reader, and takes a score of words to say that a man slapped his thigh: 'On that I am resolved,' said he, laying a particular stress on the word 'resolved,' and giving a forcible stroke with the palm of his right hand, to one of his legs, a little above his knee!' Now and then, moreover, our author seems to labor under an absolute epilepsy of the fancy; and in the merely sentimental parts of his work, he not unfrequently exhibits a little *fadew* and insipidity. Yet with all these blemishes, the volume is, as we have said, one of much general interest and cleverness; describing at large the begging impostors of the Great Babylon, its debtors' prisons, the VICTORIA parliament, penny theatres, metropolitan and city police and police-offices, work-houses, lunatic asylums, Bartholomew and Greenwich fairs, gaming-houses, gamblers, etc.

The chapter upon the mendicant impostors of the town, commences with the begging letter-writers, who it seems are a very numerous corps, conducting their ramified operations on business principles, and keeping a regular diary of their proceedings, to prevent subsequent mistakes, and some of them even retain an active recording secretary. Mr. GRANT believes that a thousand letters are written daily to the nobility, and persons of known benevolence in the middle ranks of life, by these ingenious rogues, and often with incredible success. Sometimes the writers assume to be themselves men of substance, soliciting additions to their own subscriptions, in aid of some unfortunate person, in whose sad fate they have been made to feel a deep interest. Great was the surprise of a benevolent divine, on one occasion, on meeting at dinner a hale and hearty brother clergyman, with whom he was slightly acquainted by reputation, to whose numerous wants, as a bed-ridden pauper, in a distant suburb, he had long been contributing, through the medium of one of these disinterested epistolary philanthropists. Great delicacy was observed, in



inquiring how long since he had got about, and whether his circumstances were now really quite comfortable! Here is a skeleton of the letters of one of these chevaliers, minus the pathos, flattery, and 'gammon.' The writer mentions, it will be seen, first, the name of the party applied to, secondly, the name assumed in the application, thirdly, the fictitious case of distress, and lastly, the result. It will remind the reader of the memoranda of the Boston thief, to 'go to New-England Museum, scrutinize get things; go to book-store, get pen-knife, *gratis*,' etc:

'Feb. 6. — Marquis of Bristol. Mary Cole; blind; seven children; three cripples.

'Feb. 8. — Admiral Curzon. Ship Pallas; Sam Bowden, mate; seized for 4*l.* 4*s.* rent; paralytic stroke. Result, 2*l.*

'Feb. 15. — Admiral Curzon. Ship Douglas; Powden, Mackey, and Bill Stroud, cripples, and two stone blind. Received 2*l.*

'Feb. 26. — Sir Peter Durham, Lieutenant Spratt; leg off; hard up. Result, 20*l.*

'March 12. — Countess of Mansfield. Widow; nine children; hooping cough; cholera morbus; measles; croup. Result 10*l.*

'March 14. — Lord Melbourne. Jane Simpson; father blind; mother dead; no money to bury her.

'March 18. — Countess of Mansfield. Daughter supporting mother and grandmother by needle-work; lost use of both hands; furniture seized for 6*l.* 10*s.* Received 3*l.*

'March 24. — Earl Fitzwilliam. Goods seized for 4*l.* 4*s.*; no fuel; no bed; wife just lying in. Result 2*l.*

The information requisite to assume the character of a disabled sailor, was easily obtained, by visiting Greenwich Hospital, and entering into familiar conversation with some veteran pensioner, over an eleemosynary pot of porter. These 'epistolarian impostors,' as Mr. GRANT terms them, exhibit for the most part admirable tactics, and often impose upon the most shrewd and wary persons, by the adroitness of their styles, and the character of their hand-writing. They do not always succeed, however, as the annexed extracts from the journal of one of their number will show:

'June 20. — Addressed the Duke of Richmond under the name of John Smith; case, leg amputated, out of work for six months, and wife and seven children starving. 'T would n't do.

'June 25. — Letter to Bishop of London; name, William Anderson; case, licensed clergyman of the Church of England, but unemployed for four years, and wife dead three weeks ago, leaving five motherless children. Result, no go: too old a bird to be caught with chaff; but try it again, next week.

'June 28. — Try Sir Peter Laurie; case, industrious Scotchman, but no employment; lived on bread and water for eight days, but no bread nor any thing to eat for the last three days; name, John Laurie. Result, referred to the Mendicity Society, Sir Peter being too far north to be done; no gammoning him.

'July 3. — Address Lord Wynford; name Samuel Downie; case, ruined by attachment to Toryism; have often detected treasonable conspiracies, and been a proscribed man by former acquaintances in consequence; great hater of Reform, which means revolution; ready to shed my blood in defence of Church and State. Result, long letter, enclosing *half a sovereign*. Miserable work this; wont pay for consumption of time and paper; Wynford a stingy customer; stingy old boy to deal with; cut the connexion, at once.

'July 4. — Wrote to Lord Brougham; directed to apply to the Mendicity Society; particularly obliged to his Lordship for his advice, but would have preferred a sovereign or two; have no wish to make the acquaintance of these Society gentry; wonder how his lordship himself would like their bone-gruel, which they dignify with the name of soup, and to be kept to hard work at the mill into the bargain?

Most fertile are the tricks of the street-beggars, many of whom amass large fortunes. Thirty English shillings, it is affirmed, have frequently been the result of one day's skilful prosecution of street mendicity. The 'law and the profits,' however, do not seem to have favorable affinity, since the latter have evidently declined, if we may judge from a little circumstance mentioned by our author. A young man and an old one meeting accidentally one afternoon in the streets, the first inquired of the latter what success he had met with that day. 'Ah!' said the old

man, plaintively, begging is n't what it was! It's fifty pounds a year worse, than when I began the business!' The expedients of these street-beggars are infinitely varied. One gets a good living from the dropsy; another, shivering with well-feigned chills, drives a successful trade with an effigy-babe pressed to her bosom, beneath tattered garments, or a pair of painted twins, for twilight custom; men with ten motherless children are more common than successful. One enterprising fellow, with an accomplice always at hand to give the alarm, in the character of a passer-by or by-stander, derives an ample income from drowning himself in warm weather, and hanging himself during the winter; taking good care, ever, to have, in the one case, a boat at hand, and in the other, his friend near by, to cut him down from the lamp-post, just in time to tell his pitiful tale, describe the despair that drove him to the rash act, and to take up a liberal collection from the commiserating crowd around him.

We pass the prison scenes, and the sketch of the 'Lumber Troop,' as more immediately local, and of little interest to the American reader. Mention should be made, however, of the engravings which illustrate them, for they are very capital outlines. The 'Lock-up House,' and 'Cheering the Speech of a Comrade,' are worthy of CRUIKSHANK, in his happiest mood. The description of the VICTORIA Parliament is natural, lively, and spirited. The failure of young D'ISRAELI, and Mr. GIBSON CRAIG, a new member for Edinburgh, in their maiden attempt to address the House of Commons, are really painful to read; and how humane legislators could have looked gloatingly on, howling, and assailing, in all manner of forms, passes our poor comprehension. Common courtesy, decency, even, one would think, should have prompted a different course.

That division of the book which touches upon the penny theatres — unlicensed and cheap places of cheap amusement, unknown to American audiences, and familiar only to audiences happily unknown to America — is not without interest. They swarm in the poor and dense districts of the metropolis, and are patronized mainly by the children of indigent parents, from eight to sixteen years of age. Some of these establishments are capable of holding two thousand persons; and as the plays are clipped and short, Hamlet and Richard the Third, abbreviated, being 'done up' in about twenty minutes, they are cleared three or four times of an evening, for a new congregation of juvenile listeners, who can compass 'a consideration.' Our author tells an amusing story of an accident which befel a penurious manager of one of these houses, in endeavoring to avoid an engagement with the owner of two wonderful canine actors, when *their* services, and not *his*, were to constitute the principal attraction. The owner persisted. It must be his dogs and himself, or no dogs at all. The sagacious animals would perform their marvels with no one else. The huckstering manager doubted this, and craved permission to try whether, by running across the room, and using the words repeated by the owner, in the play, one of the animals would not seize *him* by his coat-collar, as well, without doing him any injury. The master consented, but the experiment failed. The dog remained motionless. 'It strikes me,' said the disappointed manager, 'that if you were to say 'Go, Sir!' in a harsh tone, when I repeat the words, that he would at once perform the feat.' 'Very well, Sir,' replied the owner, 'we will try the experiment, if you wish it.' The preliminaries were again gone through with, and when the master said 'Go, Sir!' the canine giant *went*, and with entire effect. He darted off like an arrow; seized the manager ferociously by the nape of the neck, threw him violently upon the floor, and giving two or three tremendous growls, seemed on the point of making mince-meat of his prey, who, petrified with fright, was glad enough to be rescued, and to permit the master to perform with his dogs, and on his own

terms. He was never quite satisfied, however, that there was not some peculiarity in the tone of the 'Go, Sir!' used on this occasion, which caused the dog so suddenly to sink the actor, in such a fearful manner!

The penny theatres are followed by a detailed account of the work-houses of London, and every thing connected with them, all of which is revolting enough; and the reader is left to conclude, that the picture presented of these establishments in 'Oliver Twist,' is by no means overdrawn. The celebrated etcher, 'Quiz,' has done ample justice to the sketch of the 'Work-house Dinner.' It speaks more eloquently than words, of the meagre accommodations afforded to the unfortunate inmates. The lunatic asylums of the metropolis are treated of at length, but the details are too melancholy for the sensitive reader. The engraved sketch of the interior of an asylum, is indeed most painfully true to nature. We cannot now call to mind a more spirited etching, from the pencil of any living artist. The man of science, the philosopher, the scholar, whom much learning hath made mad, the enthusiast artist, the weak ultra religionist, moaning in agony, the imaginary king, and the victim of terror, all are admirably depicted, and placed in strong and effective contrast.

We intended to have condensed a few passages of interest from the chapters, in the main rather passé, which are devoted to a description of 'Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs,' 'Gaming Houses and Gamblers,' and the 'Courts of Request;' but our limits will not permit. Each chapter is accompanied with characteristic etchings. The one entitled 'Deep Play,' is a striking picture of the painful intensity of interest felt by the abandoned gamester, while waiting the hazard of the die, which is to decide his fate. A few copies of the beautifully-executed work under notice, by the time these pages will be laid before our city readers, will probably be on sale at the publication-office of this Magazine, Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM's, Broadway.

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**THE VISION OF RUBETA, AN EPIC STORY OF THE ISLAND OF MANHATTAN.** With Illustrations done on Stone. In one volume. pp. 411. Boston: WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.

THIS very beautiful volume opens with the subjoined sentence: 'I advise nobody to attempt to find me out; the endeavor can only end in disappointment.' Our author need not be alarmed. No one will take the trouble to seek to pluck out the heart of his mystery, nor to read his ponderous mass of awful satire, commentary, notes, and criticism — the product of laborious fishing in all manner of waters with all manner of nets. Altogether, the volume is as pretty a specimen of pen-and-ink work, as one could find of a summer's day. The style of the prose is an elaborate caricature of 'The Doctor.' SOUTHEY, however, wrote from a full mind; while our author has only liberally availed himself of the researches of sundry parchment intellects, who have explored for him the charnel-houses of Grecian literature, and waded through the muddy deposits of dullest ancients. Yet he indulges the belief, we have no doubt, that a ground-work of English, spotted with all kinds of living and dead languages,

——— 'a parti-colored dress  
Of patched and pye-bald tongues,'

must establish the fame of his great and various learning, beyond all gainsaying or peradventure.

The first twenty passages of the work are quite sufficient to correct any hopes of

amusement, in which the reader may have indulged. After nearly dislocating our jaws with yawning over it, we handed it to a friend at our elbow, whose subsequent fate should be fruitful of grave monition. We chanced to have occasion to leave the apartment, for a half hour, in search of a missing manuscript, and on returning, we found that, like parson Langford's hapless critic, he had been plunged into a minor sort of trance. He was discovered with the book lying before him, in a state of the most profound sleep, from which it was found impossible to awaken him, for a great length of time. By much exertion, however, and carefully removing the book itself to a considerable distance, he was restored. The only account he could give of himself, was, that he remembered reading on regularly, until he came to the notes on page 121, beyond which, he recollected nothing. To sum up, therefore, from this sad accident, as well as upon our own dear experience, in a cursory perusal of the book — yet such perusal as only readers of an enterprising turn of mind will yield it — we are compelled to say of the volume, that it is by no means what we took it for. On the contrary, aside from a general mechanical ease of rhythm, and a few clever passages, it is remarkable for little else than acidity, indecency, and laborious, invincible dullness. Our author and his editor ('a weak invention') are only great in little things, at the best; and their united labors will only be saved from speedy oblivion, by the distinguished garb in which the printer has clothed them. The designs of the cuts are not infelicitous, and the types and paper are clear and white; but since these qualities alone will not attract buyers, we deem it our duty to advise our friends the publishers, that if, as is more than probable, they have many sheets of the edition on hand, they would do well to enter at once into a contract for furnishing linings to some industrious band-box builder.

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**SKETCHES OF THE UPPER WABASH VALLEY.** By HENRY WILLIAM ELLSWORTH. In one vol. pp. 175. New-York: PRATT, ROBINSON AND COMPANY.

THIS well-written book will gratify those who merely read for amusement or information, while for the thousands who have a pecuniary interest in the magnificent regions of the west, or look thither with the eye of curiosity as a future possible home, it is replete with valuable information. It touches precisely on those points concerning which a stranger to the great west would inquire of an intelligent resident in those regions. The purchase and sale of lands; the cost and profit of their cultivation; the products best adapted to their soil; the income to be derived from agricultural operations; the various labor-saving machines; the healthfulness of different sections; the lines of communication, and internal improvements, now finished, and in the course of completion; the inducements for capitalists to invest, and for laborers and farmers to emigrate; these are among the interesting topics discussed in this volume.

MR. ELLSWORTH is a gentleman of education and talent, and has for many years been thoroughly conversant with the western world. He has himself been connected with extensive agricultural operations, and has added much experience and observation to the information derivable from books, in regard to the subjects of which he writes. He has also had access to the correspondence between the Hon. HENRY L. ELLSWORTH, of Washington, and eminent agriculturalists in various parts of the union. Many letters derived from this source are embodied in the text, or appendix, of this volume, and form a very valuable portion of its contents. This book, like the eloquent report of Mr. RUGGLES, to which indeed it is an ap-

propriate sequel, cannot fail to fill the reader with astonishment at the vast resources and immense agricultural value of the interior and western portions of our country. The report alluded to, has been reprinted in England, and has contributed largely to increase the confidence of all who have read it, in the wealth and future progress of the United States. Five or six powerful western states are rapidly rising into eminence at the west; a territory more than six times as large as England, and embracing more than one hundred and eighty millions of acres of arable, fertile land.

The volume contains a beautiful plan and drawing of a 'prairie cottage,' with details which will render its construction perfectly easy. It contains two rooms fifteen feet square, with chambers and a piazza; and the estimated expense of the whole is but two hundred dollars! It is a benevolent exercise of a cultivated mind, to furnish the details of such economical and pleasant structures, surpassing in convenience, and even in cheapness, the log cabins to which emigrants so often resort.

In perusing this pleasant book, nothing has struck us with more surprise, than the extent to which machinery has been applied to the purposes of agriculture. Our author has gathered the fullest information on this subject, and has given descriptions of eighteen different labor-saving inventions, some of which perform the labor of several men. He has chapters, also, on the cultivation of the sugar beet, broom-corn, tobacco, the sun-flower, and flax. A new process for the manufacture of the latter product, of the highest importance to the northern and western states, is here described. It bids fair, we should judge, to render the manufacture of flax so rapid and cheap, as to supplant, in some measure, the use of cotton. For the particulars, we must refer the reader to the volume itself. The privations incident to a western residence, are in a great measure an offset to the prospect of rapid wealth; but they are yearly becoming less and less; and so far as society is concerned, the most fastidious emigrant will hardly complain, if the west numbers among its population many gentlemen possessing the intelligence, taste, and scholarship, of the accomplished author of this work.

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**THE GIFT: A CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT, for 1839.** Edited by Miss LESLIE. pp. 324. Philadelphia: E. L. CARRY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

This is certainly a very excellent annual, whether we regard its tasteful and delicate arabesque binding, the general beauty of its engravings, or the entertainment to be derived from its clear letter-press pages. The frontispiece and title-page vignette, engraved by CHENEY, from paintings by CHALON and SULLY, are gems, especially the latter. 'Rustic Civility,' is another very felicitous picture, painted by COLLINS, and engraved by PEASE; and so too is 'The Goldfinch,' from the pencil of PARRIS, and the graver of FORREST. There are also several other prints of merit. The contents are from the pens of some of our best writers. JOHN INMAN leads off the dance, with a very spirited story, entitled 'The Prisoner's Last Dream;' MORGAN NEVILLE, a western littérateur of eminence, has an extended and very clever sketch, called 'Poll Preble, or the Law of the Deer-Hunt;' and the accomplished author of 'Clinton Bradshaw' another, entitled 'A chapter from the Adventures of a Lame Gentleman.' Miss EMMA C. EMBURY, ROBERT WALSH, Jr., Miss H. B. STOWE, and others whom we have not space to mention, add to the prose attractions of the volume. The poetry is abundant, and much of it good; among the best, that by PARK BENJAMIN, Mrs. SIGOURNEY, Mrs. GILMAN, Miss H. F. GOULD, and Mrs. HALE. Altogether, the volume is such a 'Gift' as any friend may make to a sister or a lover, with the assurance, that while its adornments may delight, its intellectual qualities will interest and improve, the reader.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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A GOSSIP WITH SOME OF OUR CORRESPONDENTS. — We have opened our 'drawer' once more, for a short parley with some of the literary prisoners, that have been awaiting their trials for several weeks, and even months, charged with apparent offences against taste or propriety. As usual, many have suffered confinement, by reason of a hasty suspicion originally attached to them, which finally proves to have been groundless. A few of these are honorably discharged below; and to the friends of others yet in duress, we can only say, that they too 'shall have all justice,' when time and space shall serve. In short, to drop an unmanageable metaphor, and proceed to business, we resign a copious 'note-book,' to make room in the present number for more acceptable matter, from various correspondents; and in a subsequent issue, we shall consider many remaining favors, of a kindred character. The subjoined deserves the place of honor, and it shall have precedence. Make way, therefore, ye intellectual dapperlings, and literary exquisites, who beat the coverts of the imagination for hard-wrought similes, make way for a farmer's boy, from a sequestered vale of the Connecticut, who draws his figures from ever-glorious nature! What an unassured and faltering hand he throws across the lyre, in the annexed stanzas, which were carded and spun at the plough-tail, in the open field, and under the clear sky! The letter which accompanied the lines, is characteristic, and we cannot resist the inclination to quote it here. 'I can't think of any lie,' says the writer, 'to serve as an apology for this intrusion :

' I am nae poet, in a sense,  
But just a rhymer, like, by chance,  
An' hae to learning nae pretence,  
Yet, what the matter?  
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,  
I jingle at her.'

'My calling is the plough; my delight the wondrous works of Nature; and when abroad, pursuing my labors in the open air, the melody of birds, and the music of winds and waters, fill me with — what shall I call it? — *inspiration*? It is something more difficult for me to describe, than it would be to write off the notes played by an Æolian harp. At such times, conning over the sweet strains of some favorite bard, or raving to the winds in my own imperfect measure, gives my spirit ease, and fills my breast with that 'peace which passeth all understanding.' Any thing which savors of Indian memory — an arrow-head, a mouldering bone, a broken pipe, or other like relics, which are often disinterred by our farmers — is sure to affect my poor muse. From a child, I have been an ardent admirer of the Indian character; have indulged, alternately, in tears of sympathy, while poring over the red man's wrongs, and the burnings of indignation, at the iniquities practised upon him by villanous white men, libelling the name of Christian. This attachment led me, in the autumn of 18 — , to the wilds of Wisconsin and Iowa, where I sojourned for a considerable period, revelling in the romance of burning prairies and primeval forests, and entering with spirit into all the soul-stirring scenes of a savage and backwoods life. \* \* I subjoin an offspring of my rustic Muse, which is about a day and a half old. Should the old gentleman of the long pipe and antique chair think it promising enough to become its sponsor in baptism, and give it a



name, it would be useless for me to add, that its poor mother would be justly proud of such a god-father. On the contrary, should it be frowned at for venturing so far from home, among strangers, the returning of this sheet will be a sufficient hint for the dame to keep her 'bairns' at home for the future, to make the most of the solitudes of their nativity. The present state of my purse debars me from many a literary feast, such as the *Knickerbocker* would afford me; and your humble servant is not hypocrite enough to become a 'patron,' only in the sound of the word itself.'

THE LAMENT OF THE CHEROKEE.

AIR: 'EXILE OF ERIN.'

O, soft falls the dew, in the twilight descending,  
And tall grows the shadowy hill on the plain;  
And night o'er the far distant forest is bending,  
Like the storm-spirit, dark, o'er the tremulous main;  
But midnight enshrouds my lone heart in its dwelling,  
A tumult of woe in my bosom is swelling,  
And a tear, unbidden the warrior, is telling  
That Hope has abandoned the brave Cherokee!

Can a tree that is torn from its root by the fountain,  
The pride of the valley, green-spreading and fair,  
Can it flourish, removed to the rock of the mountain,  
Unwarmed by the sun, and unwatered by care?  
Though Vesper be kind her sweet dews in bestowing,  
No life-giving brook in its shadow is flowing,  
And when the chill winds of the desert are blowing,  
So droops the transplanted and lone Cherokee!

Loved graves of my sires! have I left you for ever?  
How melted my heart, when I bade you adieu!  
Shall joy light the face of the Indian?—ah, never!  
While memory sad has the power to renew.  
As flies the fleet deer when the blood-hound is started,  
So fled winged Hope from the poor broken-hearted;  
O, could she have turned, ere for ever departed,  
And beckoned with smiles to her sad Cherokee!

Is it the low wind through the wet willows rushing,  
That fills with wild numbers my listening ear?  
Or is some hermit-rill, in the solitude gushing,  
The strange-playing minstrel, whose music I hear?  
'Tis the voice of my father, slow, solemnly stealing,  
I see his dim form, by yon meteor, kneeling,  
To the God of the white man, the CHRISTIAN, appealing;  
He prays for the foe of the dark Cherokee!

Great Spirit of Good, whose abode is the heaven,  
Whose wampum of peace is the bow in the sky,  
Wilt thou give to the wants of the clamorous raven,  
Yet turn a deaf ear to my piteous cry?  
O'er the ruins of home, o'er my heart's desolation,  
No more shalt thou hear my unblest lamentation;  
For death's dark encounter I make preparation,  
He hears the last groan of the wild Cherokee!

Those who know any thing of Indian metaphor, will be struck with the exquisite simile in the last stanza of the foregoing poem, not less than with the happy allusions to nature which pervade the whole. Verily, *MAGA* shall go 'sans charge' to the writer, for many a long year; and although we are compelled, from the use we have made of his letter, to suppress his name, it will yet be made widely known to the American public, through these pages, or we are no literary seer. We grasp our distant poet's hand, and assure him of an ever-cordial welcome to the offspring of his heart and fancy.

Here is a zoological article. Burns had his louse and his mouse, Coleridge his jack-ass, and Southey paid his addresses to John Poulter's old mare. Why then should our

correspondent's subject be considered an infelicitous theme? By 'r Lady, no! It is a fruitful topic, and treated in a Lamb-like vein. The writer derived his hint from Mr. BUCKINGHAM, who speaks in the highest terms of the oriental jackass. He describes him as a noble animal, full of energy and spirit, beauty and majesty, as depicted by Job, of Uz. 'When a person meets a friend,' says the distinguished traveller, 'with an unusual degree of cheerfulness in his countenance, he usually addresses him: 'How now? What goods news have you heard this morning? You look as brisk as an ass!'' We plunge into our correspondent's *ms.*, in *medias res*, asking absolution for the sin of occasional episodic curtailment. 'What is written,' however, 'remains,' for 't is too clever to be lost, and may speak, in effective fragments hereafter, with voice potential, from our drawer.

#### A CHAPTER ON ASSES.

'PARTNER, shepherd, who keeps all these jackasses? Heaven be their comforter! What! Are they never curried? Are they never taken in, in the winter? Bray on; the world is deeply your debtor. Louder still — that's nothing. In good sooth, you are ill used. Were I a jackass, I solemnly declare, I would bray in G-SOL-RE-UT, from morning, even unto night. TRISTAN SHANDY.

READER, I would commune with you, here in my own little study. 'Tis a chill, dark November evening; the wind howls and whistles round the corner, and the sharp rain pelts against the window; but sit you down. We will first close the shutters, and stir up our cheerful fire; so,

'The storm without may roar and rustle,  
We will not mind the storm a whistle.'

Now, from my comfortable elbow chair, *ex-cathedra*, I will discourse to you, in my loose, rambling way — OF ASSES. Ah! my friends, consider — are we not all asses, to a degree? And as soon as we are able to bear, are harnessed with our panniers, and have all our heavy burthens to carry, our weary, toilsome journeys to take; what strength there is in us, tasked to the uttermost; and must patiently bow our heads to the vile blows and buffets of our cruel task-master, the world; receiving no gratitude for our labors — only a niggardly provender of thistles! — nay, too often turned out to die upon the first moor, when no longer fit for service. With the ass we are alike, even though unlike. Let us find content and resignation in the example of our four-footed brother. Let us widen our sympathies, too much contracted by our own selfish pursuits, interests, and gratifications, that they may embrace *him*, with all the other inferior creatures, (for such we deem them) of the earth, in their circle. Consider how mysteriously we are linked with the humblest living creature, and are bound up with all nature in one wonderful, inseparable whole. Is not the ass, too, animate, living, and life-giving — God-created? \* \* The subtle Frenchman, who defined speech to be the 'cloak of thought,' could not have expressed himself more enigmatically, than we, in thus addressing some poor ass: 'Alas, my brother! thou art beaten with stripes, even as I am. Thy life, like mine, is one bitter struggle with necessity. I pity thee, even as I am to be pitied. I weep for thee, as I weep for myself. I would lighten thy heavy burden; I would soften thy rugged condition, I would stretch forth my hand and help thee, did not my own hard task require *both* my hands to help myself. As it is, I can only commiserate thee — and my sympathy is thine.' I venture to predict, that not one in a thousand will get at my meaning.

When Yorick Sterne was communing, in his amiable way, with the honest jackass, which had turned into the court-yard, to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage leaves, the ill-starred animal was the innocent cause of the strangest disaster to his friend's unmentionables: but it provoked not one unkind word from the benevolent sufferer — only the equivocal interjection, 'Out upon it!' The 'dead ass' of the 'Sentimental Journey,' and the lamentation of honest Sancho over his faithful four-footed friend and companion, were never excelled for heart-touching pathos; delightfully tinged with that quaint, playful humor, which ever accompanies true sensibility. Read them, if you have not, and then say if you longer remain cold and impassive to my theme.

\* \* Hardly-entreated brother! Despite the 'odd quirks and remnants of wit' that may be broken on me, I will speak one kindly word for thee, though none else will. 'Paper-pellets of the brain' shall not awe me from my humor. Calm, humble, forbearing, cheerful — most emphatic of teachers! Creature of many sorrows! Victim of thy many virtues! for thee, this troublous life is but a prolonged purgatory. Thy tender years — alas! to thee no childhood — only a state of painful transition to the time when thou art able to bear the burthen. The spring-time of existence thou scarcely knowest, for thy rough, rugged journey is ever before thee. No gamesome infancy, no hopeful, joyous youth; but life is a troubled, fast-hurrying stream, which

bearth thee on, weary laden, to its ocean of storms and tempests. A cloud seems to overshadow thee from thy very birth. Thy pensive head declines sadly to the earth, as if prophetic of thy life of sorrow. Who could look, unmoved, upon thy little ungainly form, devoid of that soft, infantile grace, peculiar to childhood? Thy rugged coat, thy little pendulous tail, stumpy and barren; thy long, misshapen head, surmounted with its curious steeples; thy little round eyes, sad, perhaps dull, yet cast in innocent, half-trustful, half-timorous glances, upon the stranger biped; sparkling with a brief ray of intelligence, when wooed to eat of a crust from his hand? And when thou hast grown to more mature donkeyhood, that depreciating look of patient submission, written so touchingly in thy countenance, seeming to say, 'Do n't thrash me! but if you will, you may!' Alas, poor beast! Thy patience is called dullness; thy meekness, stupidity; thy more than Roman firmness, obstinacy. 'Oh monstrous world!'

Thus are we all, my friends, libelled and traduced. We are befooled by custom, and be-mystified by names. See! one is not a reed to be shaken by every wind; his constancy is deemed stubbornness! Another is not a powder wain, to take fire and explode at every spark; his calmness is misnamed stolidity! Another is patient under wrongs, and meek and forbearing amidst insult; he is pusillanimous! Another may be of an enduring honesty; then he is simply fool!

In such manner has our poor four-footed brother been misinterpreted by a slanderous world. Custom has taught us to scorn those qualities in him, which, if rightly understood, we should deem virtues, until his very name has become a term of reproach. Apply it to the petulant little being of humanity, and lo! he strait takes fire; repels with fiercest invective the injurious appellation; and does hot battle with his accuser, for the name; when, if he was not the very dotard of custom, the name of 'ass' would be to him a title of honor. Did not a partial ray of the truth flash upon that man, who, moralizing over the skeleton of a jackass, exclaimed, with impressive solemnity, 'We are all fearfully and wonderfully made!'

Exemplary animal! what sins can be laid at thy door? Nay, let us examine this thing; what sins before man or God? Pride? Alas! thou art all humility. Covetousness? A thistle will content thee. Gluttony? Though thou hast spent no prodigal's portion, yet the very husks were dainty to thy frugal tastes. Anger? Thy serene composure amidst insults and injuries, is almost sublime. Ingratitude? The 'marble-hearted fiend' has no place in thy breast. Thou art willing to lay down thy life in the service of thy master. Though he often overloads thee, conducts thee along with blows, insults thee with unnecessary stripes, and, at best, rewards thy faithful labors with a meagre subsistence of weeds, that the more fastidious horse would scorn, thy affection for him is remarkable; coming at his call; marking him out amidst a crowd; scenting him at a distance; welcoming him with touching fondness and docility. When didst thou, like the pampered courser, repay thy master's care, by hurling him over thy ears, to the peril of his neck? When, through perversity and impatience, didst thou dash to pieces with thy heels his newly-painted trundle-car, or respectability-gig? And when, pressed by the sharp pangs of hunger, thou hast ventured to crop a forbidden cabbage leaf from his kitchen-garden, was that a crime so atrocious as to merit the cruel cudgelling thou receivedst from his too liberal hand?

Ungainly thou art, I must allow. In the graces, nature has been to thee a niggard. Yet she has 'made it up' to thee. Thou hast 'many nameless virtues;' and those that are not nameless — sagacity, hardihood, sure-footedness. What were man, with all his boasted reason, in the wild, intricate passes of the Cordilleras, but for thee? How had the silver of Potosi found its way to the sea-board, but for thy agency? Art thou dull? We forget the solemn wisdom of thy rebuke to Baalam! True, thou wert then inspired; but what other animal was ever inspired as thou wert? Devils took possession of swine; but thou wert possessed of a God! Art thou called dull, then, because thou art not a horse?

The horse is the only favorite, and all care and expense on him are lavished. He is luxuriously fed, warmly stabled, carefully tended; whilst thou art abandoned to neglect; the property of the poor or the vicious; the sport of dogs and children. Yet were there no horses, thou wouldst be esteemed first of quadrupeds. Thou art only second, and for that, art despised and neglected. We know thou hast not the courser's grace, bearing, fire. Thou wouldst make but a sorry charger in war. Thou couldst not well be the Bucephalus to any mad Alexander. No Napoleon bestrode thee at Austerlitz — no Wellington at Waterloo. Such were not thy vocation. Thy destiny is a more humble one; but dost thou not fulfil it as well? Thou hast less activity than the courser, but thy 'passivity' could not be excelled. Thy great virtue lies in endurance. Thy cousin-german proudly prances beneath the gorgeous weight of princes and warriors; more humbly thou trottest soberly along, under honest men. Thy peasant masters could not often afford to exchange thee for the showier but less useful animal. Nay, didst thou not once bear upon thy back that wondrous peasant of Nazareth, before whom princes and potentates were but the gilded ephemera of an hour?

'Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh, meek, and sitting upon an ass' went forth in thunder-words to all the earth. Not like the vainly-expected Messiah,

in pomp, and triumph, and worldly glory; heralded with trumpets and with shawms; followed by glittering hosts of armed men, with earth-shaking steeds, and rustling banners; not thus came to the astonished Jews their Lord and King; for his kingdom was not of this world. But lo! a marvel! The divine Saviour of mankind came in the garb of blessed peace—in meekness and humility—seated upon an ass! Be thou for ever venerable, above all other quadrupeds, for none were ever honored like unto thee. To benighted man thou borest the light of truth—the ambassador of God. Divinest mission from heaven! Messenger of infinite love! of infinite hope! \* \* Be thou for ever venerable; for that sublime spectacle, when, borne on thee, the lowly Jesus entered the favored city, taught to man how poor are all the pomps and outward shows of this vain world. Thou, too, wert then apostolic; a teacher, and an exemplar before mankind; chosen as the type and symbol of the greatest of Christian virtues—humility.

I have said I love an ass. Would I could tell you, thoughtful reader, how much I reverence an ass. Would I could speak of the asses I have known, in my day; with whom I have associated; I as a kind master, they as humble and faithful servants and companions. In the vegas of Spain, on the mountains of Peru, among the rocks of Calabria, amid the sands of Africa, few friends have been to me kinder, faithfuller, or even more intelligent. In all these, my ass cheerfully encountered with me untold hardships; shared all my privations, faithfully bore my weary limbs—patiently the upbraidings of my vexed spirit; picked out for me the safest paths, found me the road which my own perversity or blindness had lost; sought me with perseverance, when I had become separated from him; and even evinced a woman's love, a dog's fidelity, a Christian's faith, and more than human sagacity.

Your jackass hath, indeed, a gentle and a loving spirit; a heart that yearneth in sympathy and affection toward all created things, from man to the humblest animal. His affection for his own kind is intense. Observe his ardor for his female, his love for his offspring. But this is not all. Mark his frequent friendships for the most dissimilar animals, such as the dog—even, it is recorded, with a goose; or, as I once remarked, with a monkey. This was on ship-board. I will tell you the story. We were approaching our rugged coast, in the icy month of December. Our monkey, as mischievous an imp as ever bore the monkey form, lost all his vivacity, and became very disconsolate, at the sudden sensation of cold, to which he had before been a stranger. The warmest place in the ship was of course at the cook's galley; but cooks have always been sworn enemies to all the inferior race—cats, dogs, mokeys, *et id genus omne*—and had no bowels of compassion for poor Joco, whom they accused of taking sundry liberties with their sweetmeats and sauces. So they drove him forth, like Hagar's offspring, to the wilderness of the sea-washed deck. The searching cold brought him to his wits, and his wits were not long in discovering how warm a back had the donkey, who calmly munched his daily provender between two guns, without seeming to care whether the climate was cold or warm. Old Jack's meditations, however, were at first too rudely disturbed at the monkey's familiarity in making use of his long tail to ascend, not to show some symptoms of displeasure; but though his heels flew up with marvellous vigor, it was quite in vain to dislodge the pertinacious intruder; and Joco, finding the vital warmth of the back vastly agreeable, did not fail to repeat, daily, his unceremonious visit. At last, the donkey became accustomed to the thing, and seemed to expect it, as a matter of course. With imperturbable gravity, he would quietly allow the little imp to climb up his tail, and when he found him settled to his own satisfaction, would droop his long ears, and doze away the time, or silently chew the cud of patient reflection, until Joco saw fit to dismount. Sometimes he would look around, with a benevolent expression, upon his shivering visiter, as if to say: 'Well, stay there, unhappy monkey! thou hast a hard time of it, poor fellow! coming from thy own sunny clime into this cold country. For myself, I do not mind it, as I am not so thin-skinned; and sufferance is the badge of all my tribe. But if my warm back can be of any comfort to thee take it, and welcome!'

Thus Joco and Jack became great friends. Spread out at full length, Joco would nestle there all day long, and fearful would be his outcries, when any mischief-loving sailor attempted to displace him. The kindness of his sturdy friend he would repay by solemnly scratching his long ears, and chattering to him in his vivacious language. Old Jack was the best of listeners; and not Bottom himself more delighted in being scratched. Sometimes, when his little friend was talking to him, he would give a Lord Burleigh nod, as if in approval; or, occasionally, lift up his mighty voice in a brief recitative, soon again relapsing into silence. At such times, Joco, who evidently preferred, like most talkative persons, having all the conversation to himself, would listen, either in fear or from deference, to his friend's brief oration, but would chatter still more vociferously when it ceased; and then never failed to evince some of his natural propensity to tease; all of which old Jack bore with the most stoical composure.

At last, little Joco was lost overboard, and poor Jack became inconsolable. Full many a rueful look did he cast around for his friend, who came no more. It was a sad bereavement. None but an ass could tell how sad. He had lost his sprightly companion. Who now would scratch those ample ears, which seemed, since Joco's death, more attenuated than ever? Who now would play with that pendulous tail, which now

hung down listless and dispirited? His sonorous trumpet was heard less often, and seemed attuned to a lugubrious note, as if it pealed poor Joco's requiem. A mournful gloom rested upon his countenance. The lines of his face became deeper, sadder. He took less pleasure in his food, and visibly lost in flesh. A heavy grief was at his heart. 'T was said he often sighed; and some of the more tender-hearted and imaginative sailors even told of tears that 'coursed adown his innocent nose, in piteous chase.' He continued to pine away, and before the end of the cruise, yielded up his weary life; dying, doubtless, of a broken heart. Was not this love?

'We men may say more, swear more, but indeed,  
Our shows are more than will: for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love.'

It is consoling to know, however, that poor Jack had every respect paid to his memory. He was buried with all the honors of war. And when the funeral service was read, and the words, 'We commit our brother to the deep,' were spoken, there was not a dry eye in the ship.

Gentle reader! you who have listened to me to the end, will you not henceforth have a kindlier feeling for asses? 'T is good for us thus to commune together; but it will be the better for us, if what I have said should increase your respect for the ass. When next you meet him, pass him not by with indifference, nor contempt; stay him awhile. 'By the mass, you may stay him,' if his master be willing; otherwise, do not, lest it get him a thrashing; stay him, and gossip a while together. My word for it, you will quit him with a higher respect for his intelligence, and admiration for his good nature. The mute eloquence of his look is worth a world of lip oratory. Perhaps you have not yet learned what eloquence there may be in a look, unless you have been in love, when you could not have failed to have noted it. But look at an ass! It may not often be your good fortune to meet with one; for asses, in our infant society, are not yet common; but when you do, just stop him long enough to inquire after his health; pity his weary look; sympathize kindly with his trials; and at parting, bid him good speed; and if you do not feel your 'bosom's lord' sit more lightly on his throne, for doing this good action, I shall think the worse of you. \* \* Such profound respect I have for asses, that, when I reflect upon their estimable qualities, and their deplorable condition, I am often led to doubt the right which we two-legged humans have, to hold our poor four-footed brother as property. It is a monstrous usurpation; and at times I am tempted to get up a Donkey-abolition Society; or at least, enter a claim for his representation. Our biped beasts of burthen are represented, why not our quadrupeds? And if, waiving all proxy, we allowed him to be represented in *kind*, who can doubt that his speeches would be quite as intelligible? But I am touching a delicate subject. How the dome of that hall would reverberate to his mighty eloquence! Solitary and alone, what a notable ass he would become!

Who has not read of the daring invaders of the new world? — children of the sun; mounted on wondrous four-footed things, that seemed, to the astonished Indians, winged with might, majesty, and terror! But had those adventurous Spaniards been mounted on asses! Curious, though less imposing! Can we not imagine a whole army of such, in extended line, trotting sedately down to charge an enemy? Their riders' heels nearly touching the ground. Ears of the longest, rigidly erect above the solemn-looking head. And those trumpet notes! His sympathy with all his kind is so infectious, that had but one among them lifted up his voice, what a blast were there! Sounding their own charge, with that trombone note! What enemy had withstood it? The walls of Jericho fell with a sound: curious if America had been conquered by the braying of asses! \* \* We as yet dream not of the wisdom there is in the dumb brute. Nay, we as yet know not where to place him truly in the scale of creation. Each created thing has a symbolic and spiritual signification, so philosophers tell us, beside its mere material — and which we have yet to learn. Your Buffons, your Cuviers, should have abandoned their vain studies of material qualities and manifestations, and inquired into the higher and spiritual attributes of animated nature. Is there no Kant, no Cousin, to spiritualize the study of asses? Consider what a work yet remains for the metaphysician! The mental philosophy of asses! \* \* Who can say what wondrous visions visit him, even in dreams? Visions of what? Of the warm stable, kind grooms, fields of clover, stacks of grain? — or are they purely transcendental — vision-airy? Is there poetry in that stolid-looking head? It may well be, when we find so many poets asses, an ass should sometimes be a poet. His life, we see, is wretchedly unpoetical; but is not the immortal mind distinct from and beyond life? But could he teach us, in prose or verse, preceptually, and find a publisher for what is in him, would he do more than he does now by his example? \* \*

There breathes, in the note accompanying the annexed lines, written in 'Kosciusko's Garden,' at West Point, the true American spirit; and we join with the author



in the hope, that our writers will more frequently treat of native scenes and events, in the literary periodicals of the day :

DARK beetling rocks hang o'er my head,  
Beneath my feet the river's bed ;  
The cherish'd haunts of valiant dead  
Are round and near to me :  
Could there a nobler scene be found,  
Than doth this rocky niche surround,  
Where Nature's rarest forms abound,  
In grand variety ?

Far as the charmed eye can trace,  
Old Hudson speeds upon his race ;  
While barks, of every form of grace,  
Glide onward silently :  
On either side, the mountains high  
Lift their tall heads to greet the sky ;  
Between, bright vales relieve the eye,  
Mingled with rock and tree.

Oft from the river's channel deep,  
Is heard the sturgeon's splashing leap,  
Just waking Echo from her sleep,  
And hush'd as suddenly :  
Anon, the trumpet's stirring note  
Upon the breeze doth gaily float,  
Recalling thrilling scenes remote,  
Of native chivalry.

West-Point, August, 1838.

Where erst the eagle rear'd his crest,  
Is now in waving gardens drest ;  
And fairy forms of maidens rest  
Where th' wild wolf used to lie :  
The cat-bird dips her taper bill,  
The timid squirrel drinks his fill,  
At the same spring which used to rill  
'Neath Kosciusko's eye.

And where is he, whose lofty pride  
First sought upon the mountain's side  
The quiet that the camp denied —  
A warrior's privacy ?  
The grave! the grave has claimed its own!  
His gallant spirit heavenward flown,  
His name yon monumental stone  
Preserves to memory.

But hark ! I hear the rushing sound  
Of steamer, spreading waves around,  
Fright'ning the solitude profound  
' From its propriety ;'  
And warning me to seek the way  
That traverses the river quay,  
Or miss my sail up-stream to day :  
Farewell, bright scene, to thee!

a.

THE subjoined is not altogether 'literary matter,' but is nevertheless written with so much spirit, and evinces so fine an eye for the grand and picturesque, with not a little of true national feeling, that we have pleasure in giving it publicity through our pages. The writer dates from that queen of western cities, Buffalo :

'GENTLEMEN: Oh, that 'DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER, JR.' could have been here to see what I saw this morning! I stood at the upper end of the 'Main-street' of this spirited town, and beheld, in the light of a glorious day, *such* a scene! The many-colored woods around me, landward, and along the Canada shore, were gleaming in the clear bright sunlight of an October morning; the city spread widely out its 'polypus arms' below, sprinkled with domes, steeples, and cupolas, which threw back the beams of the sun; and the broad blue sea, to whose borders the town descends with a gentle slope, stretched to hazy infinity in the distance, here sparkling in the day-beam, and there lying greenly in shadow. It was a sublime and beautiful sight; and as I was gazing at the numerous sail which were flitting into dimness on the verge of the western horizon, a fleet of some ten or twelve majestic steamers, with their colors flying, blackened a league's width of that blue waste, with rolling billows of thick smoke, which poured out from the chimneys, to die away far astern, spreading low, and dissolving upon the bosom of the waters. Fifty of these steam-craft are controlled here; and two thousand souls were borne to western regions, this morning, in those noble vessels; a floating village, variously bount, along the linked lakes, whose united navigation is more than a thousand miles, stretching, in all directions, into the heart of the most fertile country in the world; a country alive with enterprise; teeming with embryo canals, railroads, and every species of internal improvement, which can be effected by associated individual capital, or state and government aid; a country, in short, where space is fast being annihilated; where, as Carlyle says, 'they may dig up certain black stones from the bosom of the earth, and say to them, 'Transport us and our products at the rate of thirty miles an hour,' and they will do it!' And do you see, reader, as you look with me, in your mind's eye, upon this magnificent and far-reaching country, how this same town upon which I am looking down, (and in which, let me say, for fear of misapprehension, I am neither a land, tenement, nor property-holder,) do you see how it serves as the natural gate to the Atlantic sea-board, sitting, like New-York herself, in the midst of the sea — yes, of half a dozen seas — and centering here, as at the apex of an opened fan, the advancing tides of those vast inland regions, stretched beyond the sight? What a focus of the East and West! — an occidental Constantinople — destined to sit, in more than eastern splendor, upon her high vantage-ground. \* \* Twelve or thirteen years ago, I am informed, the town had not more than two thousand inhabitants; now it numbers upward of twenty-two thousand. What will it become, when that magnificent work, the Erie canal, shall have been widened to a navigable river? — when the Erie Rail-road, sweeping its long 'iron course' through fertile southern districts, and the



Boston and New-York Rail-road, traversing equally productive sections, both with diverging branches into rich vales, and to prosperous villages — what, I repeat, will the town become, when these works shall have been completed? Then, too, the important improvements going on, under government, in her far-famed harbor; the sale of the immense tracts of adjacent Indian lands; and the inexhaustible water-power at Black Rock, (already a part of the city,) and Niagara, both linked, even now, to the town by rail-road. This water power is inexhaustible, and available at all seasons — sufficient to convert into bread-stuffs all the grains of the great valleys of the Mississippi and its tributary streams, and the country bordered by the great lakes — a country that may be made the granary of the world, and which is capable of sustaining a population larger than that of China. What a point is this, for the exchange and transshipment of the merchandise of the east, and the products of the mighty west! The ships and steam-boats traversing the western lakes and rivers, may 'dump' their stores at the very doors of the numerous mills already erected, or imperiously demanded, and while their cargoes, reduced, in effect, *to bread*, are sweeping to the sea-board, on an artificial river, the vessels are on their return trips, filled to overflowing with the merchandise demanded by the vast country of the lakes.'

\* \* 'Such is but *one* of the thousand views which may be taken, in different quarters of this great and growing country. Prophecy has always belied us, how extravagant soever her predictions. In fifty years, Buffalo will be larger than is now New-York. I put this (that is, I *hope* I do,) upon a permanent record, in your pages, and so the prediction will be tested. Is it doubted? I would ask how long ago it is, since the Indian roamed alone here, and the unscared stag came down to the shores of the 'great lake and river of the cataract,' painting a dancing shadow of his antlers in the blue water, then undivided by a keel, and undisturbed by the rush of the swift fire-ship? If in the weak infancy of our existence and improvement, we have seen such wonders, what marvels may not be deemed to exist in the onward distance? The energies of the American people are *resistless*. Revulsions are not only borne, but *overborne*, by native spirit and enterprise. We have seen the proof of this, very recently. It is but a little while, since it might almost be said, that

——— 'through the ports which skirt our wide domain,  
For trade's loud buzz, a lonely languor reigned;  
The slumbering merchant o'er his desk reclined,  
And round her grave the ghost of Commerce pined!'

But not long was there languor; for a brief space only, did the merchant slumber; and never yet dawned such an era of wealth and prosperity, as is rising upon us now.

We are at a nonplus. An ambassador from the 'printing-house' records 'eight pages over!' when that amount was deemed lacking. A great mistake. Hence, we must close the drawer, but only to open it again in due season. The favor of a kind friend, 'A Digest, etc., with Reflections,' is excluded, and a consideration of the following, postponed for a brief period: 'A Spark from an Old Crone's Pipe,' 'Down East and Soforth,' 'The Memories of the Past,' 'Autumn Evenings,' 'The Lioness and the Queen of Birds,' 'Nature,' 'A Father,' in brief thoughts on Education, 'Reminiscences of a New-England Teacher,' 'Lines written at Fort Putnam,' and 'nameless numbers more,' which we have not time to specify.

**MINIATURE PAINTING.** — Every now and then, we hear of some young native artist bursting into reputation, if we may so speak, as his pent-up talent finds room for enlargement and display. The West has furnished her full quota of artists of genius. POWELL, but recently arrived among us, has taken rank at once; and Mr. GEORGE H. HITE, a young miniature-painter from Kentucky, will remain here but a short time, before he also will make himself favorably known to the lovers of art. He has had considerable experience in his profession, in Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia, and South Carolina, and has received the advantages of study with, and the counsel of, such eminent artists as FRAZER, MALBONE, etc. Mr. HITE's style is free, bold, and rich, and his taste refined and chaste. Some of his portraits of well known citizens are not more remarkable for their fine finish, than for the truth to nature which, as likenesses, they display. Mr. HITE's rooms are at the Astor House; and those who may desire to 'reign on ivory, lovers, children, sisters, friends,' may receive the requisite touches at the facile hands of our artist.

**NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR THE OCTOBER QUARTER.**—We have read this number of the 'North American,' with more than common pleasure. There is a good variety in the reviews, while there is not one which can be pronounced dull, or a mere dissertation, in which the merits and character of the book under discussion are swallowed up and forgotten. The article on SPARKS' Life of WASHINGTON, in our copy, is disfigured with pencil-marks and dog's-ears; but for the extracts which they indicate, we have unfortunately little space. Of the necessity of the 'Life,' and its collateral records, and its importance in a national point of view, the reviewer eloquently observes:

'Of the auspicious influence of the principles of Washington over public opinion throughout the country, which happily is still highly operative, much must be ascribed to the unexpended force of his personal ascendancy, and the freshly-remembered power of his personal intercourse. These, with the lapse of time, must daily grow fainter. His contemporaries are nearly all gone. Of those, who in any way took counsel with him, scarce one remains to counsel us. One solitary eyewitness of his exploits and risks on Braddock's field is known to survive. Occasionally, at a public gathering, a fourth of July assemblage, or a Cincinnati celebration, we have an opportunity of taking the hand which Washington had taken. That trembling old man, who is groping his way toward a seat, was, at a time when his hands could wield something more formidable than a crutch, one of his body-guard at Brandywine and Germantown; and here is one who saw him, when, pale with indignation, he encountered General Lee on his retreat, at Monmouth. As you come down to the period of his Presidency, the number of course increases of those who were entering on public affairs toward the close of his career; but the solitary survivor of the first Senate of the United States, and of the company who broke bread with the Father of his Country on the day of his first inauguration as President, has passed off the stage within a few months. A race has risen up who knew not Joseph, but to whom his revered memory, loaded with the praises of his country and mankind, has descended as a precious legacy.'

The influence of WASHINGTON's example upon mankind at large, is set forth with felicitous force, in the annexed passage:

'When men are ready, like Brutus, in despair to fly to the conclusion, that there is no sphere of activity for goodness, in the province of civil government; that this world belongs of necessity to a political anti-christ; a character like Washington arises, like the sun of righteousness, with healing in its wings. Virtue, sneered at and mocked, takes courage. Disinterested labor for the good of others, emerges from the parochial charity. The intelligence of the mass of mankind, long derided as visionary, and set at nought as impracticable, feels itself vindicated and fortified. The world for a while looks on in incredulous wonder. Distrustful expectation watches the steps of the hero. His gracious words are heard with incredulity; his generous acts surveyed with doubt. The time is sorrowfully foreboded, when the delusion will be over, the mask be dropped, and the meagre, people-loving Consul, will expand into the sleek and purple Dictator. But, if he persevere in the path of patriotism and duty; if he march from victory to victory, with unrelaxed brow, and cling to the cause in disaster as well as triumph; if he consecrate his sword to the protection of the law; and, when the warfare is ended, if he send his army to their homes, and abdicate the power which their devotion confers on him, then, indeed, it is cold praise to say he has served, or even saved, his country. He has served, and, humanly speaking, has saved his race. He has 'given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.' He has led forth patriotism from a cell, and placed her on a throne. He has robbed the tyrant of his plea, and shown that it is not necessary that mankind should be enslaved; and from that time forward, till the voice of history is struck dumb, wheresoever on the face of the globe an effort is made to establish constitutional government, there his example is present, to furnish an ever-ready answer to the ever-ready objection, that, though the theory is good, it is impossible to put it to practice.'

We are glad to learn from this article, that the entire work is to be published in England, and all essential portions of it translated into French, by M. Guizot, and into German, by Mr. VON RAUMER, assisted by the accomplished daughter of Professor TIECK. Thus will WASHINGTON be borne to the firesides of the hundred millions in Europe, who receive their supplies of intellectual food through the French and German languages.'

The 'Proceedings of the American Health Convention,' at Boston, furnish the text for the next paper, which treats that latest of ultra humbugs, the Grand 'North-American Dried-Apple and Potato Society,' with proper ridicule and contempt. Alluding to the position assumed by one of the clerical delegates to the Massachusetts Starvation Convention, that 'all disease and sickness is crime,' and that clergymen sin against great light, in praying for guilty bed-ridden sufferers in their churches, the reviewer says:

'Sir, we must throw the responsibility of each person's health on himself, and make him alone feel accountable for it.' Avaunt, then, ye bed-ridden reprobates, whom only sentimental fools will pity and wish to succor. A gibbet for a cancerous eruption; a dungeon and hard labor for life for a pulmonary tubercle; imprisonment in the common gaol from thirty days to six months, for

a rheumatic shoulder, according to the aggravation of the offence. 'Parents must be made to feel, that for the sickness of their children, they are themselves responsible.' So make no pretence, tearful mother, of regretting what you yourself have done, nor wear out the long watches of the night over the couch of your fevered child; but away to the whipping-post, for a baggage as you are, and take the deserts of such as you !'

In the same vein is the summing up the merits of this newly-discovered apple-and-potato system :

'The dish that erst 'ran away with the spoon' did a good thing for itself, and henceforth it has need of that and of that only ; knife and fork are obsolete abominations. The times of self-complacent Jack Horner are gone by ; nobody, while he eats Christmas pie, may henceforward give himself credit for a spark of goodness. As, in our innocence, we used to read our Bibles, the thriving of the holy children when they lived on pulse, yet rivalled in vigor and comeliness the sharers of Nebuchadnezzar's own board, was altogether contrary to nature, and was simply a miraculous result. We are to be better instructed now ; the elements of their rotundity and fair liking were in their generous food. Sterne thought he had added a touch to the picture of his prisoner's discomfort, when he threw in the water-cruise and crust. Nothing could be more mistaken, as presently the honest citizen will show ; he will take care to have such abuses righted, reclaiming those delicacies for himself, while the convict will be made to work through his time of durance on champagne and oysters, plum-pudding and roasted pig. We were brought up to pity or banter the Irish for their fare of potatoes relished with butter-milk. Sly rogues ! the laugh has been all along rightfully on their side. They wanted no competition, and so were too knowing to tell us how things stood ; now that we are wiser, we must count them the most enviable of nations, and grudge them all but their butter-milk, which is just so much *de trop*. But we must look higher yet. We dishonor such a great matter by regarding it with personal considerations. The interests of humanity are suspended on a pot-hook. The womb of events in the learned, the social, and the religious world, is the seething cauldron of the house-hold hearth. The seminal principles of human progress are in the herb-garden. All flesh is grass, and if man grows, it must be grass that expands him.'

This capital paper is followed by a review of ROBERTS' 'Embassy to the Eastern Courts of Cochin-China, Siam, and Muscat,' etc., (heretofore noticed at large, in these pages, and, as in the North American, with deserved commendation,) and a pamphlet entitled 'Outline of a Consular Establishment for the United States, in Eastern Asia.' We are well pleased to see here, a just and spirited rebuke of the disgraceful system of making our functionaries abroad, dependent upon petty fees extorted from merchants, or wrung from the wages of distressed seamen. Very high praise is awarded, and justly, to DEWEY'S 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics,' and the 'Letters from Rome,' so familiar to the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER. Kenrick's 'American Orchardist' forms the basis of a copious paper on Horticulture, considered in all its departments, which is well written, and evinces various knowledge of, not to say practical experience in, the subject in hand. The last article is, as usual, a batch of minor and brief 'critical notices,' strung together like a bunch of onions, gradually narrowing in length, and finally tapering down to the most sententious and 'curtailed abbreviations, compressing particulars.' In these, among others, are notices of COOPER'S 'Homeward Bound,' in which the author is by no means flattered ; Mrs. GILMAN'S works ; 'Joanna of Naples,' by the author of 'Miriam ;' GUIZOT'S Lectures ; JEWETT'S 'Passages of Foreign Travel,' and HALL'S 'Notes on the Western States.' In this latter, the critic assumes quite too much in his own behalf. He may rest assured, that what Judge HALL administered to the 'North American' in his 'Preface,' is regarded by the public as a most trenchant castigation ; and what is more, the reviewer himself evidently so regards it. We have heard precisely such advice to 'keep cool,' and not to 'be incensed,' as the critic tenders to Judge HALL, given in a tremulously mild tone, by a virago, who was at the same moment bursting with rage, and pale with mortification, at a signal defeat, the full consciousness of which no affectation could conceal.

The last of the 'critical notices,' is a very brief and non-committal reference to the handsome volume of poems, by our contemporary, Col. MORRIS, of the 'Mirror' literary journal. In these notices, which, if they answer at all to their title, should be 'nothing if not critical,' one might suppose that at least *an opinion* of the literary merits of a work would be expressed ; but we defy the reader to discover one, in the following, which is the entire 'review' in question :

'The poems of Col. MORRIS have enjoyed so wide a newspaper celebrity, that it would be affectation in us to pretend to introduce them to our readers. Some of them, moreover, have been united to Mr. Russell's music, and said and sung in the saloons of the fashionable world. Their author has now collected them in a volume, which, for elegant type and luxurious paper, is surpassed by no book

hitherto issued from the American press. We intended to have invited him to speak for himself in our columns, in the 'Lines for Music,' but we find ourselves too soon at the end of our sheet.'

Will not such cavalier notices as this, of a volume got up with much typographical beauty, and liberality of expenditure, give disaffected authors cause to insist upon the justice of the charge sometimes brought against the 'North American,' of undue sectional jealousy, in matters of native literature?

In striking contrast with this brief and indefinite notice, is an elaborate eulogium of the beautifully-executed volume in question, from a friendly hand, in the last number of the '*Southern Literary Messenger*,' (a monthly literary journal, published at Richmond, Virginia,) which has failed to reach us, and for the late perusal of which, we are indebted to the courtesy of a friend. The critic regards Col. MORRIS's prose as 'graceful, flowing, and full of admirable humor,' and cites, especially, in proof of the justice of his opinion, 'The Monopoly and the People's Line,' and 'The Little Frenchman and his Water Lots,' which he affirms have 'no superior in the works of any American writer.' This praise should have been qualified, as we think, by the exception, at least, of WASHINGTON IRVING, PAULDING, SANDS, and LONGFELLOW. The reviewer remarks, elsewhere, that our author's wit 'does not sparkle, but glows, and warms the heart with its genial and laugh-exciting influences;' and he expresses the hope, that all his spirited prose writings will yet be collected, and published in volumes. In relation to Col. MORRIS's simple effusions, the writer observes: 'His pen is in poetry, what the harp is in music; gentle, soothing, light, and graceful, shedding a twilight over the soul;' and that in one of his pieces, 'the reader might fancy himself perusing a newly-discovered manuscript poem of CHAUCER or SPENSER.' Of the lines commencing,

'On the lake where droop'd the willow,  
Long time ago!'

the critic says: 'For touching pathos, gentle versification, delicacy and purity of fancy, this little lyrical gem is not surpassed by any thing on the other side of the Atlantic; even by the divine MOORE himself.' 'Woodman, spare that Tree!' we are informed, has been repeatedly parodied in the newspapers, 'one of the strongest tests of unequivocal popularity.' 'On this delightful lyric,' adds the reviewer, 'and one or two others, will our author's reputation, as a lyrical poet, principally rest.' We remember to have seen but one parody upon this song, which, coupled with Mr. RUSSELL's, fine musical voice, has been made familiar to many of our readers in the Atlantic cities. It contained, among other lines, the following, which must, we think, have made even the parodied author himself laugh heartily, during the first moment of its perusal:

'Loafer! spare that dog!  
Touch not a hair or limb!  
In youth he fought for me,  
And now I'll fight for him.  
\* \* \*  
'When but an idle boy,  
Often with him I roved;

In all their gushing joy,  
Him, too, my sisters loved;  
And him my brothers dear,  
The fond caress would give:  
Loafer! who sent thee here?  
Go! let that old dog live!  
\* \* \*

The stanzas of our author on the 'Death of Gen. DELEVAN,' are pronounced 'martial and spirited,' but injured by the 'introduction of the name of the deceased.' We marvel that the reviewer did not quote the 'Lines to a Whippoorwill,' recently published, which we have no hesitation in saying, are, in our judgment, the best stanzas that ever proceeded from Col. MORRIS's pen. We do not remember ever to have perused the complimentary ode to LAFAYETTE, however, upon which the critic places a high estimate, and with which the aged veteran himself is declared to have been so delighted, that he 'was in the habit of humming it aloud, whenever occasion offered.' The critic has put for ever at rest an envious slander, which had generally obtained, that Col. MORRIS was not the writer of the celebrated play of 'Briar-Cliff.' He says:

'Col. MORRIS is the sole and unassisted author; for on one occasion, we remember his saying to some friends at table, who rallied him on the subject, 'Gentlemen, that play is entirely my own; I

am not indebted to any one for a single line or comma, if I except Mrs. CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER, on whose story it is founded. If it belongs to any one else, however, I wish he would come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take it away!"

In reference to the military position and personal appearance of our author, we copy the following, simply desiring to correct the reviewer on one point, to save disappointment to those who, coming among us from a distance, may be curious to compare the picture with the original. The forehead of our author is even rather under than above the medium height, and is not phrenology-proof. If our friend the critic, therefore, be not too deeply wedded to his views in this regard, he will pardon this allusion to one instance, in which, according to his own opinions, here promulgated, his favorite science is not infallible:

'Col. MORRIS, as well as a literary, has long been a military man. After passing through the several grades of rank, he has recently been appointed general of a New-York brigade of artillery. When colonel, he was of essential service in quelling the formidable riots of 1834. Colonel, now General Morris, is a little under the medium height, his person inclined to portliness, his face full, his complexion ruddy, his eyes dark, and exceedingly fine, with a laughing expression, indicative of the humor that constitutes a prominent trait in his character. His forehead is high, fair, and well shaped, showing, phrenologically, prominent developments of the imaginative and inventive powers; the organs of thought and reflection being less apparent.'

THE MESSRS. BALLANTYNES AND MR. LOCKHART.—A pamphlet has been republished by Messrs. JAMES MUNROE AND COMPANY, Boston, from the second London edition, entitled 'Refutation of the Misstatements and Calumnies contained in Mr. LOCKHART'S Life of SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., respecting the Messrs. BALLANTYNES By the Trustees and Son of the late Mr. JAMES BALLANTYNE.' All who have perused Mr. Lockhart's Memoirs of the Life of Scott, must have imbibed a firm belief, that the pecuniary ruin in which the great author's fortunes were finally involved, was brought about by the improvidence and lack of business qualifications of his partners in printing and publishing, James and John Ballantyne. We venture to say, however, that not a single reader will rise from the perusal of this clear, succinct, and in all respects well-written pamphlet, without an entire conviction, that the energies of two upright and confiding men were devoted to the prosecution of a business which would have been eminently successful, but for Sir Walter Scott's ambition to become a landed proprietor, and to 'endow a family,' before he had the means of effecting either, upon any sound or secure foundation. 'In purchases of land,' says the 'Refutation,' 'made contrary to every rule of prudence; in buildings, plantings, and improvements, carried on with a total disregard of expense; and in the gratification of a taste for splendid hospitality, and articles of *vertu*, habitually indulged; were employed the immense sums raised by means of discounts obtained at the different banks, which deprived Mr. Ballantyne of all hope of escape, and in the end brought about his ruin.' These facts are *proved*, by 'figures, which cannot lie,' in an abstract, 'made up from detailed accounts, most carefully prepared,' the accuracy of which, it is declared, cannot be questioned. We quote from the pamphlet:

'This abstract shows at one view the result of the system acted upon by Sir Walter Scott to raise money for his own purposes; the liabilities which he consequently incurred, and the positive pecuniary advantages which he derived from his connexion with James Ballantyne. In fact, his large wants swallowed up every thing. The ordinary profits of the business, though considerable, were very far indeed from sufficing for his demands. He employed it as an instrument for raising and keeping afloat as long as possible the enormous sums above specified; and when the machinery would no longer work, and the day of reckoning arrived, it was found that the estate purchased with the funds thus raised, had been placed beyond the reach of creditors. Mr. Ballantyne's all was swept into the vortex of bankruptcy, and, by the acts of another, his friend and partner, he became 'a broken man.' But he lived to repair his ruined fortune, and thereby to prove to the world that the business, if left to itself, would have been lucrative and prosperous; and that, under his sole management, it proved a thriving concern.'

In more than one instance, the pamphlet affirms, Mr. Lockhart was furnished with contradictory proofs of the important misstatements he has given to the world, but



they were utterly disregarded. Yet even while concocting the unjust, ungenerous, and derogatory reflections, to refute which this little book is published, he was writing to Ballantyne, then on his death-bed, for 'the most precious materials' in his book, and causing him to exhaust his last energies in gathering up and putting together recollections calculated to brighten the glory of Sir Walter Scott, who, to the very last, rendered his warm tribute of praise to the character of his old friend and partner, and the priceless corrector of his manuscripts, for unimpeachable integrity, disinterestedness, and honor. We commend this pamphlet to general perusal, as a most clear and convincing defence of the Messrs. Ballantynes, and as an irrefragable argument against the aspersions cast upon their memory by Mr. Lockhart.

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**THE NEW-YORK REVIEW.**—Our October number of this popular quarterly was obtained at so late a period, that we are enabled to do little more than bestow a passing glance at its varied contents, which, however, we have thoroughly perused, and 'inwardly digested.' The number opens with an article evincing industrious research, and possessing much interesting information, in relation to ancient writing and its material, and the preservation and transmission of books, before the invention of the art of printing; and is followed by a valuable paper upon the public press in the United States, touching on the liberty accorded to it, its legal restraints, and constitutional freedom, the political party press, our earlier newspapers, etc. A review of President DAY's work on the Will, succeeds in order, and an admirable and elaborate article upon the life and character of CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL, is the fourth paper of the number. BOSWORTH's new Dictionary of the Anglo-Saxon, forms the basis of the sixth article, and an extended review of WAYLAND's 'Human Responsibility' its successor. But one of the most copious, and to our mind one of the best, papers in the number, is that upon GOETHE. It is comprehensive and various, and its style is that adroit mingling of the narrative and biographical, which is so agreeable to the general reader. DEWEY's excellent and eloquent discourses, 'Moral Views of Commerce, Society, and Politics,' are reviewed in a candid and liberal spirit, and highly extolled, as they must needs be, by all who peruse them. The last article is devoted to the consideration of some score and a half of volumes, of various character, under the head of 'Critical Notices.' This is an interesting portion of the work, and sustained with its accustomed ability. We remark, however, what strikes us as a piece of hypercriticism, in the notice, in this department, of an alleged error in Mr. STEPHENS' 'Incidents.' The reviewer will find, we think, on examination, if he did not know the fact before, that although KOSCUSKO did not 'fall fighting before Warsaw,' he died shortly after that memorable contest, of a mortal wound, there received. The number closes with a copious quarterly list of new publications.

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**AMERICAN PUBLISHING HOUSE IN LONDON.**—We ask attention to the catalogue annexed to the present number, of the new American Publishing and Bookselling House of Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, 67 Paternoster-Row, London. This establishment supplies an important desideratum to our people, as well as London, (and London is England, and something more.) The increasing demand for information concerning this country, our literature, especially, can now be freely and expeditiously supplied, while the libraries of our colleges and other public institutions, not less than those of private individuals, may now be supplied, with unfailing despatch, and with but a trifling advance from English prices. Rare books, prints, and other works of art, also, new or old, may be received here, within an incredibly brief space of time, and we may add,



also, at an incredibly small expense, compared with prices demanded but a short time ago. Of the partner in England, GEORGE P. PUTNAM, Esq., we may say, generally, (and we speak from a long and intimate acquaintance,) that Americans abroad will find him to unite the courteous bearing and unassuming manners of a gentleman, with the spirit and feeling of a true American, whose pride and pleasure it will be, to serve the interests of his countrymen; and all who may have occasion to test his business qualities, in the execution of foreign orders, may rely upon his faithful and effective discharge of even the most difficult literary trust.

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**NEW ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED WORKS.** — We have received from our London publishers two fine specimens of the beautiful works which are preparing in London, in anticipation of the coming holidays, previous to which, the whole will shine upon the tables of their American house, in Broadway. The **ORIENTAL ANNUAL**, for 1839, devoted, in its literary department, to Hindoo legends and Mohammedan romances, of more than common interest, is peculiarly rich in its externals and embellishments; most of the latter being by the lamented DANIEL, whose last labors were devoted to the beautifying of the superb volume before us. There are in all twenty-two, reproduced by the gravers of eminent artists. Not to speak of the various pictures of gorgeous eastern temples, palaces, ruins, and picturesque caves, 'grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' the views of mountain scenery may be especially cited, as hitherto unequalled, in prints of similar size. 'The Mountain Pass' is sublime, and seems more like the remembrance of a terrific vision of difficult highland travel, than real scenery. Of the same character is a 'Mountain Scene in the North of India.' The 'Boa Constrictor,' descending like a narrow cataract from a lofty tree, and encircling and lifting from his horse a government messenger, is a spirited engraving, save that the snake, in his prodigious length, must be represented out of proportion. We can commend the 'Oriental Annual' as a distinguished volume, and one altogether above the great mass of works of the 'painted bladder' school.

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#### THE DRAMA.

**PARK THEATRE.** — Crowded houses, during the past month, have testified to the unabated attraction of Mr. POWER's performances. Audiences seem never weary of his inimitable drolleries. There is a fund of humor inexhaustible, upon which he is constantly drawing, until, as 'Aspen' says of the 'Man of Nerve,' he has become a 'perpetual blister.' It is the total absence of apparent art, the perfect nature, of Mr. Power's acting, which makes it so untiring. His witticisms are irresistible, not so much on account of their real merit, as from the manner in which they are delivered. Whatever he says or does, seems to be said and done from a natural impulse of his own. He seems himself the author, or rather the improvisator, of the scene; so that it appears positively absurd to suppose for a moment that he is playing a part set down for him, or that he is uttering the words of others. In his first scene of the 'Irish Lion,' for instance, nothing can be more natural, or less like mere acting, than his half-tipsy colloquy with 'Mr. Wadd.' One cannot believe that all the pompous nonsense which he utters so naturally, can be really written down in a book. The same spirit, however, pervades all his personations, but perhaps more strikingly those characters where broad humor predominates. Mr. Power's Irish gentlemen are decidedly of a different genus from the Sir Lucius O'Triggers of the last century. Perhaps they are more natural; but it is not in their exhibition, admirable as it is, that his greatest effects are produced. His best Irishmen are those which have the least to do with gentility; such as are totally untrammelled by the rules and orders of 'good society,' are those in which his influence is perfectly irresistible. This is perceptible in the plays of 'Born to Good Luck,' 'Teddy the Tiler,' and others, in which, during a part of the piece, he represents a true, hearty, humorous, ragged son of the sod, and is afterward transformed into a gentleman. In the first, we are carried away by the nature and rich humor of the character; in the last, our laughter grows less, and finally sinks into something like a sober admiration of the well-played gentleman.

Much of this difference is no doubt the natural consequence of the genius of the characters themselves ; but much more of it is produced by the actor.

Another new piece, entitled 'The White Horse of the Peppers,' has been added to the list of novelties which Mr. Power has been instrumental in producing. There are some rich scenes of Irish humor in this play, (particularly the *feast* in Bally Gar Castle,) which deserve commendation. The means which Mr. PEPPER recommends to the new lord of the castle, PLACIDE, for the flavoring of his potato, by holding it some three or four inches *above* a smoking red herring, is an addition to the science of domestic economy, which would have tickled the shrivelled heart of old Elwes himself. Mr. Pepper's horror, also, lest Mynheer should make a 'beast of himself,' by actually touching the crisped skin of the aforesaid precious red herring with his potato, and thereby possessing himself of a drop of the rich gravy, is a lesson to Graham. Sawdust is nothing to it.

Mr. and Mrs. MATTHEWS' engagement comes next, and their admirers anticipate much amusement. The great versatility of talent possessed by Madame VESTRIS, will no doubt be more generally exercised, and the public will be left to judge whether the English critics have over-lauded, in their long-continued praises of her genius. Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS made, during his last engagement, an impression more decidedly favorable, than is often created by performers who come, as he did, almost unknown, and entirely unheralded. If, however, either of these good people expect any better support from the 'stock company,' than they before experienced, we fear they will be grievously mistaken. The same ornaments of the supernumerary department, who 'did the business' for them the last time, will (now that they are used to it) probably do it again. They will have, no doubt, the powerful assistance of Messrs. GANN, NEXEN, JOHNSON, AND COMPANY, for the male department; and for the ladies, the same luminaries which occasionally glittered in their company before, will probably honor them and the public with a second illumination. C.

NATIONAL THEATRE. — During the month, ROOKE's opera of 'Amilie, or the Love-Test,' has been performed at this establishment, to audiences that crowded the house nightly, from pit to gallery, and made it resound with round after round of the most enthusiastic applause. The distinguished vocalists, whose fame had preceded them to America, and to whose distinguished powers, no small share of the complete success of this beautiful opera must be attributed, have carried the town with them, and now rest in secure possession of the public ear. The flexible and exquisitely mellow tones of WILSON, the powerful yet soft and *searching* notes of SEGUIN, and the clear, full, and bird-like voice of Miss SHIREFF, have been fully appreciated, 'and which is more,' rewarded as those rare 'gifts that heaven gives' should be. The opera has very little of dialogue, but is interspersed with some of the most delightful and spirited choruses we ever heard wreaked upon music. These were admirably given ; and indeed, under the effective management of Mr. PENSON, every portion of the performance was unmarked by a single blemish, after the first night's representation. The natural and graceful acting of Miss SHIREFF, aided by a handsome person, and lively, expressive features, adds a lustre to her vocal execution. Mr. WILSON, however, is less felicitous, as an actor. His style is so subdued, as sometimes to appear feeble ; a fault which doubtless springs from good taste, in the first instance — a desire not to 'o'erstep the modesty of nature.' His figure is manly and commanding, and his countenance open and impressive. Mr. SEGUIN's action is easy and dignified, and his face and person something more than unexceptionable. He is a handsome man. Of Mr. WILSON's solos, and his simpler songs, it is scarcely possible to speak in too strong terms of praise. His 'John Anderson, my Jo' would alone establish an enviable reputation. It is inconceivably mellow, tremulous — delicious ; and we thank him from the heart, for the sensations it awakened. Few who heard it, will ever forget the *soul* that breathed out, in these most touching stanzas :

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
They say it's forty year,  
Sin' I ca'd you my Jo, John,  
And you ca'd me your dear ;  
I canna think it true, John,  
Nor half sae long ago ;  
It seems a twal month, at the maist,  
John Anderson, my Jo.

'John Anderson, my Jo, John,  
We 've seen our bairns' bairns,  
And yet, my dear John Anderson,  
I'm happy in your arms ;  
And sae are ye in mine, John,  
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,  
Though the days are gone that we ha'e seen,  
John Anderson, my Jo!'

Miss SHREFF, also, excels in the simple song and ballad. Her 'I'm Ower Young to Marry Yet,' bating a little blurring out of the letter *r*, in an affected double-roll, and certain espeigle glances at the pit, as if indicating the cue for applause or admiration, is a charming song, and charmingly rendered. The manager has secured a valuable acquisition to his unrivalled dramatic company, in the person of Mr. CONNER, of Philadelphia, who comes among us with a good reputation, which, if we may judge from one or two personations, will be greatly enhanced hereafter. In short, Mr. WALLACK deserves, on very many accounts, the thanks of the public, for his untiring enterprise and general sound judgment and good taste.

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE. — PARK BENJAMIN, Esq., hitherto the able editor of the 'American Monthly Magazine,' announces, in a late number of the 'New-Yorker,' the discontinuance of that periodical. It will be remembered, that just one year ago, in adverting to the mingling of politics with literature, in the pages of our contemporary, we took occasion to regret the circumstance, and to advocate, in our periodicals, the maintenance of a neutral-ground in literature, on which men of all creeds and politics might meet, and forget the bitterness of party feeling; and we predicted, moreover, that the union referred to, would not be successful. Mr. BENJAMIN, we are sorry to say, confirms our anticipations. He declares, that from the moment the Magazine became political, it began to 'suffer a monthly epilepsy,' and adds, elsewhere, that 'it is in vain to wed politics to literature, in this country. They have no similarity of taste or inclination. The marriage is an unwise one, and a divorce is sure to succeed.' The subscribers of the 'American Monthly' will be served hereafter with the 'New-Yorker,' a well-conducted and finely-executed weekly journal, of news and literature, to which Mr. BENJAMIN and his corps of correspondents will add their valuable aid.

MR. COOPER'S REVIEW OF LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SCOTT. — Some of the public journals seem to have discovered a discrepancy in our opinion of the merits of LOCKHART'S Life of SCOTT, inasmuch as our notices of the several 'Parts' of the Memoir, as they appeared, were in quite a different vein from the extended review of the entire work, which formed a prominent paper in the 'Literary Notices' of our October number. As a brief explanatory paragraph, in the same issue, would appear to have escaped observation, it may be well to repeat here, that the review in question was intended by the writer (who has made no secret, and desired no secret made, of its authorship,) to have formed an 'original paper' in the body of the work, under his own signature; but that, arriving too late for this purpose, we were compelled, contrary to usage, to permit an unofficial document to 'lead off' in our department.

NEW WORKS. — MESSRS. CAREY AND HART, Philadelphia, have published the following works, which reach our table so late, as to preclude a more extended reference: A 'Romance of Vienna,' by Mrs. TROLLOPE; 'The British Senate,' a second series of 'Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons;' 'Land Sharks and Sea Gulls,' by the author of the 'Naval Sketch-Book;' 'The Stranger in China,' by C. T. DOWNING; 'Peter Pilgrim, or a Rambler's Recollections,' by the author of 'Calavar;' and 'Picciola, or Captivity,' a tale, by M. DE SAINTINE; The 'Religious Souvenir,' and 'Christian Keepsake,' each with numerous beautiful illustrations, and edited by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, and Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, with 'A Christmas Gift from Fairy Land,' admirably embellished on almost every page, by the graceful pencil of CHAPMAN, and written, as the reader will scarcely fail to discover, by the attractive hand which sketched 'Salmagundi,' were also received at too late a period of the month for adequate notice.

## LITERARY RECORD.

'SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES.'—A volume of poems thus entitled, from the pen of W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., author of 'Guy Rivers,' 'The Yemassee,' 'Atalantis,' etc., is passing through the press of Mr. ADLARD, Broadway. The publisher has obligingly furnished us with several sheets of the work; sufficient to enable us to see, that there are rich stores of imaginative poetry in the volume, upon which we may hereafter draw, for the gratification of our readers, without fear of having our draft dishonored, how liberal soever it may be. A single passage, germane to the season and its phases, entitled 'Autumn Twilight,' shall serve our present purpose:

'There is a soft haze hanging on yon hill,  
Tinged with a purple light. How beautiful,  
And yet how cold! 'Tis the first robe put on  
By sad October. Well may he repine,  
His dowry is decay: decay though bright,  
And desolate, though bounteous. Thy sweet green,  
The summer flush of love—the golden bloom,  
That came with flow'rs in April—all are gone.  
The green is pallid; the warm, virgin flush,  
That was a maiden glory on the cheek  
And in the eye of summer, shrinks away,  
To gather on the hill-tops; wooing in vain  
The last embrace to sorrowful twilight given,  
By the down-vanishing sun; and the sweet airs  
Wail heavily through the branches, while the leaves,  
Saddest of mourners! flung on summer's grave,  
Lament her in the silence of true grief!'

'THE AMERICAN MUSEUM' is the title of a new monthly periodical, recently established at Baltimore, by Messrs. BROOKS AND SNODGRASS. The work is neatly executed, its articles are various and well chosen, and some of them proceed from well-known pens. We discover, as we think, among the original papers, the liberal hand of that distinguished reasoner and metaphysician, Dr. BEASLEY, of New-Jersey. We think the editors err in placing a dozen articles of verse in succession, as we perceive they have done. The work is, however, to be more devoted to solid reading, hereafter, and to contain a less proportion of verse. The editors exercise the duties of their station with ease and skill; and in the few lines of space that are left us, at a very late hour, we put upon record our good wishes for the success of their laudable enterprise.

'EMINENT LIVING POLITICAL REFORMERS,' is the title of a fine quarto volume, the first of a series, to embrace portraits of all the living reformers, meaning political reformers, as understood in England. We have here the portraits of eighteen of the more distinguished politicians of this class, admirably engraved from paintings by distinguished artists, and accompanied by brief but comprehensive memoirs. Among them, we remark the fine classical features of TALFOURD, with the faces of Lord JOHN RUSSELL, Viscount MELBOURNE, Earl SPENCER, MULGRAVE, etc. The letter-press and binding are in keeping with the rare excellence of the pictorial department. Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM, Broadway, are the American publishers.

NEW AND VALUABLE WORK BY MR. DUNLAP.—MR. DUNLAP, whose various entertaining and useful books are so familiar to the American public, has a work in press, which we may well believe will eclipse in interest and usefulness any of his previous productions. It is none other than a 'History of the New Netherlands, the Province of New-York, and State of New-York, to the adoption of the Federal Constitution.' It will be published in two volumes octavo, of five hundred pages each, at the comparatively low price of five dollars the set, bound in boards. We predict for the work an ample subscription; for Mr. DUNLAP will assuredly make it one of the most interesting of modern histories.

'DUTY AND INCLINATION.'—We do not consider it our 'duty,' and most certainly we have little 'inclination,' to recommend this long novel to our readers. Miss LAWSON'S

own productions are seldom indifferent reading; and hence, as BALLANTYNE said to SCOTT, we prefer her own offspring, to the bairns, of which, in a moment of kindness, she has consented to become the temporary parent. These volumes are diffuse, artificial, and confused, and altogether rather under than above the medium standard of English republications.

**LIFE OF HANNAH MORE.** — We can heartily commend these volumes to our readers, as well on account of the subject, so fruitful of good example, and valuable moral and religious lessons, as the ample stores of new and interesting information, derived from an immense number of private letters, and the living memories of numerous friends. The work, although small, is evidently what it professes to be, a '*Life of HANNAH MORE*,' omitting no circumstance of real importance or interest. Philadelphia: E. L. CAREY AND A. HART. New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

**THE APOLLO GALLERY.** — This magazine was the first to call public attention to the plan and various merits of this excellent establishment; and we are glad to perceive that the exhibition has attracted numerous and admiring visitors. More than four hundred specimens of the talent of native artists adorn the well-lighted halls, two hundred of which are on sale; and many of them are the productions of some of our most eminent painters. We hope to embrace an early occasion to speak of their merits and defects, at more length than we have now time or space.

**THE APPROACHING HOLIDAYS** are already heralded by a large assortment of literary gifts, for the young, of both sexes. A number of these, just put forth by Mr. COLEMAN, and WILEY AND PUTNAM, demand a passing notice. A distinguished gentleman of this country, now and for a long time past a very aged individual, is at the bottom of most of them. We allude, here, to the venerable PETER PARLEY, of Boston, (Mass.,) who has been all over the world several times, was present when the corner stone of the largest Egyptian pyramid was laid, and often heard Chœops tell some of his choicest stories. He was also with Napoleon at St. Helena, and moreover read and corrected the mss. of our renowned predecessor, DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. Such is the eminent author, whose name is usurped, and whose books imitated and 'pirated' in England. Person extraordinary! — individual singular! May your shadow never be less! But to the books:

'PETER PARLEY'S RAMBLES' in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, comes first; and a very pretty book it is, with abundant embellishments, and entertaining sketches and stories, connected with the countries named, which are thoroughly canvassed, 'all for the love of you,' ye juvenile devourers of literary bread-and-milk. PARLEY'S 'CHRISTMAS GIFT' is a handsome little book, of similar size, with any quantity of 'pretty stories and pretty pictures.'

'CHRISTMAS TALES.' — This is an amusing and instructive volume, full of pictures, and printed on a large and clear type. It tells of the customs of England, both ancient and modern, which belong to Christmas. There are many amusing tales, and the whole may serve as a kind of history, to show how our English ancestors used to live, in days long ago.

**THE CHILD'S GEM.** — For young children, this is certainly a very nice and appropriate present. It is edited by a lady and a mother, who knows well how to blend instruction with amusement, and who possesses the rare ability to make children understand her. It is tastefully presented in its externals.

'THE LADIES' ANNUAL REGISTER AND HOUSEWIFE'S MEMORANDUM-BOOK,' by Mrs. CAROLINE GILMAN, is an excellent work, for all meridians. In addition to much useful and necessary information, there are copious entertaining miscellanies, original and selected. The form is convenient and handsome.

men. The mummeries of fashion, the criterion of externals, the factitious distinctions of wealth and family, will cease, and men will be regarded by the true standard of morality and practical utility.

We would by no means assert that we think the farmer happier than the lawyer, or a useful member of any profession. We are fortunately so constituted, as to find satisfaction or happiness, in proportion as we discharge our duty. The pleasures of sense are not worthy of the name of happiness. True happiness is that repose and contentment of mind, which results from the judgment of a conscience finding nothing to condemn. It is idle to talk of the happiness of this or that occupation. All occupations require labor, and ease of employment is a contradiction in terms. Let not the mechanic envy the lawyer or minister, because they have little to do; neither must they indulge in the erroneous notion, that they do not earn their bread by labor. And when they are charged a heavy fee for what appears to take but little time, they should reflect upon the expense and time that have been employed to qualify them to do this apparently trifling service.

Thus far, we have confined our remarks to those who labor in what are called the professions. Call them the higher or lower callings, it matters not which. One thing is certain, that their employments would cease, were it not that the more active laborers, both in body and mind, give them food. A very wrong notion has been prevalent in the world; and it is, that more mind is required for the professions than the trades. It is true, that the professions are constantly consulting books, and the opinions of past ages. The divine is puzzled with old dogmas, the lawyer must rest his cause upon precedent, the doctor must read his medical journal, but the mechanic arts require practical knowledge. In the professions, we rest upon human opinion, where life and property are concerned; in mechanics, we work by the principles God has infused into matter; and the highest ingenuity, the most mathematical thought, is required in new applications and combinations of these first and divine data. The mechanic loses his knowledge of words, because he is always dealing with things, and the lawyer often loses his regard to things, because he deals so much in words. The knowledge of the one is sure and experimental; the opinions of the other, after all, are but mere opinions. We contend, then, that though the professions call into exercise great subtlety of thought; although there are very puzzling things to get over, and deep habits of analysis must be cultivated for success in them; yet for amount of social and useful thought, they are inferior to the trades. In what have the long metaphysical discussions of past times benefitted our world? In nothing, except to confound the common sense of mankind. How would the race be benefitted, by solving the curious question propounded by Lamb, 'whether God loves a lying angel better than a true man,' supposing such a question to be seriously propounded? The world owes its advanced state of civilization, not to such discussions—not to curious learning of past ages—but to the mechanical inventions, which have increased the comforts of life, and the means of intercourse between provinces and nations. The application of steam to mechanical purposes, is worth all the knotty points in law, theology,



and medicine, in advancing the human mind. The poet and the painter discover scenes of beauty and grandeur, and dwell upon them with rapture. They paint in words and on canvass the power of the elements, and the majesty of God's creation. The mechanic recognises this power and this beauty; he puts to practical test the power of water, and the power of air; he rears palaces that are supported upon the same principle that rears the rock on the cliff, and enables the pine to withstand the tempest. He follows the law of security in his work, and beauty is the consequence. The one is an admirer of things in the abstract, the other worships God, practically as well as morally, by carrying out his great principles in utility.

His employment is becoming every day more lucrative, and more necessary. The mechanic trades are characterized by a stronger vein of common sense, than other occupations. Men thus employed are less likely to be carried away by delusions, or a speculating mania. Accustomed to frame and manufacture, they do not look for sudden acquisitions of fortune, nor are they fretted with fears about the fall of stocks. Their wealth is real; it is in themselves; it is their art; something no one can take from them. A good mechanic can always more than support himself, wherever he be. With a good education, a good trade, and uncontaminated morals, it seems to us that a man is as near to having Aladdin's lamp, as any one is likely to be. Of the farmer, it need only be said, that he is lord of the soil. Indebted to no one but his Maker, he may be wholly independent; and if he should chance to be literary and scientific, there would appear to be no end to his usefulness. You may know the temperate farmer, by his ruddy cheek, and by the brightness of his eye. He is redolent of the soil; there is about him the bearing of a man. He looks like the oak of his own hills, and his children like the strong flexile saplings around this father of the woods. How could you imagine a William Tell to spring up from the gentles of Switzerland, if there be any there? How much interest is attached to the character of Cincinnatus, from the fact that he was called from the plough to lead the Roman armies!

But let us divert the reader's attention to the teacher of youth. What are his advantages, and what are the effects of his passion? Where are his golden honors, his great renown, his wealth, his elegant leisure? What are his hopes of retirement upon a competency? Where is the end of his labors? To what point is he striving? Can any one tell? The teacher labors for others, not himself. He is constantly giving what he has. His wealth is barely support. His golden honors, his wealth, are air-built castles, that have never yet been seen. His leisure is constant occupation, in unvaried pursuits. Life is the end of his labors, and he is striving for the good of the next generation, when he will be forgotten. The highest fame he can reach, is perhaps the mention of his name in the age after him, as having assisted in forming the mind of some village Hampden, or as having sown the seeds of knowledge in the future poet, historian, or saviour of his country. The mystery is past to the craft. Time was, when the schoolmaster was the terror of his village. He wore a cue and cane, perhaps a wig, somewhat smaller than the lawyer's, to avoid action of trespass. He was the umpire of spelling and

pronunciation, and generally wore a long-tailed black coat, laughing at the elbows. His form was terrible as Jupiter's, and if he ever smiled, it was a '*sub-ridens*,' or grin. From all accounts we have of the race, for it is extinct, he was a creature '*sui generis*.' From some remains lately discovered, supposed to be the vestiges of Ichabod Crane, it is found, that there was a great elongation of the right arm, from a tendency to fly off in so constantly using the ferula. He was a tyrant — that is certain; for Shakspeare says, 'the school-boy, with his satchel, and shining morning face, went like snail, *unwillingly* to school.' His whole object was to preserve order, and inspire terror. But the teacher now-a-days has his satisfactions and his consolations. He feels that he is emerging into a golden age for education. And if he has not the fame, he feels that he gives impulses to the world after he is dead, in the persons of his pupils. Yes; he sees his reward — a reward that cannot be so well described as felt. But what remains to be considered? The poet? He is of all ranks and professions. Elliot, now a noted poet in England, is a blacksmith. Is not this an age of intellect? But most to be pitied, most to be avoided, is the man of no profession, no occupation, no trade. Such an one is a pryer into other men's matters, a seeker out of strange oaths, and new smoking apparatus. He learns to concoct new drinks, and tries new inventions of meats. The strapping of his razor is an event in his life, and shaving is hailed as a privilege. Such a man reads grave-stones for amusement, and picks his teeth between the letters. He reads the advertisements in the newspapers, and makes pencil-marks and elegant margins around the capital letters, in notices for stray oxen. Often, to kill time, he kills flies, and sometimes aspires to the character of a sportsman, by shooting the innocent birds around his neighbor's domicil. But why should we detain the reader with the description of a personage, the contemplation of whom is a waste of time, and consumption of patience? Fortunate may he consider himself, who is always busy!

Before closing this subject, the question may occur, why it is that we find so many in all professions, occupations, and trades, who are dissatisfied men? They seem to be moving in a sphere in life for which they are neither fitted by education nor taste. The answer to this question is the most important view of the theme. It is because the profession, trade, or occupation, is forced upon the child, before his mind has acquired the power of judging; before his tastes are developed, and his genius, or aptitude to any one pursuit, is evinced. Many men study law, who had better been farmers or mechanics, and many mechanics had better been lawyers. The parent, instead of studying the disposition of his child, gives him such a chance as agrees with his own taste, rather than the child's, and perhaps, by this course, unfits him for all hope of usefulness. There is undoubtedly such a thing as natural taste; a taste not innate, but resulting from organization, or early, insensible education. The eye of the painter, the ear of the musician, the love of mathematics, belonging to sedentary men, and the phlegmatic temperament, all prove this. If, then, this natural taste should be consulted, instead of pursuing the arbitrary course now so common, we might hope for better work, in all the occupations of life. Beside, a man's moral character often

depends upon the interest he feels in his occupation. When they dislike it, they take every occasion to rid themselves of it, for the time, and contract habits of idleness, which lead to poverty, and poverty, in nine cases out of ten, leads to vice.

As yet, we have only spoken of the occupations of men. Let us say a word here of women. Is she like Eve, the mere consoler of her husband? Can she have no occupation, no plan of life, no self-dependence? Must she, to fulfil her destiny, marry and bring up a family of children? Is her whole youth to be spent in preparing for this event? Is this the single idea which she is to live for? We hope not. The paths of industry are open to her. She may become a teacher, an author; she may spend her time in works of benevolence. She is fitted to personify the gentle charities of life. Let her then, we say, have her occupation. Let her have a plan of life. Let her begin to live, as though she were not a candidate for matrimony; lay out her plans for years of single blessedness; and then she will be best fitted to become a wife and a mother.

A woman whose whole youth is devoted to compassing a marriage, will bring to the house of her husband a mind frittered into small fragments by her previous life. The excitement of the chase over, the great object for which she has lived being accomplished, she sinks into indifference; and though the cares of a family may rouse her to necessary exertion, she will lose her elastic step, her blooming cheek. Care will sit upon her features, and apathy benumb her heart. Fortunately, we have few such; but the picture from which we draw, may be found in all our cities. There in the round of parties and balls, at theatres, and all public exhibitions, ushered by ambitious mammas, glitter the jewels of those who are taught, by novels and conversation, that to *get married*, is the great business of woman's life.

Commend us for society, for charity, for sympathy, to a well-educated woman of thirty, who is not ashamed that she is single. What would the world do, good reader, without old maids? The mother cannot go to the sick couch of her neighbor, for her own child is ill. Who shall go? The mother cannot teach, consistently with her duties to her little ones. Are our female teachers to be always the young, the inexperienced? Shall our schools never have the benefit of mature and ripe minds, in forming the minds and character of the young? But how can we have these, if all intend to marry? — if the whole sex only consist of the married, and those whose tempers are embittered by a cruel necessity of remaining single? Fidelity to our subject has compelled this train of remark, and we plead a rhetorical necessity for touching the sex at all. Our own regard for the dignity of the sex, compels it. Woman is half of mankind; and in a paper of this description, she should not be passed over in silence, or indifference. There are large consequences hanging upon what may be esteemed of little consequence. It is an encouraging thought, to those who are engaged in the arduous duties of life, that by our very occupation, trade, or profession, we are continually summoning out powers, which can only so be known to their possessor, and keeping under those desires, and arming ourselves against those enticements, to contend and vanquish which, constitutes our virtue.

It is a common remark, we are aware, that idleness is the mother of vice, and we cannot be too deeply impressed with the truth of the axiom. Many men owe their ruin to a want of some healthy occupation, or, upon the inheriting of large fortunes, giving up their profession or trade. God has decreed that man shall get his bread by the sweat of his brow; and no one can, with impunity, disregard the decision.

From what has been advanced, we think we may fairly deduce, that there is no profession nor occupation exempt from labor; that happiness does not result from one business more than another; that there is no employment, trade, or profession, shielded from difficulties, or barren of advantages and fruits; that there is no unfailing key to a competency, but industry, and no path to true honor, but virtue.

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LINES TO MY MOTHER.

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'I remember, I remember, the spot where I was born,  
The little window, where the sun came peeping in at morn!

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MY MOTHER! with that hallowed phrase,  
What joyous recollections start!  
The sunshine of my early days  
Comes back upon my clouded heart.

It brings my home, my native home,  
With all its chosen charms, to view;  
The walks where I was wont to roam,  
The fields of green — the skies of blue.

The towering trees, that used to fling  
Their arms above the cottage wall,  
The very vines that loved to cling  
Around the door — I see them all.

And thus, while memory's magic glass  
Reveals to view each chosen spot,  
Across the glowing picture pass  
Scenes which may never be forgot.

My wonted visit there again,  
From home remote, I seem to pay,  
And view afar the shaded lane,  
At twilight of a summer's day.

My mother listens 'neath the trees,  
To catch the distant coachman's horn,  
And smiles, as on the evening breeze  
She hears its mellow music borne.

Again I speed, with flying feet,  
With bounding pulse and heart elate,  
Again my mother's welcome meet,  
Beside the little garden gate.

But ah! when last that spot I sought,  
And entered that familiar door,  
Its dreary desolation taught  
My heart that it was home no more!

Still glowed each summer charm around,  
The verdant vines still clustered there;  
Each fav'rite tree and flower I found,  
And breathed the fragrance-freighted air.

But silence reigned within those halls,  
Where once the hours so brightly fled,  
And mocking echo, from the walls,  
Gave back the lonely mourner's tread.

Dear mother! would thy sainted soul  
Might, from its blest abode above,  
Behold the burning tears that roll,  
At each memento of the love.

As, pilgrims at this sacred shrine,  
They stand with bosoms anguish-riven,  
For whom the latest prayers of thine,  
To whom its latest thoughts, were given;

Why should they check the tide that flows  
From feeling's fount, for one so dear?  
Life has no holier tears, than those  
Which fall around a mother's bier.

But we acknowledge, God of love!  
Thy hand, which with paternal care,  
Seeking to draw our hearts above,  
Has placed another magnet there.

Auburn, (N. Y.) Oct. 1838.

P H M.

## SUNDAY IN LONDON.

BY A RETIRED COCKNEY.

'TELL me,' says CHESTERFIELD,' what company you keep, and I will tell you what your character is.' A modification of the same idea, will apply to cities. If we know how Sunday is observed, we can immediately suppose what is the general character of the town. Now a Sunday in London is a twenty-four hours of Salmagundi, the upper surface of which Asmodeus could hardly describe. In a place where the classification of society is so completely adopted as in London, it may naturally be supposed that the 'Diable Boiteux' would be puzzled by finding that so many engaging persons are engaged in the kitchens by day, and engage the garrets by night; and after all, he would not see the real stream of society which fertilizes the valley between the Surrey Hills and the Highgate Archway. No, no; to describe London with any thing like success, it must be not only unroofed, but thoroughly explored; and the exploration will well repay the trouble, after it is accomplished. But it requires a life, a long life, of examination and condensation, to abstract a description of it from the brain. The study of London is the study of human nature, and the knowledge of human nature requires something more than human wisdom to discriminate its characteristics. It is not an every-day affair to obtain an insight to the intricate and manifold surfaces that are presented by society in a city which numbers two millions of inhabitants. What a glorious opportunity the great fire of London would have had, if the language of fire could be expressed in print! However, it is not every 'magazine' that would receive such a contributor, without a death-shudder; and the reader is probably not disposed to countenance a too flaming article.

London! To describe one day, and that the Sabbath, in London, requires 'the eye of an eagle, the hand of a lady, and the heart of a lion.' O for the eye of Richard Birnie, the hand of Leigh Hunt, and the heart of William Cobbett! All these combined, might have done justice to the subject. Johnson once said that 'the full tide of human existence appeared to be at Charing Cross,' and there the moralizing doctor leaves us. It is the combination of excellence that is required, which makes it difficult to find a person willing to attempt the description. Otherwise, men who are now, or have been lately, on the stage of life, would have gloried in encountering the achievement. Charles Dickens, Pierce Egan, Tom Hood, Smith, of the Despatch, Theodore Hook, Lewis, of the Morning Herald, 'The Hermit in London,' or Douglas Jerrold, might, could, would, or should have done it; but as it appears they have not — why then, it remains to be done.

Twelve o'clock on Saturday night generally finds the theatres just cleared, and the chandelier of the Italian Opera House darkened. Carriages, freighted with beauty and fashion, are dashing and rumbling about the squares of the west end; and, by the time the ladies have discussed the merits of Lablache, Seguin, Braham, and Tom

Cooke, the gentlemen have duly decided on the attractions of Grisi, Taglioni, Vestris, or the Elsters. The apprentice and the mechanic, after having been to the theatre, walked two or three times through the piazzas at Covent Garden, taken some à la mode beef and a glass of 'Hodges' best' gin, begin to separate in small parties for home. The 'hard cases,' however, know very well where to spend the night, in gambling, or any other kind of dissipation that inclination may prompt. Policemen are on the alert, and at this time of night generally trust rather to their ears than their eyes, both as regards out-door and in-door operations. Among the working classes, a little indulgence is expected on Saturday night, and the majority are prudent enough to remain at home; but Saturday night will be Saturday night; for, according to the logic of a well-known cockney maxim: 'A week without a Saturday night, would n't be no week at all!'

At one o'clock on Sunday morning, the north side of Leicester Square, which is noted for being the latest thronged thoroughfare in London, begins to be deserted. Here and there may be seen a small debating society, generally composed on the spot by journeymen tailors, standing at corners, and arguing with much vehemence on the corn laws, the standing army, the beer act, and the American panic. Most of the unfortunate females who infest such cities, are by this hour out of the streets, or perhaps shivering under the piazzas, thinking of the time when life was a pleasure, and knowledge was innocence; when friends would assist, and even enemies might pity. The heart of a man will refuse to be pitied; his nature enables him to despise the pity of others; but the heart of a woman inclines her to rely on something beside herself; some dear friend, who might pity her, even if devoid of the means of helping her. It is most strange, but so it is, that the consolation of pity is withheld from a degraded female, while the vilest highwayman and murderer is regarded with some degree of deference, even after he is convicted by a jury of his country. The real bitterness of heart which is combined with the forced gayety of this class of women, can scarcely be conceived by any but those who have seen every side of 'Life in London.' In passing one of these unfortunate creatures, after the theatres are out, and she has been unable to procure a victim for the cold-blooded wretches who employ her, the observant mind is led into a very painful view of the depravity of human nature, and the too certain 'wages of sin.' While she is debating in her mind whether to return alone to the house to which she is one of the tempters, or whether she shall throw herself off one of the bridges into the Thames, who can tell the pangs of remorse and reproach that alternately possess her? She recollects when kind parents watched over her, only to bless her waking energies, and confesses that if their fervent prayers to Heaven for her safety and preservation from evil had prevailed, she would never have been the victim of passion, and the slave of prejudice. She now remembers the delights of school-fellowship, and the prattle of playmates, only to feel the difference between the past and the present; that school and the hard school of the still harder world; she is reminded, by a justifiable vanity, of the time when the pride of man would humble itself at her feet, esteem it an honor to take her hand, and glory in the



privilege of speaking to her; and *now* the awful truth bursts upon her mind, that one error has decided her fate; that she has no recourse but crime and prostitution; and even these have left her to walk home unprotected, and trembling with cold, in the same thin attire which had been hired out to her, for the purpose of attraction in the saloons. Of all the elements of which society in large cities is composed, none probably are more interesting to the philosopher, or the man of the world, than the causes which create, support, and finally destroy, so many of these 'painted palaces, inhabited by disease and death.'

There is scarcely an hour when the city of London can be said to be 'hushed in sleep;' but if there be an hour in the whole week in which the comparative quietude is remarkable, it is from two till three o'clock on Sunday morning. This is accounted for, by there being very little done in the markets, except a little retailing. The noise and bustle of the arrival of the country wagons are at an end. At this hour, unless now and then may be seen a hackney-coach driven very rapidly to the residence of some *accoucheur*, the city seems all quiet, except the printing-offices of the Sunday-morning papers, which are very numerous; and if you meet a genteel-looking man, well dressed in black, with both hands in his pockets, his feet tender, his shoulders rounding, and a Berkely cravat tied over his mouth, you may be sure that it is some 'compositor,' who, poor fellow! has just succeeded in getting through his week's work of putting into grammatical English the scratchy and blotted effusions of some Irish 'reporter' or assistant editor, who *does* all the heavy writing for the paper, provided always, that he may be allowed to provide for himself, by guzzling on all providential occasions. The compositor being gone home, is a sure sign that the paper is at press; and the machines which are used in London for printing off an immense edition in a few hours, may then be heard in all directions. Anon, the newsmen begin to arrive. These men, whose sole business it is to carry and deliver the newspapers, are a very useful class of society. In London, their life is one constant routine of hard toil, and while they are waiting for their turn to be served with the papers at the different offices, they are apt to be rather noisy in their merriment. They are a well-to-do, red-faced, mud-splashed, light-heeled set of fellows, and their troops of boys are what would be called in New-York 'pretty hard citizens.' There are three times as many papers published on Sunday as there are on any other day of the week. It should be here observed, that in England, custom has made the Sabbath the great reading day for the middle and lower classes, who are generally so much engaged during the week, that when Sunday comes, the boon of a day of rest is enhanced by millions of men with a 'pipe, a pot, and a paper.'

Daylight coming to London on a Sunday morning, is a great and glorious sight. The absence of smoke from the large manufactories, makes an agreeable difference in favor of viewing the architectural beauties of the metropolis. Every thing appears to understand that Sunday has come again, and every-body seems to say, 'To-day shall be a happy day, if we never have another.' Boots and shoes, and

gilt buttons, begin to sparkle in the sun, as if to greet the day with nothing but happy reflections. The barbers'-shops are crowded ; and, while some wily tory will get into a corner, with a few friends, to read the leading article in the 'John Bull,' a hot-headed radical will take possession of the back parlor, and fill it with a crowd of 'the great unwashed,' (and unshaved, too, for that matter,) who will greatly applaud his delivery of some very expostulatory and explosive article in the 'Despatch.' There are few men who could take breakfast, unless 'the paper has come ;' indeed, the head of a family may always be known by the possession of a newspaper at table ; for, however much the young folks might wish to read the paper, they would not be guilty of the unpardonable sin of doing so, on any account, 'before father sees it.'

There is one very peculiar trait about London mechanics, as respects their fondness for periodically ruralizing. Almost every week, they have a sudden admiration for botany, mineralogy, ichthyology, or conchology. There is always some 'maggot in the brain' on a Sunday morning ; and at the very time they have been hoping all the week to rest themselves, they are sure to get up earlier than usual, and go out with Tom This, and Bill That, for the ostensible purposes of fishing, shooting, or buying flowers, but in fact to go round among a certain number of gin-shops, and drink purl or milk-punch with old shop-mates, talk over old times, and inquire after each other's 'old 'ooman' and the 'young 'uns.' A very laughable instance of this kind was exemplified by a journeyman cabinet-maker, who for many years had been in the habit of thus going out with his friends on a Sunday morning, 'to get some water-cresses for the youngsters.' It is true that he always walked to Bayswater, and that he always brought some water-cresses home ; but, by carrying them in his warm hand, and drinking so much liquor as he did, the water-cresses became saturated with any thing but water, and were not eatable. His wife, who knew him well, and had too much tact to thwart him, for he was at all other times a most worthy man, never undeceived him, but invariably led him to suppose that she gave them to the children. Poor fellow ! he would sometimes look up suddenly, while reading his newspaper, and address her : 'I say, mother, did'st thee give the water-cresses to the youngsters ?' She would answer : 'I have put them in water a little while, first.' The children used to say : 'How red father's face gets, when he comes home from Bayswater !'

The departure of the different stage-coaches is a pleasant feature in London ; and as the most delicate ladies there are not afraid, in any weather, to sit outside with the gentlemen, nothing can well be conceived more spirit-stirring than an English stage-coach, with twelve outside and six inside passengers. The excellent condition and prancing gait of the horses, the red cheeks of the coachman, glowing with health, as he sits on the box with four-in-hand, the elegant make of the coach, and the smoothness of the roads, enlivened by the company going out to spend the day, the gay dresses of the ladies contrasting with the dark colors of the gentlemen's coats, as they sit upon the roof, just far enough apart to be comfortable, and just near enough to be friendly, all combine to make a great many converts to the belief, that an excursion by stage is one of the best methods of en-

joying the day. Many a pic-nic dinner and chance church-service is got up every Sunday morning, and many a bright eye and happy heart leaves the city for a few hours, to have a romp in the fields, and gather strength for the forthcoming week of study and business.

The rowing-clubs, steam-boats, and rail-roads, are also great outlets for parties from the city. Bands of music and gay colors go with them, and happiness runs after them. They are patronized by tens of thousands every Sunday. To Gravesend, Sheerness, or Richmond, are very favorite sixpenny trips; and with English people, it is not so much a matter of importance as to where they go, provided they can enjoy themselves, and let every body seek happiness after their own fashion; consequently, the ride to Gravesend, for instance, will be occupied with divine service in one of the cabins, or bottled porter, sandwiches, and a good dance on deck, accompanied by the band of music; to conclude with a dinner, and a bath at Gravesend before returning. The Thames is usually crowded with every description of craft, and all sorts of amusement are resorted to, for the purpose of making all parties feel 'just like home;' which is, to the mind of an Englishman, the height of happiness, even when seeking pleasure out of doors. The yacht and rowing clubs make a gay show on the river, and the boats of the Westminster scholars are much patronized by 'ladies' eyes.' Duets, catches, glees, and songs, are the principal amusements while in motion. The harmony of two French horns, or that of two Kent bugles, sounds much heightened in effect, when played in a boat on the water, and is a favorite manner of keeping up the spirits of the rowers.

Probably no sight in London is more interesting, than that of the household troops going through the daily ceremony of mounting guard in the different garrisons; and on Sunday, when the soldiers are going to church, the spectacle is very imposing. There are several military chapels, but that at Whitehall has the most attendants. The line is generally formed in St. James' Park, and, going through parade, proceeds from thence to Whitehall, where three or four different bands of music, (each band numbering thirty-six men, exclusive of fifers and drummers,) all stand in a circle at the principal entrance, and perform the task of 'playing in' the men, who generally exceed two thousand. It is a fine sight, the manly forms of the noble fellows bowed in devotion, their caps off and set down at the right hand of each, on the desk of the pew, so as to front the beholder; the choristers, chaplains, and visitors all joining in the service, which is considerably heightened by one of the finest choir organs in London. The same ceremony is performed at the Tower, and at about twenty barracks in and around the metropolis. When viewing the troops in St. James' Park, one cannot help being struck with the military power possessed by England, when he reflects, that the same identical ceremony is performed at half past ten o'clock in the morning of every day in the year, in whatever latitude or longitude British troops may happen to be posted; so that, in fact, the British national airs may be said to follow the sun, in a perpetual rondo of glorious martial music, from London round to London again.

Two o'clock, and sometimes three o'clock, is the time for the cabinet ministers to meet in privy council, which generally takes

place in Downing-street. It is on Sunday, at this time, just after Her Majesty has come from the Chapel Royal, that the most important cabinet business is laid before the council, and decided upon. Some objections have been raised to this custom, but the people generally approve of it. It is on these occasions that, in making a decision, the sovereign has a legislative capacity, but her vote counts as one member only of the cabinet which administers the government. The powers of church and state, sovereign and people, are balanced in England with much greater nicety than is generally supposed, in America. The cathedral service is always performed at the Chapel Royal, and the arrangements are grand and beautiful. The choir is composed of regular scholars belonging to the Royal Academy of Music, endowed by the sovereign's private purse, and under the direction of Sir George Smart. One of the best chapels in London, next to the Chapel Royal, is that which is attached to the Foundling Hospital. \* \* Every day in the year, cathedral service is performed throughout all England, and any man who can spare the time, may step into Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's cathedral, or forty others, and enjoy the beauties of a service and a religion, which are supported by the learning, the wealth, and the power of the British nation.

At the chapels of the different continental ambassadors, who reside in London, divine service is performed by Roman Catholic priests, belonging to the respective countries which the ambassadors represent. As the obvious intention is the accommodation of foreign residents, no person can be admitted, unless with a ticket from his ambassador. This makes the company select, without being a decided barrier to any one who will take the trouble of applying to any of the ambassadors; otherwise, the crowds who might go to see the grandeur of such a service would be very uncomfortable to those whom the chapels are expressly intended to benefit. Some of these edifices are small, being merely attached to the house of the ambassador; but the others are large, and the service in all of them is impressive and beautiful. There are always great numbers of continental singers in London, and they are very fond of meeting at church, so as to sing together, *con amore*. The churches of the Roman Catholics yield in magnificence to none in the world, except in point of architecture, and that circumstance is easily accounted for. In these, the solemnity of the High Mass, the heavenly harmony of the voices, the thrilling grandeur of the music, and the splendid composition of the 'English Lecture' which generally closes the service, are all of that sacred character, which would engage the minds of the foreigner or the native; the Christian, or the man whose heart is yet unchanged by the power of God.

The afternoon is the time when each person follows his own inclination, with more reference to personal enjoyment. Some take a late dinner; some take a glass, or perhaps two; some take a nap; some take a book, and some take out a new suit, to take an airing. The tea-gardens, which are so numerous in and around London, are sure to be well attended in the summer time, and in the winter, friends, relations, and visitors, will meet round the fire, which, finding itself hemmed in by such a semi-circle of red faces, does nothing but

return the compliment; that is to say, with the aid of a few timely visits from the coal-scuttle, and some of the 'Christmas lumps' sorted out for the purpose.

It is in the afternoon, that the mass of the people congregate toward the parks, where throngs of all classes pass in review before each other. The prince and his butler, the duke and his tailor, the banker and his clerk, the tradesman and his laborer, all meet here on common ground, and exchange salutations. The parks are mostly crowded from two until seven o'clock, and these hours are equally convenient for those who have dined, or for the nobility who are just taking 'the morning drive.' The inspiring beauty of the scene can only be judged of by the reality. To describe the splendor and magnificence of the equipages, the display of wealth, taste, and elegance, and, above all, the hearty sociality which marks every movement of the people assembled, would require the pen of a poet, and a charmed existence to the imagination.

The varieties of out-door attractions can scarcely be enumerated. For those who prefer aquatic amusements, there is the Thames, with all its panoramic changes of scenery. The bridges, of which there are nine, are any one of them an agreeable promenade. The parks, squares, and gardens, are all open to the public; even Kensington Gardens, the private property of the royal family, are thrown open from April to October, and are rendered decidedly the most fashionable resort. The ladies who visit these gardens, all appear to dress as if they expected to meet some of the royal owners during their walk. The gardens are so contrived as to exhibit every possible view which a landscape can possess. The air is scented with the most beautiful flowers, and all the perfumes of the toilet. The colors of the ladies' dresses, as their fair owners glide among the noble trees on the parterre, would enliven the eye of the most melancholy misanthrope. The endless varieties of the walks and views are such as to form a kaleidoscope of pleasure to the senses, and a sublime vision to the soul. On the mounds which overlook some parts of the wall that is built round the gardens, are ranged in solid phalanx the 'flower and chivalry' of Britain, the young men of the day, who have galloped up to view the passing river of fashion, grace and beauty, but are prevented from coming any nearer, by an order which forbids any mounted person or vehicle from entering the gardens. Many a love-scene is enacted in the bowers with which these noble gardens are ornamented; many a couple find themselves taken prisoners when the gates are closed at ten o'clock at night; and many a fair one has been helped over the garden wall, and compelled to show her ankles to her lover, in order to save her character at home. It is but justice to the ladies to remark, however, that in England, at midsummer, the approach of night is scarcely noticeable until ten o'clock, even to those who are not 'courting.'

All the mails in England are so contrived as to leave London at night, and arrive in the morning. On Sunday evening, however, the mail coaches go out one hour earlier than usual, having no letter-bags to wait for, since the post-office department transacts no business whatever on the Sabbath. The mail coaches going out of town is generally the signal for the people to return homeward, after the



ramble or the evening walk. Then are the streets thronged with merry pedestrians, who pace along with a sort of half-lively and half-weary shuffle, on the smooth pavement of the main thoroughfares to the town. The steady old citizen, who has walked to church with his wife, and both sat in the same pew, in the same church, for half a century, joins in the current, and essays to walk as gay as one of his own apprentices, who is dashing through the streets with a light-hearted swagger, accompanied probably by the first young lady that he has ever mustered courage enough to ask out with him. Many families are so situated, that it is only on Sunday the different members can all meet round the table of those whom they have been accustomed to venerate as the 'head of the family;' and many are the expressions of tenderness as the last psalm is sung, the last glove put on, the last song encored, the last joke perpetrated, or the last piece of parental advice received.

Notwithstanding so much has been written and said about the different ways of observing the Sabbath in London, it is now generally conceded, by old denizens and impartial judges, that there is no city in Europe where more deference for the day is voluntarily paid; and certainly there are few places in the world, where the same liberty of expression and unanimity of observance exists at the same time, and on the same subject. Thus, whatever amusement may be proposed, it is always taken for granted that the amusement is secondary to the religious purposes of the day. In a metropolis with so many inhabitants, and under a government of so much real freedom, it is natural for a people so situated to follow out their own ideas of the manner in which they shall occupy the hours of their Sunday; but with regard to deferential respect and holy reverence for the day, no people are more united and firm. The fact of not using the day with sufficient zeal, is a fault for which many of them are open to censure; but the general principle of holy regard for the Sabbath is thoroughly implanted in the breast of Englishmen, and is acknowledged in other ways than in mere show. London is always too well provided with great and good men, of all denominations, ever to allow public opinion to relapse into any general desecration of the Sabbath. During the last half century, the different denominations appear to have been engaged in a race on the road of improvement toward the spiritualization of the intellect. The glorious example of the government, the immense influence of the established clergy, the untiring zeal of the dissenters, and the philosophical spirit of the age, all combine to make London itself one of the largest and best-filled churches in the world for the adoration of the heart. The crowded state of the streets, just before and after the performance of divine service, furnishes a pleasing proof of the influence of toleration, and the blessings of religion. Upward of six hundred churches are open for every individual, from the orthodox Episcopalian to the wandering tribes of Judah, and even the debating Materialist. This is the true toleration of catholicity, and the catholicity of toleration. In this respect, New-York and London are very similar, and it is a similarity which does essential honor to both cities, as the pioneers of civil and religious liberty, all over the world.

N. D.



## LINES

WRITTEN BY LORD FITZGERALD, OF IRELAND, THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS EXECUTION.

FOUND AMONG THE MSS. OF AN AMERICAN LADY.

DEAR Ireland, my country! the hour  
Of thy pride and thy splendor hath passed,  
And the chain which thou spurned, in thy moment of power,  
Hangs heavy around thee at last.

Thou art chained to the wheel of the foe,  
By links which the world cannot sever;  
With thy tyrant through storm and through calm thou shalt go,  
And thy sentence is — bondage for ever!

Thou art doomed for the thankless to toil,  
Thou art left for the proud to disdain;  
And the wealth of thy sons, and the wealth of thy soil,  
Shall be wasted — and wasted in vain!

Thy riches with taunts shall be taken,  
Thy valor with coldness repaid,  
And of millions who see thee thus sunk and forsaken,  
Not one shall stand forth in thine aid.

Mid the nations thy place is left void,  
Thou art lost in the lists of the free,  
Even realms by the plague and the earthquake destroyed,  
May revive — but no hope is for thee!

## TORNADO IN WESTERN NEW-YORK.

' wild tornados,  
Strewing ocean's shores with wrecks,  
Wasting towns, plantations, meadows,  
Is the voice with which He speaks!

I PASSED a month or two of the last autumn in rambling over the western part of New-York, visiting the beautiful country of the central lakes; the shores of the Ontario and Erie; spending a few days at Rochester, Niagara, and Buffalo; and like a true Yankee, indulging in sundry speculations on the future growth, population, and wealth, of this prosperous portion of the state. The Ridge-Road, the Falls of the Genessee, the ever-to-be-remembered scenes of the Niagara, were of course not overlooked; but few things during my wanderings interested me more, than the course of a tornado through the magnificent pine forests that abound in the southern tier of counties; and from which millions of lumber, that now finds its way to Pittsburgh, by the way of Olean and the Allegany, or to Baltimore and Philadelphia, by the way of the Tioga and its branches, will, when the Hudson and Erie rail-road is completed, pass to New-York for a market.

I had entered the rich valley of the Genessee, the only river that crosses the whole width of the state; had passed upward to near

Angelica, the county town of Allegany county ; where I first saw the effect of a whirlwind or hurricane, such as could only have been equalled in that native country of the tornado, the West-Indies. The storm occurred on the 25th of July, and commencing near the western boundary of the county, swept across nearly its whole extent from east to west. Its course was from a little north of west, to the same degree south of east. The day was very hot and sultry, and where the gale first became severe, some fifteen miles from where I crossed its track, it was only considered a violent thunder-gust, such as is experienced every summer ; but it soon acquired such force, as, in places, to sweep every thing before it. In its progress, the same violence was not at all times excited ; some places seemed wholly passed over ; while in the same direction, and only at a short distance, whole forests were uprooted or crushed. In the words of one who was a witness to its progress, 'It seemed to move by bounds, sometimes striking the earth with terrible effect, and then receding from it,' which indeed it is most likely, from appearances, was the case.

In passing up the valley of the river, the pine forests are generally found on what may be called the second bank ; up to which the river frequently sweeps in its windings over the rich alluvian that constitutes what is emphatically called the Genessee Flats. This alluvial tract is the most of it under cultivation, and occasional incursions have been made on the pine-covered hills that bound the upper part of the valley ; but in most instances, the forests verge on the alluvian. Over this too, nearly on the line of the Genessee Valley canal from Rochester to Olean, passes the main road up and down the river. In the town of Belfast, where the tornado passed, some three or four miles below Angelica, the river washes the eastern bank, leaving the cultivated lands on the west side mostly, and of course these had to be passed by the gale, after it descended from the hills on the west, before the pine woods on the eastern side were reached. Some few buildings on the east side of the river, to the north of the woods, fell within the limits of the gale, and were dashed to the earth in an instant. At the point of contact between the valley road, (which is here forced by the river on to the secondary bank) and the track of the tornado, the former passes through what was, before the wind, one of the finest pine groves on the river ; the trees averaging upward of two feet in diameter, and from a hundred to one hundred and thirty feet in height, straight as arrows, and thickly planted. Through this grove, the road, winding to the south-east, passed for more than a mile, of which the track of the whirlwind covered about three quarters of a mile.

In approaching from the north, the traveller's attention is first arrested by the multitudes of tall pine stumps, splintered and shattered, standing some forty or fifty feet high, and presenting a most novel aspect. When the track of the whirlwind is reached, near the wood, the buildings unroofed, or still nearer, crushed and scattered like the card playhouses of children, leave no doubt as to the agency employed in their destruction.

I have been much interested in the beautiful theory of storms, advanced by Mr. Redfield, of New-York, and illustrated and defended by him with so much ability in the 31st volume of Silliman's Journal ;

and observation in various instances had convinced me, that the circular movement attributed by him to them, was in many, if not most cases, actually present. It now occurred to me, that a most favorable opportunity offered, to ascertain whether the tornado was rotary; or whether, as some have supposed, there was only a rush of air from the circumference to the centre, equal at all points, and with an upward current. If the current is rotary, and tending to the centre, there must of course be a current upward; and the difference in the theories consists in the affirming or denying the rotary motion. I consider the question of the rotary motion of storms, as more than one of mere speculative consequence; since if true, and its action were understood, it might be the means of saving annually many vessels that with crew and cargo now founder at sea.\* This theory also goes to add one more to the many proofs already existing, that all motion in free space is more or less influenced by the same causes, and governed by the same laws. The little whirlwinds that we see careering over the fields, in the sultry summer's day; the column of steam from the boiling cauldron, or smoke from the burning woodlands; the motion of that unknown something we are pleased to term the aurora borealis; and indeed almost every known movement in nature, when not overcome by counteracting influences, seems to indicate a common cause, and follow a similar direction against the motion of the earth, or from right to left. Shall this movement be attributed to the electro-magnetic current, which modern research has proved is constantly flowing in the same direction around the magnetic meridian; or shall we be content to leave the cause, at present, among the many other unexplained phenomena of nature?

Standing in the fields, a few rods from the northern verge of the woodlands, were a number of large pine trees, that had been spared when the lands were cleared. These were overturned by the wind, and lay with their *tops to the west, or precisely against the general course of the storm*. Standing comparatively isolated, as these did, there cannot remain a doubt, that the wind in this place blew directly opposite to the main advancing current of the storm. When at a little distance, so numerous are the tall stumps of the pine, that it appears as if the tops of the whole wood must have been broken off. On entering, however, it is seen at once, that far the greater number of trees have been torn up by the roots, and their whole lengths lie prostrate. Once in the wood, the scene is most striking. The trunks of the tall pines, piled into and across the road, in every possible direction, had required several hundred days' work to remove them so far as to render it passable; and a few days before I crossed it, the 'wind-fall' had been set on fire, leaving nothing but the long blackened bodies of the pines, in countless thousands, and giving an excel-

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\* WHILE writing this article, I have seen in a letter from New Providence, Bahama Islands, an account of the terrible gales of the 8th and 9th of September, which were unequalled for years in violence, and strewed the reefs of the gulf, and the Florida coast with wrecks. The testimony of various shipmasters bears most conclusive testimony to the correctness of Mr. REDFIELD's theory. At Providence, the wind was violent from the E. and N. E. for several hours, when there was a lull of about five or ten minutes; when it shifted to the opposite quarter, with the same frightful and destructive force; almost instantly driving under every vessel that had not, during the lull, made preparation for the change.

lent opportunity for observing the manner in which they had been deposited by the wind

If the reader will take a pen or pencil, and make a few circles on paper, sweeping round from the right to the left, continuing the line, and advancing it a little distance at each revolution, he will have a better idea of the evident movement of the whirl, and the position of the fallen trees, than can be given by description. The first rush of the tornado clearly prostrated or twisted off the greater part, and the regularity with which the under strata of the trees, especially toward the north and south sides of the whirl, were deposited, plainly indicated the direction of the force that had acted upon them. In entering the track of the tornado from the north, a large part of the fallen trees lay with their heads to the west; farther in, to the northwest or the southwest, as the layers were lower or higher in the mass; near the centre, they were mostly pitched north and south, though the upper layers exhibited great confusion; south of the centre, the tops mainly pointed to the north-east or south-east, until the south verge of the tornado was reached, when their heads lay to the east, exactly the reverse of those on the north side of the track. The trees that resisted the longest, exhibited the greatest irregularity in their position. Oaks, and on the margin of the lowlands, river elms, two or three feet in diameter, were wrung off or crushed down, a mere mass of splintered wood; and within the limits described, nothing small or large seemed able to resist its fury but for a moment.

That the common summer whirlwinds to which I have alluded, have an interior upward, as well as a rotary motion, is clear from the manner in which leaves and other light substances are by them lifted into the air, and when thrown out of the revolving current, fall to the earth by their own gravity. The same effects were observed to take place in this tornado. Articles from the dwelling-houses and barns torn down by the wind, were thrown out by the whirl in its advance on both sides of the main current, and at great distances from the place where they were taken up. Such articles seemed to be carried higher and farther from the centre at each revolution, until they were thrown without the influence of the vortex, when they of course fell to the earth. A number of occurrences, showing the great velocity and fearful power of the wind, were related on the spot, by those who had suffered from the gale. A house newly finished and ready for painting, stood a little on the outside of the severest part of the whirlwind, and near the margin of the river where it was crossed by the tornado. After the storm, the side of the building most exposed to the blast was found coated over with mud, evidently taken from the river, the bed of which had every appearance of having been swept dry by the wind, in the section most exposed to its power. In another instance, a farmer with his wagon and horses were at a little distance from his barn, and alarmed by the threatening roar, endeavored to get into his barn with his team. The storm was upon him too suddenly, however, and when the rush was over, (and the whole lasted but a very few minutes,) and he had recovered his senses, he found himself some thirty rods from where the barn had stood, in one direction, and his horses about the same distance on the opposite side, but entirely stripped of their harness! The barn, a strong frame

one, was scattered in every direction; and the wagon, torn to pieces, was carried high into the air, and thrown to every part of the compass. Indeed one of the wheels had not been found, at the time I passed up the river, nearly a month afterward. It is probable it was thrown into the river, or carried onward, and plunged into the masses of falling timber, to the east. Great as was the destruction of property, owing to the interposition of a kind Providence but two or three lives were lost.

To observers at a little distance from the course of the tornado, the black masses of clouds violently agitated; the heavy thunder and vivid flashes of lightning issuing from the moving column; and the almost deafening roar with which its progress was accompanied; presented a combination at once sublime and terrible; and forcibly recalled to the astonished beholders the fine lines of BRYANT to the hurricane:

‘He is come! he is come! do ye not behold  
His ample robes on the wind unrolled?  
Giant of air! we bid the hail!  
How his gray skirts toss in the whirling gale;  
How his huge and writhing arms are bent,  
To clasp the zone of the firmament!  
And hark to the crashing, long and loud,  
Of the chariot of God in the thunder-cloud!  
You may trace its path by the flashes that start  
From the rapid wheels where’er they dart,  
As the fire-bolts leap to the world below,  
And flood the skies with a lurid glow?’

To those who were within the vortex, there was no sound distinguishable above the rush of the tempest, the crash of the demolished buildings, and the frightful groans uttered by the proud pines, as by thousands they bowed, splintered and uprooted, to the earth. Coming, as I did, directly from Niagara, with a fresh and vivid recollection of its ocean of rushing waters, and its deep and never-ceasing roar, I can truly say, the impressions of irresistible power made on the mind at that place, very little exceeded those which thronged upon me, as I stood in the track of the tornado, in Allegany county. W. A.

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SONNET: TO DEVOTION.

‘Dun! fos’ il mio cuor lento, e’l duro seno,  
A chi piglia dal ciel, sì buon terreno!’

Oh! when the wild wind sobs upon the ocean,  
And the pine-forests howl in agony,  
And yells the hurricane along the sky,  
Commingle air and sea in wild commotion;  
Then come to me, thou Spirit of Devotion!  
And fling thy majesty around my soul,  
While in the sky the solemn thunders toll,  
And Night’s high heart beats with a grand emotion.  
Then, while the keen and serious midnight gale  
Prepares its wild and melancholy dirges,  
And Ocean rouses his orchestral surges,  
And the trees creak upon the mountains pale;  
Let me but taste thy high society,  
And of thy soul, my soul a part shall be.

## THE PIRATE AND THE DOVE.

'So DEEPLY moved was the pirate, by the notes of the Zenaida dove, (the only soothing sounds he had ever heard during his life of horrors,) that through these plaintive notes, and these alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence.'

AUDUBON.

Long had he dared the mighty deep, and heard its warning voice,  
By storms upraised, pronounce its doom upon his reckless course;  
And yet, the pirate heeded not the voice from ocean's cave,  
But stained with blood his daring path across the stormy wave.

The piercing shriek which rent the air, from 'neath his burnished knife,  
The thrilling, and quick-stifled prayer, of Fear imploring life;  
The sob of Innocence, that broke upon the midnight gloom,  
When childhood from its dreams awoke, to meet a watery tomb;

Were but to him, familiar sounds, nor yet regarded more  
Than are the flowing tides, by men whose home is on the shore:  
'Gainst all, the pirates heart was steel'd, and e'en the cry that came  
From wife and babes, his own afar, his spirit could not tame.

But ah! the gentle dove prevailed; her soft and plaintive strain  
Pierced deep the breast which guilt had mailed, and terror warned in vain;  
As when the ancient Prophet heard the earthquake, and the flame;  
But only in the 'still small voice,' the heavenly message came.

And, gentle dove! 'twas thine to bear the errand from on high,  
To call from eyes long dry, the tear, and wake contrition's sigh.  
Thus oft when wrathful tones have spent their might, the heart to move,  
A whisper, makes that heart relent, from thee, blest 'heavenly dove!'

Cedar-Brook, 1838.

E. C. S.

## LOVE IN A LAZZARET.

— 'the cell  
Haunted by love, the earliest oracle.'

THE surface of the sea assumed the crystalline quietude of a summer calm. The dangling sails flapped wearily; the sun slept with a fierce and dead heat upon the scorching deck; and even the thin line of smoke which rose from Stromboli, appeared fixed like a light cloud in the breezeless sky. I sought relief from the monotonous stillness and offensive glare, by noting my fellow passengers, who seemed to have caught the quiescent mood of surrounding nature, and resigned themselves to listlessness and silence. Delano was lolling upon a light settee, supporting his head upon his hand, and with half-closed eyes, thinking, I well knew, of the friends we had left, a few hours before, in Sicily. Of all Yankees I ever saw, my companion most rarely combined the desirable peculiarities of that unique race with the superadded graces of less inflexible natures. For native intelligence and ready perception, for unflinching principle and manly sentiment, his equal is seldom encountered; but the idea of thrift, the eager sense of self-interest, and the iron bond of local prejudice, which too often disfigure the unalloyed New-England character, had been tempered to their just proportion, in his disposition, by the influence of travel and society. On the opposite side of the



deck, sat a young lady, regarding with a half-painful, half-devoted expression, a youth who was leaning against the companion-way, ever and anon glancing at the small yellow slippers that encased his feet, while he complacently arranged his luxuriant mustaches. These two were affianced; and by a brief observation of their mutual bearing, I soon inferred the history of the connection, and subsequent knowledge confirmed my conjecture.

The Prince of —— had paid his addresses to the eldest daughter of the Duke de Falco, with a view of replenishing his scanty purse; and by dint of some accomplishments and much plausibility, had succeeded not only in obtaining the promise of her hand, but in winning the priceless, but alas! unrecompensed, boon of her affections. Often, in the course of our voyage, when I marked her sudden gaze of disappointment, as she sought in vain for a responsive glance from her betrothed, I could not but realize one fruitful source of that corruption of manners which characterizes the island of their birth. And not infrequently, as I saw the parental pride and tenderness with which the old man caressed his children, have I wondered that he could ever bring himself to sacrifice their best happiness to ambitious designs. Yet the history of every European family abounds in such dark episodes. The daughters of the south open their eyes upon the fairest portion of the universe, and during the unsophisticated years of early youth, their affections, precociously developed by a genial clime and ardent temperament, become interested in the first being who appeals to their sympathies, or captivates their imagination. The claims of these feelings, the first and deepest of which they have been conscious, if at all opposed to previous projects of personal aggrandizement, are scorned by their natural guardians. And yet when the warmest and richest attributes of their natures are thus unceremoniously sacrificed to some scheme of heartless policy, it is deemed wonderful that in the artificial society thus formed, principle and fidelity do not abide! What is so sacred in the estimation of youth, as spontaneous sentiment? And when this is treated with cold sacrilege, what hallowed ground of the heart remains, on which Virtue can rear her indestructible temple? The elder children, however, are generally the victims of the convential system, and when its main object is accomplished, the others are often left to the exercise of their natural freedom. With this consoling reflection, I turned to the second sister, who was reading near by, under the shadow of a light umbrella, which a young Frenchman held over her head. Never were two countenances more in contrast, than those of the donna Paulina and Monsieur Jacques. There were certain indications in the play of her mouth and expression of her eye, that, youthful as she was, the morning of her life had been familiar with some of those deep trials of feeling, the effect of which never wholly vanishes from the face of woman. His physiognomy evinced neither intelligence nor amiability, and yet one might study it for ever, and not feel that it was animated by a soul. Upon a mattress beneath the covering, her shoulders propped up by pillows, and her form covered with a silk cloak, reposed the youngest, and by far the most lovely, of the sisters. Angelica had seen but sixteen summers, notwithstanding the maturity of expression and manner so perceptible above the child-like demeanor of girlhood.

Her dark hair lay half unloosed around one of the sweetest brows, and relieved the rich bloom of her complexion, as she dozed, unconscious of the admiring gaze of a Neapolitan officer, who stood at her feet. I had scarcely time to notice the exquisite contour of her features, when she started at an observation of her sister, and the smile and voice with which she replied, redoubled the silent enchantment of her beauty. At a distance from us all, as if to complete the variety of the party, stood an Englishman, whose folded arms and averted gaze sufficiently indicated that, for the time being, he had enveloped himself in the forbidding mantle of his nation's reserve.

At sunset, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the spirits of our little party rose beneath its invigorating breath. I have often had occasion to observe the admirable facility with which travellers in Europe assimilate. It always struck me as delightfully *human*. One may traverse the whole extent of the United States, and all the while feel himself a stranger. If a fellow-traveller engage him in conversation, it is probably merely for the purpose of extracting information, satisfying curiosity, or ascertaining his opinions on politics or religion, subjects so intrinsically selfish, that the very idea of them is sufficient to repel any thing like the cordial and frank interchange of feeling. This is perhaps one reason why our people have such a passion for rapid journeys. One of the chief pleasures of a pilgrimage is unknown to them; and it is not wonderful that men should wish to fly through that worst of solitudes, the desert of a crowd. In the old world, however, and especially in its southern regions, it is deemed but natural that those who are thrown together within the precincts of the same vessel or carriage, should maintain that kindly intercourse which so greatly enhances the pleasures and lessens the inconvenience of travel. In the present instance, a score of people were collected on board the same little craft, and destined to pass several days in company, strangers to each other, yet alike endowed with common susceptibilities and wants; what truer philosophy than to meet freely on the arena of our common humanity? Fortunately, we had all been long enough abroad, to be prepared to adopt this course, and accordingly, it was interesting to remark, how soon we were at ease, and on the friendly footing of old acquaintances. There was a general emulation to be disinterested. One vied with the other in offices of courtesy, and even the incorrigible demon of the *mal sur mer* was speedily exorcised by the magic wand of sympathy. I was impressed, as I had often been before, by the fact that the claims of a foreigner seemed to be graduated, in the estimation of the natives, by the distance of his country. Delano and myself, when known to be Americans, soon became the special recipients of kindness; and the ten days at sea passed away like a few hours. We walked the deck, when it was sufficiently calm, with our fair companions, in friendly converse; and leaned over the side, at sunset, to study the gorgeous cloud-pictures of the western sky. We traced together the beautiful scenery of the isles in the Bay of Naples, and the night air echoed with the chorus of our songs. And when blessed by the moonlight, which renders transcendant the beauty of these regions, our vigils were interrupted only by the rising sun. Even when the motion of the vessel interfered with our promenade,

forming a snug circle under the lee, we beguiled many an evening with those gamesome trifles, so accordant with the Italian humor and vivacity. Two of these sports, I remember, were prolific occasions of mirth. The president appoints to each of the party a *procuratore*, or advocate, and then proposes certain queries or remarks to the different individuals. It is a law of the game, that no one shall reply, except through his advocate. But as the conversation becomes animated, it is more and more difficult to observe the rule; many are taken off their guard by the ingenuity of the president, and commit themselves by a gratuitous reply, or neglect of their clients, and are accordingly obliged to pay a forfeit. Another is called dressing the bride. The president assigns to all some profession or trade, and after a preliminary harangue, which affords abundant opportunity for the display of wit, calls upon his hearers to make a contribution to the bridal vestments, appropriate to their several occupations. As these are any thing but adapted to furnish such materials, the gifts are incongruous in the extreme; and the grotesque combination of apparel, thus united upon a single person, is irresistibly ludicrous. The point of the game is, to keep from laughing, which, from the ridiculous images and odd associations presented to the fancy, at the summing up of the bridal adornments, is next to impossible. The consequence is, a series of penances, which, by the ready invention of the leader, who is generally selected for his quick parts, in their turn augment the fun to which this curious game gives birth.

On arriving at our destination, we were condemned to perform a quarantine of fourteen days, according to the absurd practice but too prevalent in Mediterranean ports. Seldom, however, are such annunciations so complacently received by voyagers wearied of the confinement of ship-board, and eager for the freedom and variety of the shore. In spite of the exclamations of disappointment which were uttered, it was easy to trace a certain contentment on many of the countenances of the group, the very reverse of that expression with which the unwilling prisoner surrenders himself to the pains of durance. The truth was, that for several days the intercourse of some of the younger of our party had been verging upon something more interesting than mere acquaintance. Angelica had fairly charmed more than one of the youthful spirits on board; and there was an evident unwillingness on their part to resign the contest, just as it had reached a significant point of interest. Being fond of acting the spectator, I had discovered a fund of quiet amusement in observing the little drama which was enacting, and nothing diverted me more, than the apparent perfect unconsciousness of the actors that their by-play could be noted, and its motives discerned. My sympathies were naturally most warmly enlisted in behalf of poor Delano, notwithstanding that, after exhibiting the most incontestible symptoms of love, he had the assurance to affect anger toward me, because I detected meaning in his assiduous attentions to the little syren.

The place of our confinement consisted of a paved square, or rather oblong, surrounded with stone buildings. Within the narrow limits of this court, were continually moving to and fro the occupants of the adjacent rooms, stepping about with the utmost caution, now and then starting at the approach of some fellow-prisoner, and crying

*largo*, as the fear of contact suggested an indefinite prolongation of their imprisonment. Occasionally old acquaintances would chance to meet, and in the joy of mutual recognition, forget their situation, hasten toward each with extended hands, and perhaps be prevented from embracing only by the descending staff of the watchful guard. It was diverting to watch these manœuvres, through our grated windows; and every evening we failed not to be amused at the ingathering, when the chief sentinel, armed with a long bamboo, made the circuit of the yards, and having collected us, often with no little difficulty, like so many stray sheep, ushered us with as much gravity as our sarcasms would permit, to our several quarters, and locked us up for the night. The variety of nations and individuals thus congregated within such narrow bounds, was another cause of diversion. Opposite our rooms, a celebrated *prima donna* sat all day at her embroidery, singing, *sotto voce*, the most familiar opera airs. Over the fence of the adjoining court, for hours in the afternoon, leaned a Spanish cavalier, one of the adherents of Don Carlos, whom misfortunes had driven into exile. A silent figure, in a Greek dress, lounged at the door beneath us, and at the extremity of the court, a Turk sat all the morning, in grave contemplation. With this personage we soon opened a parley in Italian, and I was fond of eliciting his ideas, and marking his habits. He certainly deserved to be ranked among nature's philosophers. After breakfast, he regularly locked the door upon his wives, and took his station upon the stone seat, where, hour after hour, he would maintain so motionless a position, as to wear the semblance of an image in Eastern costume. His face was finely formed, and its serious aspect and dark mustaches were relieved by a quiet meekness of manner. He appeared to consider himself the passive creature of a higher power, and deemed it the part of true wisdom to fulfil the requisite functions of nature, and, for the rest, take things as they came, nor attempt to stem the tide of fate, except by imperturbable gravity, and perpetual smoking. He assured me that he considered this a beautiful world, but the Franks (as he called all Europeans,) made a vile place of it, by their wicked customs and silly bustle. According to his theory, the way to enjoy life, was to go through its appointed offices with tranquil dignity, make no exertion that could possibly be avoided, and repose quiescent upon the decrees of destiny. And yet Mustapha was not without his moral creed; and I have seldom known one revert to such requisitions with more sincere reverence, or follow their dictates with resolution so apparently invincible. 'There is but one difference,' said he, 'in our religion; the Supreme Being whom you designate as *Deo*, I call *Allah*. We take unto ourselves four wives, and we do so to make sure of the blessing for which you pray — not to be led into temptation.' Of all vices, he appeared to regard intemperance with the greatest disgust, and was evidently much pained to see the ladies of our party promenading the court unveiled. 'Are your wives beautiful?' I inquired. 'In my view,' he replied, 'they are lovely, and that is sufficient.' I asked him if they resembled any of the ladies who frequented the walk. 'It would be a sin,' he answered, 'for me to gaze at them, and never having done so, I cannot judge.' In answer to my request that he would afford me an opportunity of form-

ing my own opinion, by allowing me a sight of his wives. 'Signor,' he said, with much solemnity, 'when a Frank has once looked upon one of our women, she is no longer fit to be the wife of a Turk.' And he appears to have acted strictly upon this principle, for when the *custode* abruptly entered his room, as they were all seated at breakfast, Mustapha suddenly caught up the coverlid from the bed, and threw it over their heads.

There is a law in physics, called the attraction of cohesion, by which the separate particles composing a body are kept together, till a more powerful agency draws them into greater masses. Upon somewhat such a principle, I suppose it was, that the parties convened in the Lazzaret, darting from one another in zig-zag lines, like insects on the surface of a pool, were brought into more intimate companionship, from being denied association with those around, except at a respectable distance, and under the strictest surveillance. Our company, at least, were soon established on the intimate terms of a family, and the indifferent observer could scarcely have augured from appearances that we were but a knot of strangers, brought together by the vicissitudes of travelling. And now the spirit of gallantry began to exhibit itself anew; in the Neapolitan with passionate extravagance; in the Frenchman with studied courtesies, and in the Yankee with quiet earnestness. At dinner, the first day, the latter took care to keep in the back ground, till most of the party had selected seats, and then, seemingly by the merest accident, glided among the ladies, and secured a post between the two younger sisters. This successful manœuvre so offended the Englishman, that he retired from the field in high dudgeon, and never paid any farther attention to the fair Italians than what civility required. The remaining aspirants only carried on the contest the more warmly. I was obliged almost momentarily to turn aside to conceal an irresistible smile at their labored politeness toward each other, and the show of indifference to the object of their *déroirs*, which each in turn assumed, when slightly discomfited. Nor could I wonder at the eagerness of the pursuit, as I beheld that lovely creature seated at her book, or work, in a simple but tasteful dress of white, and watched the play of a countenance in which extreme youth and modesty were blent in strangely sweet contrast with the repose of innocence; the vividness of talent and beauty, so rare and heart-touching. I could not, too, but wonder at the manner in which she received the attentions of her admirers — a manner so amiable as to disarm jealousy, and so impartial as to baffle the acutest on-looker who strove to divine her real sentiments. There is a power of manner and expression peculiar to women, more potent and variable than any attribute vouchsafed to man; and were it not so often despoiled of its charm by affectation, we should more frequently feel its wonderful capacity. In the daughters of southern climes, at that age when 'existence is all a feeling, not yet shaped into a thought,' it is often manifested in singular perfection, and never have I seen it more so than in Angelica. It was a lesson in the art of love, worthy of Ovidius himself, to mark the course of the rival three. Such ingenious tricks to secure her arm for the evening walk; such eager watching to obtain the vacant seat at her side;



such countless expedients to arouse her mirth, amuse her with anecdote, or interest her in conversation; and such inexpressible triumph, when her eye beamed pleasantly upon the successful competitor! The Neapolitan cast burning glances of passion, whenever he could meet her gaze; quoted Petrarch, and soothed his hopeless moments by dark looks, intended to alarm his brother gallants, and awaken her pity. The Frenchman, on the contrary, was all smiles, constantly studying his toilet and attitude, and laboring, by the most graceful artifices, to fascinate the fancy of his lady love. The Yankee evinced his admiration by an unassuming but unvarying devotion. If Angelica dropped her fan, he was ever the one to restore it; was the evening chill, he always thought of her shawl, and often his dinner grew cold upon his neglected plate, while he was attending to her wants. One day her album was circulated. Don Carlo, the Neapolitan, wrote a page of glowing protestations, asserting his inextinguishable love. Monsieur Jacques, in the neatest chirography, declared that the recent voyage had been the happiest of his life, and his present confinement more delightful than mountain liberty, in the company of so perfect a nymph. Delano simply declared, that the sweet virtues of Angelica sanctified her beauty to his memory and heart.

There are some excellent creatures in this world, whose lives seem to conduce to every body's happiness but their own. Such an one was the Donna Paulina. Affable and engaging, and with a clear and cultivated mind, she lacked the personal loveliness of her sisters, and yet rejoiced in it as if it were her own. No one could remain long in the society of the two, without perceiving that the confidence between them was perfect, and founded on that mutual adaptation which we but occasionally behold, even in the characters of those allied by the ties of a common parentage. To this kind-hearted girl I discovered that the lovers had separately applied for counsel and support in the prosecution of their suits. Don Carlo begged her to warn her sister against the advances of the Frenchman, as he knew him to be a thorough hypocrite; and Monsieur Jacques returned the compliment, by assuring her that the Neapolitan was by no means sufficiently refined and accomplished to be the companion of so delicate a creature as Angelica. Young Jonathan, with a more manly policy, so won the esteem of Paulina, by dwelling upon the excellencies of her sister, that she became his unwavering advocate. I confess that as the appointed period of our durance drew to a close, I began to feel anxious as to the result of all this dallying with the tender passion. I saw that Monsieur was essentially selfish in his court, and that vanity was its basis. It was evident that the Neapolitan was stimulated by one of those ardent and sudden partialities, which are as temporary as the flashes of a volcano, and often as capricious. In truth, there was not enough of the spirit of sacrifice, or vital attachment, in their love, to warrant the happiness of the gentle being whose outward charms alone had captivated their senses. Delano, I knew, was sincere, and my fears were, that his future peace was involved in the result. At length the last evening of our quarantine had arrived. Mons. Jacques had played over, as usual, all her favorite airs on his guitar, and Carlo had just fervently recited a glowing passage from some Italian poet, descriptive of a lover's despair, when sunset, playing through the



bars of our window, reminded us that the cool hour of the day was at hand, when it was our custom to walk in the outer court. As we went forth, there was that eloquently sad silence, with which even the most thoughtless engage in an habitual employment for the last time. No one anticipated me in securing the companionship of the sweet child of nature, whose beauty and gentleness had brightened to us all so many days of pilgrimage and confinement; and I determined to improve it, by ascertaining, if possible, the probable success of my poor friend. I spoke of the many pleasant hours we had passed together, of that social sympathy which had cheered and consoled, and asked her if even those narrow walls would not be left with regret. 'Consider,' said I, 'you will no more be charmed with the exquisite elegance of Monsieur Jacques' — she looked up as if to see if I really thought her capable of being interested by such conventional graces — 'or be enlivened,' I continued, 'by the enthusiastic converse of Don Carlo' — she smiled — 'or know,' I added, with a more serious and searching glance, 'the affectionate and gifted society of Delano' — a tear filled her eye, but the smile assumed a brighter meaning. I looked up, and he was before us, gazing from one to the other, with an expression of joyful inquiry, which flashed the happiest conviction on my mind. The passionate Neapolitan had flattered, and the genteel Frenchman had amused, but the faithful Yankee had won the heart of Angelica De Falco.

H. T. T.

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THE LAST SONG.

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WRITTEN AT THE SIDE OF THE CORPSE OF A FOREIGNER, WHO DIED SINGING A NATIONAL BALLAD.

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Her soft notes floated on the air,  
Like the filmy thread of a spider's web,  
Hung from the frieze of a fretted roof —  
Dreamy and indistinct they were.

Ah! there was wo in its silver tone,  
And the living fingers that touch'd the string,  
Were wan and thin with suffering;  
She sang of herself — she was all alone!

As she sang of home, in another land,  
Her dark eye filled with a burning tear;  
She sang of loved ones lingering there,  
And the lute shook fast in her trembling hand.

She sang of home. Her tears fell fast;  
Father and mother were far away!  
She had left her home, in an evil day,  
To die in a stranger-land, at last.

It was a song of her early days;  
Ah! there was wo in that murmured strain!  
The brother she ne'er would see again,  
Had loved that simple roundelay.

The song was hushed. The voice that sung  
Grew faint and still in that dim old hall,  
The notes of the lute from her fingers fall,  
But her spirit had fled, ere their echo rung.

## THOUGHTS.

—  
 'Defend me  
 From reveries so airy — from the toll  
 Of dropping buckets into empty wells,  
 And growing old with drawing nothing up.'

COWPER.

It is in vain — the power is not within!  
 The lamp of Genius lends my soul no ray,  
 To light my name to immortality.

The bird unfledged, looks upward from the nest,  
 Upward to yon cloud-palaces of air,  
 Marks the far eagle poised on mighty wing,  
 And seeks, like him, to soar through ether pure,  
 And revel 'mong the sunbeams. All too weak,  
 All, all unequal to the lofty flight,  
 Falls powerless on some thorn, which pierceth him.

FAME! — IMMORTALITY! — Was this the goal  
 Toward which my spirit spread its feeble wing,  
 And with the strong-plumed dared the upward track?  
 Glory, and Fame! — Fame to the helmed and crowned!  
 Fame to the conqueror on his rolling car!  
 Fame to earth's mighty ones! but unto me,  
 A woman, praise from one devoted heart,  
 The love of friends, and — *deathless memory* —  
 These are mine aim — be these my meed, my guerdon.

New-York, Nov., 1838.

LONG.

## MY OWN PECULIAR:

OR STRAY LEAVES FROM THE PORT-FOLIO OF A GEORGIA LAWYER.

## NUMBER TWO.

AFTER all, there is no life so exciting as that of a lawyer. True, it is not mixed up with blood and battle. The cannon's roar and trumpet's tongue rouse him not up from his bed of earth, that he may slay or be slain; nor is he called to be a witness of the intense and heart-rending misery of a sick room, or a bed of death; to hear the dying wretch, in the bitterness of despair, invoking curses upon his Maker, and defying his vengeance, and then, his stern soul, quivering before the uplifted hand of the tyrant Death, imploring, in the wildest tones, for a few seconds of *time*, ere he should be hurled into an *eternal* hell; nor yet is the lawyer called upon to cheer the desponding sinner; to impart comfort to the weary and heavy laden; to view with delight the stray sheep returning to the heavenly fold of their master, God! None of this falls to *his* lot; at all events, not as a part of his vocation; for though he may mingle incidentally in such scenes, they are not the business of his day. Still is his life a series of intense excitements. Fame, ambition, the love of gain, each and all spur him on with their sharp goads. The court-room is a wrestling-ground, where mental strength is ever struggling to get the 'under hold' of the physical giant, and Genius and Knowledge are the moral bottle-holders, who aid the feeble and sinking energies, in the fearful combat with unfeeling knavery, and avaricious insensibility. It is a theatre, too, where 'each man in his time plays many

parts; and many and various are the scenes and characters that pass before the gaze of the practising attorney. Here may he study all the shades and varieties of the human character; its evil traits, its good affections; here may he view the hell of the human heart, the debased and debasing passions, that rush like demons through it, blighting every honorable feeling, and extinguishing every noble impulse; here too, may he see the modest and shrinking mind of virtue, speaking the whole truth, albeit the utterance of it may bring infamy to those who are dearer than its own existence; in short, here may he see, the tragedy, comedy, and farce of life.

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WHAT a strange thing *character* is! Of how many myriad shades is it composed; how nice the line of demarcation between the honest scoundrel, and the man whose character is divided by a hair's breadth from the confines of roguery! Every thing has a character. Men, trees, stones, all have characters peculiar to their kind; and then, again, each individual man, tree, and stone, has his or its peculiar character, totally distinct from, and unconnected with, the general character of the genus to which he or it belongs. For example: the laurel is the dandy, the exquisite of the tree kind; the cypress and the yew are the mourners of the vegetable race. Then, there is the sensitive 'touch-me-not,' retiring with maiden modesty from the rude touch of the bold and reckless profligate; and the go-to-the-devil look of the 'old bachelor,' which imitates, with a perfection worthy of a better cause, the ugliness, selfishness, and uselessness of the unfledged drone after whom it is so appropriately called. This is the general character; but there is also the individual disposition. Who has not seen a melancholy laurel, looking as if it had been crossed in love? Or a sprightly cypress tree, like a lively young widow, arrayed in her second mourning, and seeming, in her semi-gay and demi-mournful apparel, as if she were ready to dance a jig on the tomb-stone of her *half*-lamented husband; or a rakish-looking 'sensitive plant', or a modest and graceful-looking 'old bachelor!' (I speak of the vegetable species; I charge no man with the absurdity of believing that he has ever seen one of the animal kind, that had any thing good-looking or good-feeling about it.) What observer of nature or nature's works has not seen each or all of these things? I, who love to pry into the inmost recesses of the *bona dea*, have often beheld, and been struck with it. Let him who doubts, plant two parallel lines of any species of tree; let him fix them as perpendicularly as he pleases, and after a few years shall have passed away, let him come back and mark the development of their different dispositions. He will see some buckish-looking scions of the forest, inclining gracefully toward their opposite neighbors, who in their turn, according to their respective characters, will either meet their complaisant fellows half way, or will have receded as the others have advanced. He will see the passions and vices of the man, developed in a slighter degree in the tree. Look at that fellow with the upright trunk, who has not swerved to the right or the left since the day he was transplanted, and who has carefully kept his branches from all contact with the plebeians, who are placed 'twixt

the wind and his nobility.' His vice is pride. He is aping the walking vegetables, who occasionally strut beneath him, and who imagine that a broad-cloth coat and a well-filled purse constitute them gentlemen, when it is apparent to every one else, that it would require a force of forty-miracle power, to give them one sensible thought, or one generous feeling. Now turn your eye to the tree that stands the third from the one we have just been examining; there, to the right; see, how he bows, when the slightest zephyr plays amid his branches, as if he were paying his respects to all with whom chance had associated him. He is the politician of the set. And so I might go on, pointing out to you the various passions, and vices, and follies, which we so commonly see in man; but it would be tiring you, gentle reader, and the next time you walk into a forest, look and judge for yourself. It has been said by an eminent poet,

'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;'

But it is not so. This is one of those popular fallacies, which, first asserted by some master spirit, are taken for granted by the *commune vulgus*, without farther examination. If the poet had said,

'Just as the twig's inclined, the tree is bent,'

I would concede the correctness of the assertion. If it be true that 'the boy is the father of the man,' that the dispositions and passions of our youth still continue to exercise their influence over us in manhood's years, then, reasoning as our friend of the Dr. Johnson school did, 'analogically and progressively,' we may suppose, that the twig is the father of the tree, and that the inclinations of the one continue to actuate the other, until they 'fool it to the top of its bent.'

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BUT let us leave the vegetable and return to the animal creation. If you would see the true character of an individual, look at him 'when he is placed on a stand, that he may be insulted with impunity,' which I believe is the latest and the most correct definition of a witness. Regard him, as he calls upon his Maker to witness, that he will reveal the *truth*, the *whole* truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Ah, how few there are among us, who feel the solemnity of the occasion, who hear the voice of God, and see his almighty frown, admonishing us, 'not to take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain!' If these were seen and felt, should we view the disgusting prevarication of every-day occurrence in our court rooms? Should we so often turn away with loathing and contempt from the exhibitions which the frequenters of halls of justice are compelled to observe? Better, far better, would it be, to abolish all judicial oaths, and to trust to the mere *ipse dixit* of those who are cognizant of the facts of the case, than to continue the worse than blasphemy, which hourly degrades our courts of justice. If human wisdom cannot devise some form to make the witness feel and reverence the name he is invoking, let human wisdom abolish the idle, the blasphemous ceremony. To see (as I have seen) a drunken magistrate 'qualifying' a still more

drunken witness, and having made him keep his right hand upraised for a quarter of an hour, while he was stuttering and hickupping through the legal formula, then concluding, 'Here you would kiss the book, if some d — d scoundrel had not stolen the only Bible in the office; but as I've got no Bible, please to kiss your hand;' to see this, and then to hear men prate of the obligations of a judicial oath, is enough to sicken any being who has any religious or moral scruples.

But to return. I can tell a man's character at a glance, if I see him sworn in as a witness. I can read him through, as he kisses the book. There are various kinds of judicial swearers. First, there is the reckless, devil-may-care oath-taker, who smacks the Bible as if it were the lips of the prettiest girl in Christendom. Put that fellow down as a liar; don't believe a word of his story, however plausible it may be. Then, there is the sanctified swearer, who rolls his eyes toward heaven, and bows his head half way to the ground, as he invokes his Creator's name. Put him down as both liar *and* hypocrite: a truly religious man would not make so much outward show of his heart-felt reverence. Then, there is the man who tries to kiss clear of the *cross*, or salutes the *thumb*, which he has dexterously interposed between the book and his lips; set *him* down in your mind's tablet, as liar, hypocrite, and fool. He is trying to deceive his fellow man by a cunningly-devised fable; ergo, he is a liar: he is assuming a virtue, when he has it not; ergo, he is a hypocrite; and he is idiot enough to imagine that by kissing his thumb, or not kissing the cross, he has cheated the Omniscient being, and entitled himself to perjure his soul, as it suits his interest. But the godly man, who feels the obligation he is incurring by the invocation of the Holy One of Israel, speaks his feelings so visibly by his countenance and involuntary demeanor, that the practised eye at once perceives and appreciates his character.

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I HAVE not much faith in phrenology, but I am forced to confess, that there are some characters, which, if they cannot be explained by the principles of the science I have adverted to, must for ever remain riddles to me. I have seen men, who, if they were bribed to speak the truth; who, if convinced that the plain statement of a fact as it had occurred, would be as conducive to their interests as any prevarication or exaggeration concerning it; would yet equivocate and lie, in a manner truly astonishing. I will give you an example of this class, which will also serve me to illustrate the free-and-easy manner that prevails in such of our courts as are, with considerable pleasantry, denominated '*Justice*' Courts,' (*lucus a non lucendo.*) Old JOSHUA BANES, familiarly called 'Uncle Josh.,' by the youngsters of the neighborhood, and 'Epitaph Josh.,' (from the fact of his lying like a tomb-stone,) by the legal wags of the vicinity, is the person to whom I refer. One day, at one of these courts, it became necessary, for the identification of an individual, to ascertain whether, at a certain place, he had turned to the right or the left, and as the point had arisen incidentally, it was unavoidable to swear the only individual present in court, who was known to be acquainted with the circumstances, and that person was 'Epitaph Josh.' With

much trepidation, and after considerable consultation with his client, Josh. was put upon the stand, by the attorney for the plaintiff, who, after the old man had taken his place, accosted him thus : ' Well, uncle Josh., the boys around here say that you can't tell the truth by accident ; but I know you better, don't I, old fellow ? ' ' Yes, Billy, you 've known the old man too well, to believe all the lies told on him. I've kissed the good Book, my son, and I'll tell the truth as straight as a shingle.' ' Go on, then, let us hear all about it.' ' Well, you see, there was a pretty smart shower of old men at Joe White's 'entertainment,' and we got talking about old times, and the like, and after we had taken a dram or two, may be three, I started up the road, and as I walked along pretty brisk, I saw a man a-head of me, whom I first took for Jim Sikes, and when I looked again, I allowed it was Bill Thompson ; and so he kept up the road' — ' Stop, uncle ; tell us now, you know that road, don't you ? ' ' Well I reckon I do ; I travelled it before you were born : I've walked it, man and boy, these sixty years, and I've never been a squirrel's jump from it ; there aint a green shrub, or an old stump on it, that I don't know by heart.' ' Very well, now go on with your story.' ' And so the man kept up the road, until he came to the Forks, and when he got there, he took to the *right* —' ' Huzza ! I said so, (exclaimed the enthusiastic attorney,) I said uncle Josh. would tell the truth when it came to the push ; the old man is the genuine thing, after all : you see, gentlemen of the jury, as he turned to the right, it must have been Sikes.' During this outbreak of feeling, uncle Josh. had received a wink from the opposing counsel, and without noticing the interruption, proceeded with his evidence. ' Well, as I was saying, when he got there, he turned to the *left* —' ' Halloo ! stop there, old man ; none of you tricks upon travellers ; you said, just this minute, that he took to the *right*.' ' No, I did n't.' ' Yes, you did,' exclaimed a score of voices. ' Well, children, don't *crowd* the old man so ; give him time. Memory aint picked up like chips. So I did say the *right* ; *your* right, as you stand to me, Billy, and my left, as I stand to you ; you know, my son, there are *two* rights —' ' Which neither make one *wrong*, nor one *left*, you old villain ! Now listen to me. The road that leads up from Joe White's tavern, is straight, until it comes to a fork ; the right hand side of the fork leads to Jim Sikes's house, and the left hand side to Bill Thompson's. Now, no more of your rights nor lefts, but just tell me, did the man you saw, go up Sikes's or Thompson's road ? That's the question ! ' ' I dis-remember.' ' You 'dis-remember !' you hoary-headed old scoundrel ! Have you not travelled that road all your life ? Have you ever been as far as a squirrel's jump from it ? Don't you know every green bush and every old stump on it, by heart, and yet you can't tell which road the man took, no longer ago than last week ? ' ' No, Billy, my son, the old man is no chicken ; he is getting old now. I was born in the Revolution, and when the British —' ' Sit down, you gray-haired alligator !' vociferated the exasperated attorney, ' sit down. You have perjured yourself, from the word 'go ;' you have equivocated from Dan to Beersheba ; you have lied from Joe White's tavern to the forks of the road ; and if the jury believe one word you 've said, they are greater rascals than either you or the justice there — takes them to be !'



This is but a homespun sketch of a scene in a Georgia justice' court ; but the professional reader, who has practised in higher tribunals, and in other states, has doubtless often seen individuals of the same class with ' Epitaph Josh.'

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M A Y H E W .

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' THOMAS MAYHEW, commonly called Gov. Mayhew, at the age of seventy, succeeded in the Indian mission, to the vacant office of his son, who had perished at twenty-eight, on a voyage home to England, and continued unwearied in his ministry twenty-three years, having to walk nearly twenty miles to reach the Indian village, and concluding his life and labors together, aged ninety-three years.'

AMERICAN HISTORY.

Spring's silvery clouds were floating light and fair,  
And 'breathed in music' were the blue-bird's vows,  
And scarlet flowers burst forth in sunny air,  
Hanging with coral keys the maple's boughs,  
And from its dusky cell blithe winged the golden bee,  
And blossomed on the sod the low anemone.

And through the passes of the forest green,  
And throng of columns in the wastes of pine,  
An ancient man, with silver hair, was seen,  
His pathway tracing, in no devious line ;  
Whom brake and thicket all in vain withstood,  
And labyrinth untrod, of mazy underwood.

But sweeter melody than blue-bird's lay,  
In these lone places o'er his spirit stole,  
Low, filial tones, from earth scarce passed away,  
Still echoed through the chambers of his soul,  
And in the dim green woods, around him seemed to be  
A voice for ever hushed, beneath the billowy sea.

And sound of parted feet to him seemed nigh,  
All chance chords struck of memory's golden lyre,  
For never more beneath the arching sky,  
Might, as they walked, commune the son and sire ;  
Nor on the green-sward more, beloved foot-prints appear,  
Where now he could but track fleet moccasin or deer.

Alas for him ! the wave should break and fall,  
Cresting and dashing o'er young heart and brow,  
O'er raven locks, deep unto deep should call,  
And low his hoary head in anguish bow ;  
Yet had the living sire been first recalled above,  
What lesson had been lost of patient grief and love !

For o'er the green glades played the summer breeze,  
That into life and bloom the wild rose woke ;  
And clapped their hands the multitude of trees,  
The mountain-ash, the sycamore, and oak,  
With interwoven boughs o'ershadowing the sod,  
Where, lonely and bereaved, the missionary trod.

And autumn woods were tintured like the sky,  
As o'er the earth its sunset glory falls,  
And through the wilds the wanderer still passed by ;  
Winter with crystal paved the forest halls,  
His sceptre dropping gems where summer flowers had sprung,  
And to the pilgrim's staff the ice unyielding rung.

Patient he toiled, and to the red man bore,  
 In low bark hut, on banks of sunny stream,  
 'Sweet words of life'\* — of life, to die no more,  
 Of heaven, unpictured in the brightest dream;  
 And praise rose up to God, in ancient forests dim,  
 In accents wild and sweet, of holy psalm or hymn.

As danced the seasons in their ceaseless round,  
 The forest babe became a warrior bold,  
 Quivered and plumed, for chase or war-path bound,  
 Ere life's last ebbing sands the traveller told,  
 Or braved the wintry winds, he should not know return,  
 And at the fount was broke the undimmed golden urn.

On thy brief scroll of history enrolled,  
 Undying names, my native land! we trace;  
 And in the archives of the heart we fold  
 The records of our fathers' glorious race,  
 With Mayhew's deeds inscribed, of purest Christian fame,  
 That beautiful in meekness wrought, our love and reverence claim.

Boston, October, 1838.

L.

## A R E P L Y

TO THE ATTACK ON SIR WALTER SCOTT, IN THE KNICKERBOCKER FOR OCTOBER.

WE believe this to be a sound principle of retributive justice, that an individual who fails *fully to substantiate* such charges of criminality as he voluntarily prefers and perseveringly argues against another, must be content to *endure* the penalty which he sought to *inflict*. It is our purpose to show whether the writer of the review, above cited, stands in this predicament.

We premise one thing only — which we do in contradiction of this writer's assumption, and in exposure of the essential defect of his whole argument — that the every-day life (comprising the unpremeditated thoughts, words, and deeds) of the purest uninspired man that ever lived, cannot bear the test of a moral scrutiny which boasts nothing short of *perfection* as its standard; and, hence, that a man 'found wanting' under such microscopic investigation, is not to be successfully denounced as radically deficient in the very elements of honesty, by a fellow man who is necessarily liable, on the same ground, to the same denunciation.

We quote, in the first place, the writer's view of the moral obligation under which he has felt compelled to review the life and character of Scott:

'It is true, Mr. Lockhart appears to have a lively consciousness that Scott could and did sometimes grievously err; but in the very face of his own testimony, in the summing up of his case, he claims for his father-in-law a character for worth and probity, that is utterly irreconcilable with his own facts. This circumstance constitutes the predominant moral defect of the book; for when such a conclusion is audaciously drawn from such premises, the world sustaining, or quietly submitting to, the justness of the former, we are not to be surprised if we find the young and inexperienced following in footsteps that are made to appear hallowed. We think it time that the voice of truth should be heard, in this matter; that those old and venerable principles which have been transmitted to us from God himself, should be fearlessly applied; and that public attention should be drawn to the really distinctive traits of Scott, in

\* Delaware phrase.

order that public opinion may settle down in decisions that are neither delusive nor dangerous. The limits of a monthly periodical will not allow full justice to be done to the subject, but we may have space enough to set inquiry on foot, and to give some check to the progress of fallacies and falsehoods.'

Here is a pretty distinct recognition of the moral obligation which rests upon mankind for the observance of truth; and no very indistinct intimation of the proper penalty which awaits the disregard of it. Here is also a pretty definite assertion that the character of Scott, as delineated by Lockhart, is stained with fallacies and falsehoods.

We quote again, to show, in his own language, some farther reasons of our critic for reviewing, and also his general statement of the defects of Scott's character.

'Some who are entirely disposed to acquiesce in the justice of our opinions, may feel a wish to inquire into the *cui bono* of the exposures\* we are about to make; for the admiration of Scott's talents is so general and profound, that the imagination, in such instances, prefers to cherish a delusion in preference† to giving up one of its own most pleasing pictures. The answer is not difficult to find. In the first place the failings, not to use a harsher term, of Sir Walter Scott, have been paraded before the world, in a way that really seems to bid defiance to principles; and, in their very teeth, we are called on to venerate a name that, in a moral sense, owes its extraordinary exaltation to some of the most barefaced violations of the laws of rectitude, that ever distinguished the charlatanism of literature. We think it time that some one should step forward in defence of truth. In the next place, Sir Walter Scott is not entitled to the benefit of the venerable axiom of '*Nil nisi bene de mortuis*,'‡ since he commanded that his personal history should be published, and designated his biographer. A man has a perfect right to order his life to be given to the world, certainly, but after thus openly courting investigation, no one can claim in his behalf, that he is to be protected against just criticism, by the grave. Sir Walter Scott did more; he transmitted materials to his biographer, for this very work, and materials that reflect injuriously, and in many instances unjustly, on third persons; materials, too, that he knew would be published after he himself was removed from earthly responsibility; and least of all can it be said, that they who have been injured by the strictures of Sir Walter Scott, in this reprehensible manner, have not a perfect right to show their want of value. The very fact of designating a biographer, unless in extraordinary instances, infers something very like a fraud upon the public, as it is usually placing one who should possess the impartiality of a judge, in the position of an advocate, and leaves but faint hopes of a frank and fair exhibition of the truth. Nor does this cover all our objections. Mr. Lockhart, as we shall soon, and we think, unanswerably show, was one of the last men that Sir Walter Scott should have selected for this office, by his antecedents, his long connection with a periodical that was conceived, and which has been continued, in fraud; circumstances that no person, according to his own admissions, knew better than Sir Walter Scott, and which disqualify him for the task, since a man can no more maintain a connection with a publication like the Quarterly Review, which is notoriously devoted to profligate political partizanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, and hope to preserve the moral tone of his mind, than a woman can frequent the society of the licentious, and think to escape pollution. We are not now following the loose example of the periodical we have mentioned, by dealing in unmeaning and frothy epithets, but that which we assert, we shall prove; and as our present object is connected with the sacred cause of truth and human rights, it shall be our aim to do it in the simple manner that best advances both. There is one more reason to be offered, why we think Sir Walter Scott, in this matter, is entitled to the benefit of no other considerations than those of abstract justice, and that is his Diary. In this Diary he comments freely and loosely on others, and yet he tells us that he has sworn never to erase a line that had once been written in it! We have even a right to infer, from the text and context, that some of these entries were made when his mind was not exactly in a fit condition to comment on others, and we find reason to believe, from the Diary itself, that he looked forward to its future publication.'

\* What does he mean by *exposures*, when he is merely treating of *facts already published*?

† *Prefers it in preference!* We trust that the man capable of that sentence, will never presume to criticise the *style* of another.

‡ Our critic's attempts at *Latin*, remind one of 'the Hero' of Major Jack's celebrated Letters. Quoth the brave old Gin'ral, '*E Pluribus Unum*, my friends, and *sine qua non*.' So our critic, '*Cui bono*, and *Nil nisi bene de mortuis*.' Now, *cui bono* is very good latin, though our critic do n't know how to use it: but *Nil nisi*, etc., which he largely calls a 'venerable axiom,' is as blundering a specimen of latinity as one professing to be a scholar could well introduce: furthermore, (to be very nice) by saying 'the axiom of *Nil nisi*,' he transforms his latin phrase into a latin *author*, and deprives us entirely of the 'axiom.'

This quotation is long and discursive ; but, in pursuance of our plan of meeting our critic *on his own ground*, we must needs follow him in order, and reply to his points in detail. We may begin with the third sentence, commencing 'In the first place,' etc. This sentence embraces two material positions ; but they are both simple assertions, and are both *false*. The failings of Scott have *not* been paraded before the world, in the manner stated, nor is the exaltation of Scott's name owing to any barefaced violation of the laws of rectitude—so far as appears from the 'Life,' or this critic's review of it.

'In the next place,' etc. ; the *sequitur*, here, is very far from logically justifying severe criticism on Scott's memory : but as, in the next sentence, he (*rather incidentally*) speaks of *just* criticism, we will put the two together, and let them pass.

'Sir Walter Scott did more,' etc., the former of these two assertions requires specification and proof—and proof other than that contained in the pamphlet of the Messrs. Ballantynes, since that was published *after* the review was written : the latter, 'least of all can it be said,' etc., is a mere truism ; yet our critic has managed to make it answer the purpose of a falsehood ; for *he* does not pretend to be one of the injured—he doubtless is *not* one of the injured—but, nevertheless, he lays this down as a reason why *he* is entitled to make what he calls the following 'exposures.'

'The fact of designating a biographer *infers* a fraud'—perhaps it does ; doubt it, though ; but it does not *prove* a fraud ; and *mere* inference wont suffice to destroy a well-established reputation. We would fain hope that our critic may never be guilty of a worse action than designating his biographer. Here, again, we except to his *sequitur* : we by no means assent to the position, that the designation necessarily is a *disqualification* of the party selected. Besides, Mr. Lockhart may, or may not, have been the last person Scott should have selected ; this opinion, together with the proofs to substantiate it, are matters between Lockhart and his critic ; but that Scott *wilfully* erred in the selection, and by such error has brought his moral rectitude into discredit, (for even to this monstrous extent does our critic's assumption reach,) *this* we most emphatically deny, and will proceed to disprove. Our critic's argument (or, as we have seen it announced, since we commenced this article, Mr. COOPER'S argument) is this. I. Sir Walter knew and admitted that the Quarterly Review was conceived and continued in fraud : II., he was bound to know that a periodical thus notoriously devoted to profligate political partisanship, reckless alike of truth and decency, must needs corrupt its editor : yet III., he appoints this same editor to write his memoirs, knowing that he is thereby endorsing, as it were, the yet unwritten falsehoods of his biographer to deceive and mislead posterity ; ergo, he is guilty, as principal, of all the misrepresentation, abuse, etc. etc., which his Life, now printed, contains. Of course this argument rests I., on the *truth* of the assertion touching Sir Walter's admissions : II., on the *truth* of the assertion as to the despicable character of the Quarterly ; and III., on the truth as well as the justice of the corollaries from these two propositions. Now to consider them in *reverse* order, we would leave the *thirdly* to the reader's own

judgment, after the other matters are fairly and fully considered. The *secondly* is a simple, bare assertion, unsustained by any thing, unless, perhaps, Mr. C.'s private opinion; and it would be idle to estimate its *worth*, as such. The *first* position, as to Sir Walter's admissions, requires a more formal answer: not because it is any nearer to truth than the others, but because the critic has strained every power of his intellect to *prove this*; and has thereby given a somewhat illustrious specimen of his argumentative power. Before taking this up, however, we will finish our long quotation.

Mr. C. takes the trouble to assure the reader that Scott is entitled to no other consideration than abstract justice; a trouble which we think he might as well have spared himself, inasmuch as the matter is quite undisputed; he also says he has a right to infer that Scott sometimes wrote in his diary when he was not in a fit condition to comment on others — a right which we deny; and a remark which we consider to be in the last degree gratuitous and insulting.

That we may take up Mr. C.'s points in the same order as he presents them, we shall consider one thing more, before we come to Scott's admissions about the Quarterly.

The reader will find on page 350–51 of the October number of this Magazine, a dissertation on letters of introduction: we cannot quote it, for we shall want the room it would occupy. The gist of the matter is this. Mr. Thomas Scott, being constantly applied to for letters to Sir Walter, often found himself in the predicament where thousands of less conspicuous men have been placed: viz., the necessity of giving a letter to some one in himself, perhaps, unexceptionable, but on whom, for reasons of their own, either he or his brother was disposed to confer limited attention. As it was not admissible to refuse the letter, and as a letter so worded as to call for limited civility only, would necessarily offend the applicant, it seemed to be indispensable that some private mark should be adopted, by means of which Thomas could avoid the offence, and Sir Walter, at the same time, could discriminate between his guests. The latter, therefore, requests the former to sign *such* letters, short, T. Scott, instead of Thomas Scott. We think that the propriety of this arrangement will be obvious to any one who reflects on Scott's situation, and the absolute *necessity* he was under of limiting his civilities *somewhere*, unless he were really to give up every other vocation, and devote himself solely to the entertainment of company. Mr. C., however, thinks differently. He thinks that 'a little bootless civility' might easily be rendered to all: which opinion, if made applicable to *his own* guests, instead of other people's, would certainly evince a very hospitable disposition. But, letting that pass, he says: 'How easy would it have been for Mr. Thomas Scott to have given a letter generally and simply expressed, which should mean what it said, and which should not impose any great trouble on his brother; but this might have lost the parties a supporter!' We do not well understand what he means by *a supporter*; but we think it rather hard that the Messrs. Scotts cannot take the liberty of judging of their own affairs, without being subjected to such an impertinent *fling* as this. But this is not all, quoth Mr. Cooper. This private mark is not honest. It is deception. A man who will do this, would not hesitate to *lie* on other

occasions. Nay, the mere reader who is not shocked at such moral turpitude the moment he hears of it, is *wanting in the very elements of honesty*. 'If,' continueth he, 'the marks do not contradict the words of the letter, they are clearly unnecessary; if they do contradict the words of the letter, they become a deliberate falsehood:' in other words, no cat has two tails; every cat has one tail more than no cat; ergo, every cat has three tails.

With a correspondent of the New-York Mirror, who in a recently published article has anticipated some of our remarks on this and other points, we consider 'the *dishonesty* of the private mark as mere *twaddle*.' Nevertheless, if Mr. Cooper *will* have it a lie, and thereupon will consider Sir Walter a dishonest man, we will perhaps, by and by, for the sake of the argument, admit both his premises and his conclusion, and *apply* them, too, in a way that will not be altogether gratifying to him.

We come, now, to Scott's admissions about the Quarterly. Our critic thus introduces the subject:

'Were we to select any one letter of Scott's, among all those published by Mr. Lockhart, as completely illustrative of the man, we should take that to Mr. Gifford, on the subject of establishing the Quarterly Review. Its length prevents our extracting it entire; but it will be found on page 328, vol. 1., and we earnestly entreat the reader to turn to it himself, and to peruse it with care. This letter is Scott, from the commencement to the end; being full of talents, worldly prudence, management, false principles, insincerity, mystification, and moral fraud. The *professed* object in establishing the Review, was to set up another tribunal of taste, sound principles, and just criticism in literature. This was what the world had a perfect right to expect, and a perfect right to insist on. Any deliberate or premeditated departure from such a plan, was inherently a fraud; a wrong done to the laws of truth and justice, and consequently a violation of the standards of morality.\* Any advantage obtained to a collateral and unavowed object, was an advantage obtained under false pretences. Now we learn by this letter, the deep-laid scheme of deception that was practised on the public, the wily and unjustifiable manner in which the real ends were to be obtained, in gradually gaining the confidence of the world, by concealing the true object, until in possession of the public ear by a course of upright reviewing, the periodical might turn its batteries on those it was designed to injure.'

It seems that our critic could not quote Scott's letter entire, because of its length: this is true enough. But his implication that it would have served his purpose to quote it entire, is *not* true enough, as we will presently show. We will first quote from the letter every line which, according to Mr. C.'s notions of criticism (and they are *radical* enough), can — together with many which cannot — be so tortured as to warrant his strictures:

'There is one opportunity possessed by you in a particular degree — that of access to the best sources of political information. It would not, certainly, be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. But as the real reason of instituting the publication is the disgusting and deleterious doctrine with which the most popular of our Review's disgraces its pages, it is essential to consider how this warfare should be managed. On this ground, I hope it is not too much to expect from those who have the power of assisting us, that they should on topics of great national interest furnish the reviewers, through the medium of their editor, with accurate views of points of fact, so far as they are fit to be made public. This is the most delicate, and yet most essential part of our scheme. On the one hand it is certainly not to be understood that we are to be held down to advocate upon all occasions

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\* 'Standards of morality;' this, being in the *plural*, is probably intended to refer to the honest man's standard for one, and the rogue's for the other.



the cause of administration. Such a dereliction of independence would render us entirely useless for the purpose we mean to serve. On the other hand, nothing will render the work more interesting than the public learning, not from any vaunt of ours, but from their own observation, that we have access to early and accurate information in point of fact.'

\* \* \* \* \*

'At the same time, as I before hinted, it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition; and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other Reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purpose it was written to serve. If a weak brother will unadvisedly put forth his hand to support even the ark of the constitution, I would expose his arguments, though I might approve of his intention and of his conclusions. I should think an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought for the same reason to be avoided. I think, from the little observation I have made, that the whigs suffer most deeply from cool, sarcastic reasoning and occasional ridicule. Having long had a sort of command of the press, from the neglect of all literary assistance on the part of those who thought their good cause should fight its own battle, they are apt to feel with great acuteness any assault in that quarter; and having been long accustomed to push, have in some degree lost the power to parry. It will not, therefore, be long before they make some violent retort, and I should not be surprised if it were to come through the Edinburgh Review. We might then come into close combat with a much better grace than if we had thrown down a formal defiance.'

Now, *defying* our critic to point out a line *not* here quoted from Scott's letter, which will justify a syllable of his insinuation, assertion, or argument, against that letter or its writer, we here subjoin his farther remarks upon it, in which he, too, quotes, and garnishes his extracts with sundry italics and small capitals:

'It was alleged that the Edinburgh had embarked in politics, abusing its professions also, and that it was necessary to counteract its influence by a similar publication. The fair and honest course would have been, to assail the political opinions of the Edinburgh directly, trusting to reason and facts for success; and so Scott tacitly admits himself, for he censures the fraud of the Edinburgh loudly, and certainly he could not have believed that any fault of Mr. Jeffrey's could justify a fault of Sir Walter Scott's. We repeat the invitation to the reader to turn to the letter itself; to peruse it with care; to reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was; and we leave the result to his own judgment. In order, however, to point out how deep-laid was the fraud, we make a few extracts, ourselves: *'It would not certainly be advisable that the work should assume, especially at the outset, a professed political character. On the contrary, the articles on science and miscellaneous literature ought to be of such a quality, as might fairly challenge competition with the best of our contemporaries. BUT AS THE REAL REASON OF INSTITUTING THE PUBLICATION, IS THE DISGUSTING AND DELETERIOUS DOCTRINES, WITH WHICH THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR REVIEWS DISGRACES ITS PAGES, IT IS ESSENTIAL TO CONSIDER HOW THIS WARFARE SHALL BE MANAGED.'* 'At the same time, as I before hinted, *it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition*, and I would not have it said, as may usually be predicated of other reviews, that the sentiments of the critic were less determined by the value of the work, than by the purposes it was written to serve.' 'I should think, *an open and express declaration of political tenets, or of opposition to works of a contrary tendency, ought, for the same reason, to be avoided.'* Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak; but what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when, the subject of establishing a Review being in discussion between them, the latter gravely reminds the former, that *'it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisition'*—meaning, only, too, as we shall unanswerably show, presently, until the public confidence was obtained? It strikes us very much as if two well-dressed fellows should go out into the world, with an understanding that they would be on their good behaviour until they got into a set where gold snuff-boxes might reward their light-fingered dexterity.'

It will be seen, by comparing our critic's quotations with our own, that although he could not give, in his article, Scott's letter entire, he

did, nevertheless, extract every line and word therefrom out of which he could

‘ find or forge a fault ;’

yet, according to his way of telling the story, the reader is led to believe that the whole of this long letter is one mass, one concatenation, of such diabolical mares’ nests as those here dressed up for him in italics and small capitals.

We have now nearly finished our quotations of Mr. C.’s proofs of Scott’s admissions, etc., and we will hurry through the remainder, after a few indispensable comments on the preceding long extract.

‘ The fair and honest course would have been,’ etc., what the critic suggests here would undoubtedly have been *a* fair and honest course : but that such was *the only* fair and honest course, is a matter resting on his simple assertion, and nothing else : but, he says, Scott *tacitly admits* that this was the only fair and honest course. Scott does no such thing. The reader may look at the extract, and judge between us. Scott’s censuring the Edinburgh was nothing approaching to such an admission, unless he himself did that for which the Edinburgh was censured — and there, to be sure, is the point at issue : but we shall not allow Mr. Cooper to beg the question after this fashion : he must *prove* it.

‘ We repeat the invitation to the reader,’ etc. So do we. We wish he *would* ‘ reflect on what the governing motive of one concerned in establishing such a work ought to be ; to see what that avowed by Scott actually was ;’ and, with entire confidence as to what his decision will be, ‘ we leave the result to his own judgment.’

As to the italics and capitals — we have read them over three or four times ; and have come to the conclusion that there is not much *argument* in them, because the printer can dress up any thing else in the same way. The sentences themselves do not strike us with any more force, either for or against Scott, than they did and do in ordinary type : and, indeed, we candidly confess that, to our apprehension, the mischief in them is so effectually disguised, that we cannot see it even with the aid of Mr. C.’s typographical illumination.

‘ Of the deep deception proposed in this letter, it is unnecessary to speak ;’ here, again, we exactly coincide with our critic : but we can’t easily reconcile his paradox of being compelled, by a sense of duty, to speak so very much on a subject ‘ of which,’ he avers, ‘ it is unnecessary to speak’ at all.

‘ But what are we to think of Mr. Gifford, as well as of Scott, when the latter gravely reminds the former, that ‘ *it will be necessary to maintain the respect of the public by impartial disquisitions ?* ’ ’ We can tell Mr. Cooper one thing : he can *think* what he pleases about Mr. Gifford ; but if that matchless critic were alive, his better part of valor would be to *say* as little as possible ; especially, unless he could bring an accusation which, *unlike the foregoing*, implied something to his *dis-credit*. True, he goes on to speak of the *meaning* of that italicised line ; but somehow or other, *his* meanings and *his* constructions seem all the while to be directly in the teeth of obvious, common-sense, honest interpretations : of which perversions, however, (to quote his own words in another place,) ‘ we should think

the better, (i.e. the less unfavorably,) if we could find a single instance in which they have not been practised for his own purposes.'

We proceed with his proofs. After a graceful digression, to show the hypocrisy of Scott's political creed, and to show, also, how he had *sold himself* to the royal family, he says :

' But to return to the history of this review, as it is connected with Scott. Bad as were the motives avowed, and unjustifiable as was the proposed mode of proceedings, it seems there was a wheel within a wheel, and that Scott deceived Gifford, as he wished Gifford to deceive the public. It is altogether a curious and melancholy specimen of profound deception, which Mr. Lockhart naïvely qualifies by the word frankness !' In a letter to his brother Thomas, page 332, vol. i., Scott draws aside the veil, and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which appears to have been entirely, or, in a great measure, at least, personal. In urging his brother to contribute, he says : ' He (Gifford) made it a stipulation, however, that I should give all the assistance in my power, especially at the commencement, to which I am, *for many reasons*, nothing loth.' ' Constable, or rather that bear his partner, (who published the Edinburgh,) has behaved to me of late not very civilly, and I owe Jeffrey a flap with a fox-tail, on account of his review of Marmion ; *and, thus doth the whirligig of time bring about my revenges.*'

Scott, he says, deceived Gifford : how ? Why ' he draws aside the veil, (!) and we find the real reason of his agency in establishing the Quarterly, which *appears* to have been *entirely*, or in a *great measure*, at least, (i. e., sort o' and sort o' not,) personal.' ' This is much,' quoth Christopher Sly ; but this is not the worst. ' Scott, *for many reasons*, was nothing loth' to assist Gifford, as he had promised : i. e., he was *willing* to do what he had promised to do : and — *vox faucibus hæsit !* — having a grudge against Constable's partner and also against Jeffrey, (who were connected with the Edinburgh,) he thus gets his revenge ! We must acknowledge, this time, that we do not wonder at our critic's indignation.

Once again, Mr. C. quotes from another letter Scott's admission that, in criticising the *Curse of Kehama*, he reviewed it favorably : i. e., he ' slurred over the absurdities and enlarged upon the beauties of the work.' Now Mr. C., of all the men on the face of the whole earth, should be the very last to *complain* of the criticism which ' slurs over absurdities and enlarges upon beauties ;' but waiving the *ad hominem*, let us see what he says about Scott's admission :

' All this was worthy of a Grub-street hack. In the first place, we see the utter want of principle, which palms off on the public dishonest reviewing ; and then follows the miserable salvo for his own talents, by declaring what he *would* have done, had not the unjustifiable course he actually took, been part of the system.'

It seems, then, that if a critic, anonymously reviewing the poem of a friend, ventures to say what he thinks of the beauties, and omits saying what he thinks of the faults, he evinces ' *an utter want of principle.*' It is by precisely such argument as this, that, from the beginning to the end of Mr. Cooper's review, Scott's moral character is denounced.

But, ' he then declares what he would have done, *had not the unjustifiable course he took been part of the system.*' Our critic's manner of stating this, leads the reader to suppose that what we have here italicised, is a part of Scott's own words : and therefore that Scott tacitly *avowed* that his course was *unjustifiable*, and also *admitted* that he took that course in conformity to a *system*, by which he was

governed : but a more positive indirect falsehood was never committed to paper. Scott made no such avowal, or admission. It is our conscientious critic, whose 'duty it was to step forward in *defence of truth*,' who makes them *for him*, for the very creditable purpose of making out his case *against him*.

We come, at last, to our critic's summing up on Scott's admission that the Quarterly Review was conceived in fraud :

'But the whole history of the Quarterly Review is eloquence itself on the subject of Scott's motives, advice, and character, so far as he was connected with its establishment. In the first place, we have his letter to Gifford, a production every way unworthy of a man of probity, and still more so of a literary man; then his revelations to Thomas Scott, betraying a fraud on his brother in the original fraud, and his own precious confessions of the spirit in which he himself played the reviewer in this very periodical, so openly made, moreover, to a brother of the craft, as to leave no doubt that the practice was common.'

The reader has now the whole case before him ; and, at least, it is *long enough*. To save him the trouble of referring, and to bring together the 'two ends' of the argument, we will remind him that our critic's argument, or position, that Scott brought his moral rectitude into discredit by the wilful error of selecting Lockhart as his biographer, falls to the ground entirely, unless *it is clearly established that Scott knew and admitted that the Quarterly was conceived and continued in fraud*. We have given Mr. Cooper's testimony on this point *in full* : and we have accompanied the same with our own remarks, extracts, and illustrations. We leave the result with the reader.

Our critic is very acute and severe about the omission of a date in one of Scott's letters to Ellis ; and he insinuates that Scott *suppressed* the date, to conceal the fact that he first reviewed Southey's poem, and *afterwards* wrote to Southey that he had not yet seen that poem. On this point we remark, with all seriousness, that the insinuation is gratuitous : there is no ground, on the face of the transaction, as represented by the critic himself, for suspicion : he simply *chooses to suspect* ; and having done that, he thus proceeds to substantiate :

'We are aware our suspicions would be unkind, or even unjustifiable, without more positive evidence, in the case of a man of established probity and sincerity of character ; but neither Mr. Lockhart nor Sir Walter Scott can now come before the world with any pretensions to be superior to suspicions of this nature. Not to travel out of the record — and we could easily do it, if we chose, more especially in connection with a review of the Life of McIntosh, not long since, in the Quarterly, but we hold it to be unnecessary — without travelling out of the record, then, what moral insensibility is betrayed by the man who coolly exposes to the world Scott's false reviewing, and then audaciously claims for the latter a character of extreme goodness and virtue, that should place him above the suspicion of suppressing a date, at need ? As for Scott, himself, had he actually written to Southey after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed ?

— 'Without more positive evidence ?' Without more positive *brass* ! There is *no* evidence. No *pretension* to evidence. And to talk about men of established probity ! to aver that Scott cannot now come before the world with the pretension to be superior to suspicions of this nature ! heaven and earth ! *who is* this bravo of criticism ? this common stabber ? that presumes to suspect without occasion, and dares to vilify *because* he suspects !

Again. 'As for Scott himself, had he actually written to Southey

after he wrote the review, would it, in a moral sense, have been a worse act than the one he confessedly performed ? — i. e., his reviewing Kehama in the manner specified. To be sure it would: As much worse as black is darker than white — as wrong is worse than right. And, in our judgment, a man who can coolly ask such a question, though he is not at all deficient in assurance, has something to learn about what he vauntingly denominates 'the very elements of honesty.'

Our critic next shows that Sir Walter, in writing at different times to two individuals, ascribes to *each* the honor of having been the architect of his little fortune. We pass by this without comment: stating it only because we wish to bring forward *every* charge made, that, in the end, the whole may be properly weighed and estimated.

We come, now, to Scott's review, for the Quarterly, of the Tales of my Landlord. Our critic says that Scott *volunteered* to write it. (Here, once for all, we beg the reader's pardon for making mountains out of mole-hills — for dwelling with minuteness on single words, and sentences: the truth is, as he will already have perceived, our critic's whole article is made up of these same *nothings*, and unless we go into this troublesome detail, we cannot *meet* his arguments.) Here is another of his assertions, true in one sense, and yet so stated as to have the effect of a misrepresentation. We will explain. Scott, at this time, was the Great *Unknown*. After the publication of the book referred to, Murray, the publisher, addressed to him a letter glowing with gratitude and gratulation on its success; and expressing his (Murray's) confidence that Scott was the author so decidedly, that Sir Walter was at first embarrassed as to the expedient manner of replying. However, he escaped the dilemma with much ingenuity. He assured Murray that *he did not claim* the authorship — that he had not *read* the work *until it was printed*, etc., and finally, to show *how serious* he was in his disclaimer, *offered to review the very work in question*, a thing which, he intimated, the author himself would not think of attempting. Hence, it is not strictly true, as an abstract assertion, that Scott *volunteered* to review his own writings. His doing it was a kind of necessary expedient to repel Murray's inquisitiveness.

Our critic also states that Scott, in this letter, '*distinctly denies*' his being the author of the book. We *distinctly deny* that he does any such thing; and refer the reader to the letter itself, Vol. II., page 26. Our critic then goes on to be very severe on Scott, for the act, *per se*, of reviewing his own work. The circumstances under which it was done being before the reader, he can judge for himself as to its *impropriety*: we are confident of one thing; whether or not he considers it *improper*, he will be *very far* from allowing our critic to record it as an instance and a proof of *characteristic dishonesty* — for to *this* end, and to this alone, is it introduced.

A second instance of self-reviewing is cited by our critic; as recorded in Hogg's familiar anecdotes. In this case there is a small hole in the ballad — the *fact* of Scott's writing the review referred to, is *suspected* by Hogg; that is all: yet our veracious and conscientious critic, without *asserting* any thing about it, *lets it go with the rest* to swell the catalogue of Scott's crimes: if the reader does not believe that Scott wrote the article, it is, at least, not Mr. Cooper's fault.



Three subjects argued in this review, viz: Scott's habitual deference to rank and power; his absence from his wife's death-bed; and his *interested and selfish motives* in laboring to pay the debts of Ballantyne and Co., have been so fully discussed, and so completely answered, by a reply in a recent number of 'the Mirror,'\* that it is needless for us to take them up; our views in relation thereto have been anticipated altogether by that writer; and we content ourselves on these points, with merely referring the reader to the columns of that periodical.

As to the legitimate claim of the reigning dynasty to the British crown — in discussing which we think our critic is more anxious to display his information,† than to accomplish any good purpose — we leave that to be adjusted by the reviewer and the Queen. So far as we are concerned, he may have *that* battle all to himself. We *hope*, however, that the October number of the KNICKERBOCKER will never reach Victoria's boudoir: the hammer-and-tongs logic of our critic *might* compel Her Majesty to 'resign.'

We have arrived, now, at the last of our critic's *serious* charges against the *character* of Sir Walter Scott; and, before proceeding to smaller matters, we pause, a moment, to survey the ground, and to compare our critic's *obligations* with his *performances*.

I. He pleads his duty as a good citizen, and his irresistible impulses as a conscientious man, as his apology for exposing Scott's moral delinquencies.

On the other hand, we claim that he has neither exposed nor proved such delinquencies; hence, having failed to sustain his charge, his apology fails to be his justification.

II. He promises — as of course he was bound — to prove what he asserted.

We claim that he has proved nothing that he asserted in regard to Scott's moral dereliction: hence, his promise is forfeited, and his duty neglected. But of this, more anon.

Our critic says: 'It is in singular contradiction to this attempt at amiability, that Mr. Lockhart tells us, *no one dared* to let Scott into the secret of the falling off in the sales of his novels.' Mr. Lockhart's words are, vol. II., page 172, 'the publishers were afraid the announcement of any thing like a falling off, *might cast a damp over the spirits of the author*.'

\* We will state here, (the correspondent of the *Mirror* having omitted to do so,) that the Ballantyne pamphlet, recently published, shows, as it seems to us, conclusively, that a large amount of the debts of Ballantyne and Co., at the time of their failure, had been contracted for the benefit of Sir Walter personally: from which it is manifest that his labors in liquidation of the debts of the firm were, to a certain extent, virtually for the payment of his individual obligations; and not, as the world had previously supposed, *solely* to free himself from embarrassments, in the creation of which he had no direct interest or agency. It is a matter of simple justice that this explanation should be made: but we give it here to prevent Mr. Cooper from hereafter *coming in for the benefit* of these new facts (to him previously unknown,) in support of his old arguments. *He reviewed*, under the same impression as the public had long entertained; and the writer in the *Mirror* (very probably not having seen the pamphlet) replied to him *on his own ground*.

† We may remark, however, that his information is superficial; his conclusion disingenuous; or he (in his previously published political opinion *vide*, 'American Democrat,') insincere. To pronounce that *not* 'de jure' which both houses of the English Parliament, with the undoubted approval of the *PEOPLE* of the realm, enacted, and which both Parliament and people have ever since sanctioned and sustained, is, in effect, to *deny* that the will of the people, constitutionally expressed, is *right* — is the *law* of the land.



Our critic says : ' The man who could command some *forty or fifty* thousand dollars for a work like the Life of Napoleon, was aided by fortuitous circumstances of great account.' Mr. Lockhart says, vol. II., page 576, 'the first and second editions of the Life of Napoleon produced £18,000' — over *eighty* thousand dollars.\*

Our critic says : ' We have touched on this point, (Scott's labors to pay off the debts of Ballantyne and Company,) as great injustice is done to *others*, laboring under similar difficulties, by the senseless hurrahs of the world. It is probable that a *hundred* cases have occurred, *in our own times*, in which *writers have shown greater devotion* to their duties, suffering in toil and in unobtrusive silence.' We will thank the gentleman to vindicate his veracity by *establishing* what we have italicised in the foregoing quotation.

Our critic says : ' *Most persons read a diary as they would ponder over the parting sentiments of a dying man* ; whereas all its records are as much made under the influence of the passions, errors, and impulses, of this state of being, as any other species of composition.' What we have *not* italicised is true, as a matter of course ;

— ' there needs no ghost  
Come from the grave to tell us that ;'

but we should like to know on *what authority* he states what we *have* italicised ?

Our critic says : ' This diary, too, was conceived in puerility, and imitation, even to the affectation of the 'Gurnal ;' the whole being manifestly taken from Byron's record of the same nature.' Sir Walter Scott says, in the very first paragraph of this diary, (vol. II., page 444,) ' I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum book. *I will try this plan.*' Our critic's use of the word *manifestly*, as indeed his whole remark, would induce the reader to suppose that *he had detected* (not that Scott had avowed) the imitation.

Our critic says, in speaking of Scott as a writer, ' *His incidental reflections were seldom profound or original.*' We have not the slightest doubt that it was *easy* for Mr. Cooper to say this : Hamlet, urging his quondam friends to play upon the pipe, assures them that

' It is as *easy* as lying.'

One thing, however, must be said in praise of our critic's *ingenuity* in this remark : it is so palpably absurd and untrue, that every reader of Scott will condemn it ; yet all those readers combined cannot *disprove* it. For if they should quote from Scott's works incidental reflections, which are both profound and original, enough to fill a

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\* THERE is an amusing fact connected with this misstatement. Mr. Cooper is showing that, inasmuch as Scott's pen was far more efficient in accumulating wealth than any other man's, the admiration of the world (induced by the vast sums he thus gained for his creditors in a short time) should be divided between Scott's devotion to his duties and his fortuitous ability thus rapidly to liquidate his debts : and, by the way, the argument is more nearly ingenuous and fair than any other in the review. But, so bent, so infatuated is Mr. C. to *underrate Scott in every thing*, he here states the amount received for Napoleon, at nearly one half less than he must have known it to be, when it would actually have strengthened his argument to state it correctly !

*volume*, it would be *easy* for our critic to say, 'All this is very true ; but Scott was a *voluminous writer* ; what you have extracted forms a *very small proportion* of the whole ; and you will please to take notice that I said his reflections were **SELDOM** profound and original.'

Our critic says, (still speaking of Scott's talents, etc.)

'He had a just estimate of men, more especially in their vices and weaknesses ; and thus we find, that while most of his loftier characters are the heroes of tradition, his representatives of vice are inventions, that betray an intimate knowledge of the corrupt workings of the human heart. The faculty we have mentioned, not only pervaded the writings of Scott, but it strikes us that it pervaded the entire character of the man. It was, in truth, the art of seemliness, of *vraisemblance* in delineation, of appearances in practice ; and its effect, in the latter case, was to render that pleasing to the senses, which was in truth obnoxious to the censures of the right-minded and just. Even the very letters that we have quoted in this article, possess this charm of manner, and some of them will require more than one reading, to enable the ordinary observer to detect all their innate want of principle.'

We have no special remark to offer on this quotation : its justice, candor, and *Cooperism*, need no illustration.

Our critic says — but it's no matter what *else* he says : we have quoted enough to show the character and value of his review.

And now, in conclusion, what shall be said of this critic ? He has come before the world, of his own accord, with ostentatious pretensions to superior virtue, honor, truth, etc., etc., and, under such high impulses, has assailed, with persevering industry, the moral character of one of the greatest men of any age or country. We appeal to the reader, to decide whether he has sustained his accusations *in the slightest degree* ? Nay, we appeal to the same tribunal to decide whether, in the very act of accusation, he has not been guilty of a greater amount of 'fraud' than he has attempted to establish against Sir Walter Scott ? If a negative reply be conceded to our first appeal, or an affirmative one to our second, *then*, as we intimated at the commencement of this article, our critic must be content to *endure* that penalty which he has sought to *inflict* on the illustrious object of his calumnies.

WARRA.

#### STANZAS.

FROM THE MSS. OF THE LATE J. HUNTINGTON BRIGHT.

I.

They ne'er will bloom again,  
Youth's bright and glowing hours,  
When Passion led his train  
Through Mirth's enchanted bowers ;  
In autumn's blight or winter's night,  
They ne'er will bloom again !

II.

They never may return,  
Youth's warm, alluring dreams ;  
Their lights no longer burn —  
Quenched are their morning beams ;  
Their sheen hath fled, their promise dead,  
They never may return !

III.

They can deceive no more ;  
The loves of early youth ;  
Their melody is o'er,  
And stilled the lips of truth ;  
The heart is cold, the form is old,  
They can deceive no more !

IV.

They never shall decay,  
The hopes that Heaven inspires ;  
All others may betray,  
But these eternal fires  
Live through all time, in every clime,  
They never shall decay !

## WINTER SONG.

I.

Ha! ha! ha! the blast rings o'er us,  
 Brothers! brothers! — we are one:  
 Bright the wine-cup beams before us,  
 And our daily toil is done,  
 And the wintry blasts are yelling;  
 But we 'll merry be within,  
 Though the winds without be swelling,  
 And the storm makes savage din.

II.

Ha! ha! ha! — the gale is knocking  
 At the good old oaken door!  
 And the household pines are rocking,  
 As they used to rock of yore;  
 Brothers! brothers! — blasts are flying,  
 O'er the mount and through the dell,  
 Tempests on the hills are sighing,  
 But our yule-log crackles well!

Utica, Nov., 1838.

III.

Ha! ha! ha! — away with sadness!  
 Is it not a thing unholy,  
 To transform the hour of gladness  
 Into one of melancholy?  
 Storms may come upon the morrow,  
 But they 'll pass as they came on,  
 Whether we consent to sorrow,  
 Or make merry, till they 're gone.

IV.

Hark! the blasts their steeds are mount-  
 On the hill-tops white and bleak; [ing,  
 And the Storm his host is counting,  
 Where the mountain forests creak:  
 Now his cohorts are retreating,  
 Listen! — they have well nigh past,  
 With the noble music beating,  
 And their white flags on the blast!

H. W. R.

## OUR FOREIGN LETTER-FILE.

## NUMBER ONE.

## FROM CHINA AND THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A FELICITOUS thought has just struck us, and this it is: 'What should hinder occasional transcriptions for the KNICKERBOCKER from our various and ample foreign correspondence? That which so delights us in the perusal, can scarcely be indifferent to our readers; and preserving always a strict regard for confidential relations, and avoiding all improper or irrelevant matters, we will essay the experiment. There is an ease, a natural grace and peculiar freshness, in the unstudied comments and descriptions incident to correspondence, which are rarely found in elaborate books; and these are the very qualities to win the attention, and satisfy the cravings for variety, of the general reader. We have letters from Rome, Paris, London, Constantinople, and half-a-dozen other eminent European cities, with several from even a more distant region still. For the extracts with which, on the score of convenience, we shall open this series, we are indebted to a favorite female contributor to this Magazine, who is not only entertaining herself, but, as it would seem, abundantly capable of eliciting entertainment from others. Her correspondent is an American gentleman, and a near relation, who has resided so long in the Philippine Islands, that, owing, to enlarged mercantile cares, he almost despairs of ever becoming a resident Yankee republican again. 'I feel at times,' he writes, 'like a nun who has taken the veil, and listens calmly to the ceremony which is going on in the chapel below, to shut her out from the world for ever.' We are not without the hope of counting the writer among our liberal contributors; for he avers that he has 'an ink-stand crammed full of the

funniest incidents that could be imagined,' and with which he 'could an' if he would' illuminate our benighted western hemisphere.' And this we think he will do 'for love,' though not 'for money;' since no pecuniary 'consideration' would repay the discomforts of correspondence, under circumstances mentioned by the writer. 'Do you think it,' says he, writing from Manilla, 'a trifling matter for a man to sit down to his 'midnight oil' with the thermometer at ninety-six, and endeavor to arrange and conjure up his wandering ideas for a dissertation upon manners, habits, and customs, with the perspiration pouring from him like a deluge; a monstrous mosquito nibbling and growling at the calf of either leg, like a hungry dog, and bringing blood therefrom, in spite of his Nankin mosquito-boots; a cockroach tugging and kicking to make his way down the back of his neck, malgré the shirt-buttons; a '*bicho frayle*,' with a sting like a wasp, whizzing past and back again to the tip of your nose; three moths already in the lamp, and three thousand more aspiring to the same scorching preferment; rats fighting over head, dogs fighting in the Plaza; horses fighting, and biting, and squealing, in the yard, and the sentinel at the corner shouting '*Quien vive!*' all night long.' Ca! a man must be paid for *making a soup of himself*, (as the Dons say, when in full perspiration,) or he smokes his 'contrabando' in peace, while his pen snoozes quietly in its bamboo stand upon the table.'

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WE commence with a spirited description of a day of shopping and sight-seeing, in the 'celestial city':

'MY DEAR — : I have just returned from a day's stroll through some of the streets of this celestial city, and am all wonder and amazement. How fortunate for all married men, that the laws of this country prohibit all visitations of 'barbarian women,' as you are called by the celestial sons of Han! I am quite sure, that, could you have accompanied me in this day's ramble, you would now be frantic with delight. I went in company with a friend, formerly from New-York, for seven years a resident of this place, and who speaks the Chinese language fluently, with a Chinese shopkeeper, of the suburbs, as a guide. We first visited, (after passing through innumerable narrow streets, where we were jostled and stared at, according to custom, the little boys calling us all manner of names,) to a shop where they sell the beautiful mandarin silks, and satins, and crapes, which are brought here from the city of Nankin. These silks, etc., are exceedingly rich and beautiful, and so costly, that they are never purchased for exportation. They are sold *by weight*, and the variety of colors and patterns is beyond conception. You must see, to have an idea of them. The vender showed us a piece of plum-colored figured silk, for a lady's cloak, which was weighed, and the value calculated at sixty dollars. There are certain colors of silks, used by the mandarins and their wives, the vending of which to foreigners is strictly prohibited. By way of regaling our eyes with something never to be seen again, we were shown a piece of figured satin, color, '*celestial pink*.' To conceive any thing of the kind half so beautiful, would be quite out of the question. Nothing could induce the man to sell it to us. 'Were

he to do so, the mandarins would cut his head off;' but he said he would dye it another color, and then we might have it. I wished much to purchase it for you, and another piece of the same figure, white and very beautiful, for —; but prayers, and entreaties, and money, (even money!) were of no avail; and so I threw myself upon it, my arms around it, embraced and kissed it! I suppose that the 'Houris' wear petticoats of just such stuff. And then the crapes — *such* crapes! — the satins — *such* satins! — the network-figured white silk over-dresses, for a ball! Santiago! there was never any thing seen like it before; and when *you* visit this shop, be sure you take with you ten coolies, each one with a bag of doubloons upon his shoulder. The day was very cold, and the shop-keeper had on his winter dress of heavy, rich-figured silk, wadded with cotton, and lined with costly furs, from the north of China. From this we proceeded to the weaver's, and thence to the dyer's, and so on to all the wonders of the place. One would hardly suppose that the costly fabrics which I have this day seen, are made in narrow, desolate cells, with mud floors, and upon rude bamboo looms; and the dexterity of the weavers was surprising. We next visited the coral-cutlers and workers, cornelian-grinders, ivory-workers, etc., and passed on to the celebrated Temple of Longevity. The gods of the temple are colossal figures of wood, painted and gilded. Bacchus was a jolly fellow, with a *joutick* burning before him, and the god of the kitchen amused me much; a little fellow, with a monstrous 'corporation,' upon his throne in the midst of the cooking apparatus.

'The priests were extremely civil, and conducted us to every part of the building. We immortalized ourselves by cutting our names upon the wall, at the top of the temple, among a thousand others. One of the priests placed a mat in front of Bacchus, upon the floor, and asked me to bow down and knock-head to his godship. I gave him a dollar, and we parted the best of friends. I am thinking seriously of returning home (when I do!) by the way of the north of China, with the Russian trading caravan from Okholsk; and if you happen to be any where in Siberia, Chinese-Tartary, or Russia, some three years hence, we will stop in, on our way to Moscow, throw off our fur cloaks and caps, and partake of your breakfast with you. What lions we should be! my dear —; and *you* would present to your acquaintance your 'long absent —, just returned from the Philippine Islands, Kamtschatka, Siberia, Chinese-Tartary, and Russia!' 'La! how wonderful!' says Miss. So-and-so. 'Pray, Mr. —, did you find it cold?' 'Oh, not at all, my dear Miss; we got along very comfortably, with seventeen bear skins during the day, and twenty-seven to sleep under at night!' 'Oh my! Mamma, do hear what he says!' and so forth. But I am quite serious. We are to buy a small vessel to take us to the trading town of St. Peter and St. Paul, in Kamtschatka, whence we cross the sea to Okholsk, where we join the caravan, and proceed, as before stated, to Moscow and St. Petersburg, Paris, London, and the United States. This is the intended proceeding, but three years may make great changes in all our destinies.

'On Saturday next, I shall start in company with my friend W——, on a trip 'over the far blue mountain,' to get a peep at the Actaz, or

aborigines of Sinaloan Lampong. These are the wild men of the mountains, and none of the foreign residents of the island have ever been among them. They are quite in a state of nature; black as thunder, and savage as lightning. In one of my many expeditions into the interior, I once came within a day's march of them, but am now determined to 'out-Herod Herod,' and have a peep at the 'Douglas in his den.'

A very sensible maxim is pleasantly enforced by a native, in the subjoined anecdote, which the writer turns to monitory account with his correspondent:

'You laugh at the silly mistake which occurred in the publication of —, and ask 'who was the printer's grandfather?' The Indians here have a similar question, which they apply to a stupid person; for when a friend makes a ridiculous mistake, they ask him, 'Where did your head grow?' which is rather 'a stumper,' to one ignorant of the laws of nature. While we are upon the subject of ideas, I will give you another, of my old friend 'Chuy-dian,' a Chinese. A day or two ago, while I was writing to you, into the office marched friend 'Chuy-dian,' to inquire, 'What news to-day?' He saw that I was busy, and drawing a chair close to my desk, sleeked down his long, thin, Chinese mustaches, and looking very knowingly in my face, asked: 'What thing?' — a true Chinese question, and general with the sons of Han.

'What thing?' said he.

'Write letter-pigeon,' said I.

'What thing — pretty gal?

'Yes,' replied I; 'number one pretty gal.'

'Take care!' he added; mind what thing write. Nonsense-pigeon more better for pretty gal, for no 'casion to open the heart every time you open your mouf.'

'So bear in mind, my dear —, in your intercourse with the world, the saying of this wise man of the east, that 'it is not necessary to open your heart, every time you open your mouth.' The idea may be old, but I never heard it before; and as you may possibly be equally unfortunate, I send it to you, reeking from the celestial empire.'

Few who have ever sat down to compose, either in a literary or epistolary sense, but will enter feelingly into the species of grievance complained of in the subjoined passage, although the peculiar bores here cited, have not yet become indigenous among us, nor numerous or troublesome as exotics:

\* \* 'The inspiration is vanished! I had conceived no less than eight lines of poetry, surpassing every thing written, or to be written, by mortal or immortal bard, and was about to send it to you, when, Saz! the door was darkened by a long black friar, who drawled out his whining supplication for '*una pequena limosna*' — a trifling alms for the hospital of San Juan de Dios. This particular species of the genus biped is the greatest bore we have in Manilla. No sooner do you bestow a few cuartos upon the collector for San Juan de Dios, than another enters from San Lazaro; exit San Lazaro, and enters San Francisco; exit San Francisco, and, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, goes a little bell, when a little man, with a little black cross in his left, and a



little copper dish in his right hand, enters, and supplicates your sympathy, to the tune of half a rial, which you add to a little mountain of copper and silver already collected, which is to be given to the disinterested friars for chanting through purgatory the soul of an innocently-condemned rascal, who is to suffer death by the 'garrote' to-morrow, for the trivial crime of having ripped open the bowels of his wife and father! I added my mite for the benefit of San Juan de Dios, and sent the friar to the devil, whither my inspiration had already preceded him.'

One or two fragments of criticism and literary predilection, will bring us to the end of our tether; for we are 'brought up with a round turn,' by numerous and various matters demanded for our own department:

'I look upon Byron as the Columbus of all poetical discoverers, whose greatest enemy has been his private character, which an unjust world has allowed to weigh too heavily against his fame as an author. Moore did the worst office to his departed friend, in publishing his profligate life; nevertheless, if people would but deal justly with his public character, his mighty genius as a poet, and judge him calmly, with a mind divested of all prejudices of a private nature, he would shine forth like the north star, or north pole, to all the Ross and Parry navigators in the regions of poetry. But it can never be. The base majority (in number) will never humble themselves to acknowledge that one man, and one alone, has outstripped them like the wind, leaving them plodding on in their rush-light darkness, while he shines upon them, in his heaven above, like the sun. What is there in ancient or modern poetry, to compare with 'The Prophecy of Dante,' 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' 'Manfred,' and parts of 'Marino Faliero?'

'The Editor of the 'American Monthly,' I see, valiantly belabors N. P. WILLIS through a dozen pages, and then, by way of easing the infliction a little, quotes his 'Autumn,' as a redeeming feature in his writings, in which he suffers or passes over such lines as, 'Sun-beams laced through the tree tops,' like a variegated string through a lady's corset or her boots; and 'Fused in the *alembic* of the west,' which is rank nonsense. How, in the name of common sense, can you apply, with propriety, this idea of *fusing* in an *alembic*? To '*fuse*,' is 'to liquefy, to melt,' and applies to solids, such as metals, and other *hard* substances, and is an operation performed by the agency of chemical fires, crucibles, and strong heats, such as are produced in smelting furnaces; and an *alembic* is a 'still-machine for distilling,' and used almost exclusively by those who never in their lives have performed the operation of *fusing*. You may put me off with the answer, that Mr. Willis has availed himself of a poetical license; but I think a chemist would tell you, that it approaches nearer to poetical nonsense.'

For other original epistolary varieties, from foreign countries, as well as a series of domestic correspondence, the reader is respectfully referred to the forthcoming VOLUME THIRTEEN, in which, moreover, it shall go hard but many other things shall be found, to please the taste, and satisfy the judgment, of the tasteful and the judicious.

## THE LEAF AND THE WORM.

BY EDWARD MATURIN.

## LEAF.

THROUGH many a month that was fresh and fair,  
 When the spring was green, and the summer gay,  
 I have drank the dew of the morning air,  
 And bask'd in the golden light of day;  
 But the autumn blast hath chill'd my core,  
 The canker-worm hath made me sere,  
 And the hues which in my prime I wore,  
 Have faded with the waning year.

My bloom is gone, my sap is dry,  
 Nor health nor moisture feeds me now;  
 And the carol I sang 'twixt earth and sky,  
 Is echoed by the leafless bough.  
 Ah! little I thought, in my morning hour,  
 When Beauty hath envied my robe of green,  
 That the smiling heav'n so soon would lower,  
 And the tempest sport where I had been.

Through many a month I have danc'd and sung,  
 And dallied with the wanton air,  
 But Autumn's chilling hand unstrung  
 The lyre whose music linger'd there;  
 Yet why should I grieve? For the balmy breath  
 Which woo'd my birth, and brighten'd my bloom,  
 Will sing in the hour of withering death,  
 And waft me to my autumn tomb!

## WORM.

From the depths of earth, where beauty and might  
 Are sleeping the sleep of eternal night,  
 Where night and day, not a living ray  
 Falls from the urn of liquid light,  
 I come, I come, like a conqueror proud;  
 My shaft is death, and my robe is the shroud;  
 And I laugh to think, when parts the link  
 Of life, like the flash from the cloud.

For beauty and might are my spoil, I ween;  
 Though the lip be red, and the leaf be green;  
 No spies I have in my mouldy cave,  
 To tell the terrors which they have seen;  
 The warrior may die in his conquest-hour,  
 From the hand of the monarch the sceptre may fall,  
 But they are my slaves, and the arm of my power  
 Waveth in triumph over them all!

Down, down with their throne! they are perished and gone;  
 Their darkness and dust are my carnival;  
 The sceptre and throne are but baubles to me,  
 Or the monarch that sitteth thereon;  
 I canker them all as the time-honored tree,  
 Or the ivy the mouldering stone;  
 Oh! to banquet on them is my revelry,  
 And scatter their atoms one by one!

Famine and Sword may boast of their chain,  
 And Disease may vaunt her wasting pain;  
 But my slaves are they, who my hests obey,  
 Smiting my victims o'er land and main;  
 They live but for me, and for me they die,  
 To give me a dainty banqueting;

The damask cheek, and the lustrous eye,  
The hues and odors of leafy spring,  
Are the trophies I pile from my victory.

Mere viands they, for my ghastly board,  
Gather'd by Famine, Disease, and Sword !  
Oh ! 'tis joy to me, when I hear the groan  
Of the dying, rack'd on suffering's bed ;  
And my satellites crawl through their moulder'd hall,  
When they hear the cold sepulchral stone  
Laid on the breast of the pulseless dead ;  
And what reck I for silver or gold,  
For which human hearts are bought and sold ?  
For both I command in my fairy land,  
Where their column'd piles light my lonely way  
With the glimmer of their ghastly ray !

Time ! Time ! on thy chariot wheels roll on !  
The veil of thy years may dim the sun,  
And the fading stars forget to pour  
The light they have shed so long before ;  
The moon shall discard her mantle white  
She bath flung o'er the sleeping abyss of night ;  
And the wonders of heaven, the sun and the sky,  
(Those isles in the sea of eternity,)  
Shall dissolve like a meteor-flash in air,  
When the cloudy hosts meet in thunder there ;  
But mine must they be, and for me must they fall,  
While my kingdom of mould shall outlive them all !

#### LEAF.

Through many a bright and balmy hour,  
When the earth was green, and the heav'n was gay,  
Aloft have I swung in my air-woven bower,  
Nurs'd by the heat of the noontide ray ;  
Like a child when it sleeps on its mother's breast,  
Whose pulse is the soul and the dream of its rest,  
For months have I hung on that parent-bough,  
And why wilt thou canker and sever me now ?

#### WORM.

The verdant hue of spring has past,  
The 'sere and yellow' stain the leaf,  
And the wailing of the autumn blast,  
Like Nature in her hour of grief,  
Sweeps o'er the mountain, through the vale,  
Nor spares a leaf of tree or flower ;  
The ruddy cheek of Spring turns pale,  
As she sits and weeps in her wither'd bower !

#### RELIGION OF NATURE.

When, with wild roar, the gloomy tempests twist  
Their coal-black turbans round the mountain's brow,  
And the old pines in plum'd legions bow,  
And scream the eagles through the mountain-mist,  
As through the night they hear the thunder pealing  
Amid the time-scathed oaks, and cedars reeling ;  
When grumbles in its home the savage linn,  
And o'er the sea the battling whirlwinds spin ;  
Oh ! then, while shrink the mighty hills aghast,  
And the waves howl upon the ocean-main,  
And the fierce lightning shakes its burning chain,  
As the torn cohorts of the storm move past ;  
' Let me but taste thy high society,  
And of thy soul, my soul a part shall be !'

## TWO DESULTORY CHAPTERS.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME, BY THE AUTHOR OF 'COURTESHIP,' 'JOHN JENKINS,' ETC.

## THE EDITOR AND THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

'I'm twenty-five,' said FRANK THORNTON, as he rose from his pillow, on a delightful morning in spring. 'And what have I done?' was the question that he immediately addressed to himself.

'Ah, what have I done?' is the question that extorts the sigh, perhaps the tear, from the best of us. It seems our fate not to be able to answer that query satisfactorily to ourselves. Franklin says, that in reviewing his life, he finds he has committed two mistakes — and how many errors? It is not our want of policy that tortures us, but it is the want of obedience to those everlasting principles of truth, which rise on our path like the pillar of fire before the Jews, but whose light we reject. This is what makes memory a scorpion, which stings us, when our past life comes up and condemns us for our sins of omission, as well as those of commission.

Frank threw himself into a chair at the window, and looked out on the beautiful little garden beneath him. His mind was soon busied with the past. He recounted his hopes and his fears, his failures and his successes. Again he seemed to sip at the sparkling fountains of bliss, and then the Marah of the wilderness — the bitter spring of wo — dashed its waters at his feet. His life had been a mingled picture — much light, and some deep shadow. He was happier than he had been; and he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments wept — thankfully! He soon raised his head, and brushed aside the tangled locks that concealed his ample brow. Tears, at times, afford great relief; and in the present instance, Frank felt as if a mountain had been lifted from his heart. The birds were singing blithely below him, and the morning air breathed freshness. His heart responded to the refreshing influences which were abroad, and he was soon revelling in visions of happiness.

A thought recalled his mind to reality. A weekly literary paper had been projected; he had been selected for its editor; and on this, his birth-day, its first number was to appear. That Frank was ambitious, is most true, but his ambition was restricted within certain limits, by the principles which he had adopted for the government of his conduct. He was desirous of literary reputation, but he would not have accepted it, if any sacrifice of integrity were required as its price. No ill-regulated desire for fame, at all hazards, ever took possession of his mind; but his wish was to be admired by his fellows for the greatness of his intellect, and the goodness of his heart.

Frank began his literary career on principles which he considered strictly compatible with the highest success. And he was determined to retire from literary pursuits, whenever he found their successful prosecution at variance with the peace of his mind, and the purity of his intentions. He had been indefatigable in the preparation of articles which he presumed would give to his periodical a respectable character. In the important business of criticism, he had resolved

on abstaining from undeserved severity, on the one hand, and undue praise on the other. As far as was practicable, he meant to be just. He determined that the interest of virtue should receive no detriment from his hands; and considering the union of high intellectual power and religious feeling as the most desirable attainment, he concluded to do all that he could toward recommending their united loveliness to the consideration of all over whom his influence might extend.

His pride was involved in the present effort; and as he descended to the dining-room, a thrill of delightful anticipation shot through his bosom.

'Why, brother, you are lazy this morning. I have watered the flowers, fed my bird, and read, I don't know how many pages, in Thomson's Seasons,' said a light-hearted voice to him, as he entered the room.

'You are too active, sister, for my rivalry. What part of the Seasons have you been reading.'

'The latter part of the first book; that on domestic love.'

'That is the finest part of the whole poem. How did you like it?'

'I've been delighted.'

They were by this time seated at the breakfast table. Susan Thornton was Frank's eldest sister, and had just entered into the full blush of her womanhood. She was nineteen, though she would have passed for younger. She was less than the ordinary stature of woman; but her form was essentially perfect. The most noticeable feature of her face, was her dark, lively, penetrating eye. There was a mischievous smile usually lurking about her mouth, that added to the effect of her eye, and gave to her expression a mingled look of archness and strength. Her spirits flowed from an inexhaustible fountain, and cast a charm wherever their influence fell. She had the reputation of being a little coquettish, but like many others, who are fond of flirtation, her exterior but masked the genuine nature which dwelt within. Her strength and sincerity were adequate to the formation of an enduring tie around any object, in which her affections might become interested.

While at breakfast, a note was handed to her from her friend Mary Ellwood, requesting her to come and spend the day with her, as she should be alone and lonesome without her. The note ended with a postscript, requesting her to tell Frank, if he had not written in her album, to do so forthwith, and return it in the evening. Susan sent her word she would come; and Frank, after receiving the lady's mandate, arose from the table, and departed.

Arrived at his office, Frank picked up Miss Ellwood's album, tore off the cover he had carefully wrapped round it, seated himself, and began to look over its pages, thinking at the time much more about its mistress than the book.

'I suppose I must e'en do as I am bid,' thought he, as he nibbed a pen, and opened the book before him. A knock at the door interrupted the current of his thoughts.

'Come in!'

'Good morning, Frank.'

'How do you do, Mr. Jenkins?—be seated.'

'No, I thank you. I merely stepped over to borrow a volume of

Gibbon, for the purpose of reading, once more, those celebrated chapters in which he thought he had dugged a grave for the Christian's faith at last.

'Then Gibbon sadly miscalculated the force of the adversary with which he contended,' said Frank.

'True,' returned Jenkins; 'but Gibbon's confidence was not a match for Paine's presumption. He says, in that illogical and inflated abortion, which he called the Age, but which he should have christened the Infancy, of Reason, that he had gone through the Bible as a man would go through a forest with an axe on his shoulder; that he had cut down the trees, which the priests might stick up, but could never make grow again.'

'What do you think of Gibbon, Mr. Jenkins?'

'Why, I think that if his father, instead of procuring his dismissal from Oxford, had regarded his deviations as the errors of a young enthusiast, Christianity would never have numbered among the most effective of her opponents the historian of the Roman Empire. As an historian, I think Gibbon one of the six best who have ever written. Mackintosh said that Gibbon's intellect might have been taken out of a corner of Burke's, without his missing it. This was Sir James' prejudice. In France, Gibbon is placed in the very front rank of historical writers. I think there is no one work that will more amply repay a student for his intimacy with it, or that contains a richer and more extensive treasure, than his history. His style is rotund and perhaps turgid; but his course is majestic; his incredulity may reject some facts, but it refuses more fables; his imagination is fertile, and flings a rich drapery of fiction over his descriptions, without destroying their fidelity; in fine, he unites many of the excellencies of Tacitus and Herodotus, and interests one's feelings as deeply as Homer does.'

As he concluded, he bade Frank good morning, and left him to his musings.

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A CONVERSATION WITH A QUAKER DAMSEL, ON POETRY, ETC.

\* \* 'WHAT have you been reading lately?'

'Many things, fashionable and unfashionable,' was the answer.

'By fashionable, I suppose you mean fiction?'

'Yes.'

'What a compliment to the nineteenth century! Its fashionable literature consists of novels, that are the merest trash, or those that excite the passions, and come not near the diviner qualities of the soul. The leading fault in our fashionable literature, is its excess of passion. Those calm sentiments of love, benevolence, kindness, and the whole host enjoined by Christianity, are regarded as entirely too insipid for the fervid tastes of readers. I saw a stuffed bird-of-paradise to day; its plumage was brilliant, gay, and sparkling, while its interior was hollow and chaffy. It reminded me of fashionable literature; a brilliant exterior, having the hues of life, while all within was death and corruption!'

'And yet there is a great deal of fascination in it,' said Mary. 'Is it not strange, that we love to be deceived, and that we should strive so hard to cheat ourselves with fictitious sentiments? Some people



seem to live only to keep up the struggle between truth and deception; and you poets are everlastingly dreaming visions, that bear about as much likeness to what you meet with on earth, as the portraits of an itinerant painter do to his sitters.'

'Ah, here is a book, not entirely unfashionable,' said Frank, as he picked up a volume from the table on which his elbow was resting.

'Cunningham's Life of Burns, is n't it?'

'Yes,' answered Frank.

'Father, knowing my love for Burns, purchased it for me the other day. I have renewed my fondness for the 'ploughman-poet,' by reading it.'

'I wonder if any one deifies Burns as I do,' said Frank, as he turned over the pages.

'I suspect,' returned Mary, 'that there is quite as much of a Grecian temple about my heart, as thee can lay claim to. In that temple, on a niche, shrouded in glory, stands most conspicuously the beau ideal of a statue of Robert Burns.'

'Good!' said Frank; 'and borrowing your idea, I should say my heart is a complete Pantheon, and in it, on the highest range of niches, stand the poets — the 'gray-haired sires' of the olden time, when every grove was sanctified by poësy, and those men of after years, who have lived near our own day. In the language of Wordsworth:

'Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth, and pure delight, by heavenly lays.'

And, Miss Mary, we agree in the homage that we render to him, who

——— 'walked in glory and in joy,  
Following his plough upon the mountain-side.'

I have sometimes thought it would be an excellent criterion whereby to judge of the excellence of a heart, to submit it to the influence of Burns' life and poetry. If a tear was not shed to the memory of the one, and if the other did not awaken a rapid succession of all the feelings that stir the soul, that heart would not have much to interest me.'

'Judged of by such a criterion, I should be admirable,' said Mary, laughingly.

'Or by any other righteous test,' added Frank. Mary apparently failed to notice his compliment, for she continued: 'As a Kentuckian said of Daviess' eloquence, I might say of Burns' story; it has caused me to weep a pint-cup full. And as to his poetry, it is to me what his conversation was to the Duchess of Gordon; it 'completely takes me off my feet.'

'Do you know,' said Frank, 'that I think Burns' mind was one of the most glorious on which the mantle of inspiration has yet fallen; one of the mightiest on which the noon-day sunlight of genius ever descended. there is this difference between a great and a common intellect: the former, by the magic power of sublime association, can fling importance about the most ordinary subjects; while the common mind demands that a subject shall have great and obvious relations, in order to make out an exhibition of interest for it. In

this way I judge of the relative greatness of minds. Now Burns, with ordinary subjects, has charmed the world. Look at his heroines, milk-maids and gleaners, though they are, and point me to the page of any other poet, where I can find their superiors. Listen, while I read a moment :

'Sae fair her hair, sae bent her brow,  
Sae bonnie blue her een, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou,  
*The mair I look, she's mair my dearie.'*

And again :

'She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May;  
She's sweet as the evening amang the new hay;  
As blythe and as artless as lambs on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my ee.'

And here is a verse from 'Mary Morison,' one of the sweetest things that genius ever sent down to immortality ; listen to her lover :

'Yestreen, when to the trembling string,  
The dance gaed through the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :  
Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sighed, and said amang them a',  
Ye are no Mary Morison.'

Here is one more verse :

'As in the bosom of the stream,  
The moonbeam dwells at dewy e'en,  
So trembling pure was faithful love,  
Within the breast of bonnie Jean.'

Now, for nature, for the force and simplicity of truth, where will you find any thing superior to what I have read, without any effort at selection ? Byron's heroines are very fine, but Burns' are lovely. Think of that splendid abstraction of Byron's, so often quoted :

'She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best in dark and bright,  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.'

I say, take this description, and compare it with :

'Sae fair her hair, sae bent her brow,  
Sae bonnie blue her e'en, my dearie,  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
*The mair I look, she's mair my dearie,*

and you can feel the difference between the cold and brilliant abstraction of Byron, and the flesh-and-blood being of Burns. The one is cold, like moonlight on frost-work ; the other is warm as the light of love on the eye of beauty. But I forget that I am not talking with one who differs from me in opinion.'

'As to splendor and greatness, I think Burns inferior to many poets, but he has a way of taking one's heart, that is only his,' said Mary.

‘When I speak of Burns’ greatness, I do not mean to speak of him in comparison with Milton; I only say, that he was the greatest poet that ever lived, under similar circumstances. He had not the education, he had not the ten thousand intellectualizing influences; he had not the soul-exalting knowledge of all that genius had done before him, that others have had. Shakspeare himself, the prince of poets, confined to the banks of Ayr, would not have conversed in mightier cadences than those which fell from the charmed lips of Burns. Byron would not have seen half as many beauties, in Burns’ situation. And now, Miss Mary, will you pretend to measure your idolatry of the god-like intellect of Burns, with mine?’

‘I fear I shall have to rank second. I cannot help thinking of the infirmities of the man, while I admire the greatness of the poet.’

‘It would not do,’ said Frank, ‘for me to palliate what you charitably call his infirmities. I think that Burns’ vices were not remarkably many. I fear that if you stretch us on the Procrustean bed, there will be but few of the proper size.’

‘I cannot but acknowledge that I feel a marvellous inclination to overlook the short-comings of such a man as Burns,’ returned Mary; ‘and like Hannah More, I think it a great pity, that men of genius should be so bad, that one will not have their agreeable company in heaven.’

‘You may depend upon it, Miss Mary, that Burns was not so bloated by his vices, as to be unable to get in at the ‘straight and narrow gate.’ You may see him yet in paradise.’

‘And Mary Campbell, too,’ added Mary. ‘What a meeting her last with Burns was! I know of no scene more touching to one’s feelings.’

‘By the way, my lady, you gave me a task to execute to-night, and now I will return the favor, by insisting that you write a description of the last meeting of Burns and Highland Mary.’

And perhaps this description will form the subject of another chapter from our ‘unpublished volume.’

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#### SAYINGS

OF SOLON, THE PHILOSOPHER OF ATHENS.

LIFE, when 't is passed, and not until,  
 You then may judge it good or ill;  
 Let equals meet in married life,  
 Unequal matches end in strife.  
 True honors are with merit blent,  
 And never come by accident;  
 Reprove in secret, as a friend,  
 Let others hear, when you commend;  
 More noble far it is to win  
 High rank, than owe it to your kin.  
 If fate decrees all accidents,  
 What room is there for careful sense?  
 If all things move by no fixed rules,  
 Why are some wise, and some men fools?

## L I N E S

## ADDRESSED TO MY ROCKING CHAIR.

Blessings on the invention fair,  
That first contrived the rocking chair,  
For wakeful ease or slumber !  
Oft, with a fervor ever new,  
I've blest mine own, long-tried and true,  
In past hours without number.

Friend at all seasons ! how I love,  
When morning o'er the earth doth move,  
Like some angelic creature,  
Seated within thy tranquil place,  
To greet with smiles her joyous face,  
And read each glowing feature !

Or when, with full and staring eye,  
The mid-day sun in cloudless sky,  
Like well-fed furnace blazes,  
Safe nestled in thy shaded nook,  
To speed the needle's task, or look  
Into thought's mystic mazes.

And oftener still, when pensive eve,  
Like some pale nun, her cell doth leave,  
And takes her silent station,  
At the frail grate, where day and night  
Meet hand in hand, and in heaven's sight,  
Pay willing adoration.

Then, wrapt in dreams, my heart will float,  
Like voyager in fairy boat,  
To the blue vault ideal,  
Till, quite forgetful of its strife,  
I slip, as 't were, the noose of life,  
And dwell in worlds unreal.

Yet deem not, when calm Reason calls,  
And from the height my spirit falls,  
Where idle fancies centre,  
That shades of discontent e'er pass  
Across my mind's transparent glass,  
Or aught like dark thoughts enter.

Oh, no ! — within thy still domain,  
I count the joys, not few nor vain,  
Born with substantial being ;  
Till to a livelier flame I fan  
Warm gratitude, and rise, some plan  
Of good in all things seeing.

Then come at will, ideal bliss !  
Thou 'lt always find a welcome kiss  
From one that dearly loves thee ;  
Yet, if thou choose to stay away,  
Believe me, oh ! bewitching fay !  
Thine absence will not move me.

For, better than all fancied wealth,  
Rich in kind friends, and much-prized health,  
With peace, best gift of Heaven ;  
Books, quiet, leisure, free from care,  
Seated within my rocking-chair,  
What need that more be given ?

## RURAL CEMETERIES.

—  
'WIND, gentle evergreen, to form a shade  
Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;  
Sweet Ivy wind thy boughs, and intertwine  
With blushing roses, and the clustering vine;  
So shall thy boughs, with lasting honors hung,  
Prove grateful emblems of the lays he sung.'  
—

THERE is a pleasure in looking upon the grave as a place of rest. But in the heart of cities, we fancy something in their sepulchres, repugnant to the idea of a sweet repose. There the dead may lie down amid a profusion of sculpture, amid monuments seen like the tomb of Bianor in the distance, erected by vanity, and never moistened by a tear. But there is a voice without, which baffles all their quietude, and drowns the silent eloquence of the grave. While the multitude are hurrying through crowded thoroughfares, and the hum of men and murmurs of a great mart are fretting like waves against the sepulchre, it seems not like that wished-for mansion, where 'the weary are at rest.'

Methinks I could emulate the example of the Turk, if not in his ideas of a blind fatality, at least in a devotion which teaches him not to violate the grave. For, indulging the stately reserve of his nature, he holds converse with the shades of his ancestors, reposing beneath the mourning cypress, in the midst of some vast necropolis.

The care of the dead is a beautiful trait in any nation, and has its origin in the unadulterated wells of the heart. It is a redeeming feature in the otherwise stern and repulsive character of the American savage. He loves his country, not only for its solitudes, and majestic forests, which accord so well with his 'soul's sadness,' and whence, as from a temple, his prayers may go up to the Great Spirit, but he loves it more ardently, for in it the bones of his dead repose. He regards their sepulchres with a veneration of which more civilized nations know nothing, and they are his last entrenchment in the day of battle. And when the arts of the white man have at last prevailed, and he goes broken-hearted beyond the 'Great River,' thither his last lingering looks are cast. Generations may pass away, like the leaves of the forest; but when some of his posterity, retracing the steps of his exile, come to our seat of government to strike new treaties, again to be broken, they will turn, perhaps, many miles from the highway, and seeking out some tumulus in the wood, where the ashes of their tribe were deposited, pass many hours in silent lamentation. And is not the civilized man excelled in this respect by the savage? After unmitigated wrong and outrage, committed and to be committed, until their last remnant has vanished, would to God that he would learn this lesson from the vanquished! Who has not seen, in our larger towns, sacrilege frequently committed, for the sake of lucre?—the abodes of the dead unblushingly rent open, bones cast out in a heterogeneous mass, and the whole place at last reduced to one common level? It might have been hoped, that the lust of gain would stop short of this; and to the honor

of human nature, many have united in the deprecatory voice of the poet :

‘ Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbear,  
To touch the bones enclosed here !’

Shame, shame on the Vandal, that can trample, brute-like, on the graves of his kindred, or cast indignity on the soil that presses the bosom of his friends ! The man of refined feelings will recollect, that that which now lies cold beneath him, was once the birth-place of all that is noble. He will feel it a sacrilege to trample on the grave ; much more, to invade with indecent hand its precincts. He will rather regard it a ‘ holy of holies,’ a place to be protected from every profane intrusion ; a shrine whither to wend in frequent pilgrimage, and to bring the tribute of his tears. By every motive of self-respect or of love for the departed, let us protect their sepulchres ; adorning them with the mourning cypress, and with the sweetest flowers of the spring !

It is this beautiful custom, which takes away from those chilling sensations that are apt to crowd upon the mind, and to oppress it, on the approach to the sepulchre. We forget that the worm is revelling on the object of our affection, and, enchanted by the sweet poetry of the prospect, we look upon the grave as a beautiful resting-place. What a peculiar fitness, also, in the rite, and how emblematic of the virtuous dead ! For as flowers, though long plucked from the stem, still continue to diffuse their sweetness around them, so will the fragrance of virtuous actions be strong and lasting, even when the heart which prompted, and the hand which performed them, have been for ever chilled in death.\*

When, instead of a dank, unhandsome-charnel house, associated only with the humbling ideas of corruption, where the aged, whom we have honored, and the young whose beauty, so sylph-like, so *spirituelle*, we have idolized, are given up to festering and the worm ; when, instead of all that is repulsive to human feeling, we behold the sepulchre turned into a garden of roses, and into a breathing wilderness of sweets, we could almost forego the remnants of a life, too agitated by painful emotions, and lay down our heads as in some chamber of sweet forgetfulness, some flowery entrance to the blest abodes, where there are no more tears or sorrow, ‘ where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.’

Happy is it, that the grave can be thus stripped of its prerogative of terror, and robbed of its ‘ victory,’ even as Jesus Christ has rifled death of its ‘ sting.’ That thus we may look calmly upon it, as the

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\* It was not until writing the above, that we discovered a similar sentiment in the poet SHIRLEY, and it is one which, with its context, made the veteran CROMWELL turn as pale as ashes :

‘ The garlands wither on your brow ;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;  
Upon death’s purple altar now  
See where the victor victim bleeds !’

‘ All heads must come  
To the cold tomb :  
Only the ashes of the just  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.’



ultimate goal whither all steps are wending, as the dark opening of some bright and glorious perspective, and not recoil into the giddy world, to escape its lessons of morality. Were the grave rendered more attractive, it might be better than the words of the preacher. The old man, as he passed by, would remember, without shuddering, that he was dust, nor would the youth hurry on, 'whistling to keep his courage up.' It should entice more readily than the lips of some 'old man eloquent,' and instil its stern lessons into willing ears. It should have a voice and an eloquence of its own. More sublimely than human thought ever conceived of, and in a language 'sweeter than all tune,' it should discourse of death, judgment, and eternity. Oh! bring flowers, bring flowers! Disdain not to encourage what is so refined in its tendency, though Reason, in her despicable pride, may sneer at you, and account it a weakness to honor the casket, when deserted by the gem!

Let us visit often the burial-places of the dead, recall our minds from the grossness of earthly cares, commune with them, and then, scattering our sweet emblems, go back with a cheerful heart into the world, and endeavor to emulate their virtues. We shall be better affected by this, than by rearing any cold mausoleum. That may be intrusted to the artist, and may excite the gaze, if not the sneer, of the passer. It is better to present our own offerings.

What are the proudest piles of sculptured marble? Will not the beating storm, and the effacing moss, and the corrosive hand of time, soon blot out these vain memorials, and destroy the short-lived characters which are inscribed upon them? But the willow and the rose will be ever returning, and ever blooming on the approach of spring; thus quickening our affections, and almost enticing us to linger at the grave. And who would not prefer these natural monuments, to the cold marble which the hand of man has fashioned? the romantic beauties of 'Père la Chaise,' to the long-drawn aisles of Westminster Abbey? Yes, surely if there is a place where simplicity possesses a charm, and where every approach to arrogance should be avoided, it is that last narrow house:

— 'where side by side,  
The poor man and the son of pride,  
Lie calm and still!'

To throw around the grave the gorgeous paraphernalia of living haughtiness, appears a kind of horrid mockery. It is the unseemly paint daubed upon the ghastly features of death. It is creating a distinction, where every distinction is alike levelled with the dust. And there are better memorials than the gilded marble, or the sculptured stone; for the tear, as it trembles in the eye of affection, or sparkles on the tomb of the dead, is worth all the 'pomp of heraldry, and boast of power;' and the deep-graven characters which are inscribed upon the living tablets of the heart, are better than the most vaunting epitaph upon Parian marble.

F. W. S.

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A THOUGHT.

'Live well, and die never —  
Die well, and live for ever!'

## COXCOMBS.

FROM 'KYTTENHAWTEN,' AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY J. H. BRIGHT, ESQ.

## I.

High on the quarter-deck the master stood,  
His slender frame form'd less for use than show :  
A soft blue eye, light hair, of gentle mood,  
And small thin hands and feet, a forehead low ;  
He looked a figure for a lady's beau —  
The neat appendage of the drawing-room ;  
A quite convenient thing, when Miss must go  
To purchase ribbons, laces, and perfume :  
You 'll find such when 't is fair, in Broadway, in full bloom.

## II.

This leads me to digress upon the way  
In which those objects live on land ; 'they toil  
Not, neither do they spin ;' and yet more gay  
No gilded butterflies e'er go. They spoil  
The finest epigram, though smooth as oil,  
Which genius ever penn'd ; and when it closes,  
You wonder where the wit is ! They so maul  
The sense, in reading, it no point discloses.  
They credit Shakspeare, when they quote from Job, or Moses.

## III.

They 're at the fountain-head of all the news  
That's worthy of repeating ; and know well  
The latest cut for coats, and whether shoes  
Or boots are most genteel ; can also tell  
Who's to be married, who will be the belle  
The coming winter : and they too can dance,  
Ride horse-back, sing, and fence, and 'cut a swell ;'  
But will be sadly non-pluss'd, if perchance  
You ask them — is the Rhine in Germany or France ?

## IV.

Of appellations they 've a score or two ;  
'Sweet fellow,' is most common in these times :  
I've known one call'd to tie a lady's shoe.  
In albums oft they murder sense, and rhymes,  
Or if they 've wit, as is the case sometimes,  
Purloin a glowing sentiment from Moore,  
Which o'er their names in borrow'd lustre shines.  
To men of sense they 're a 'confounded bore ;'  
But sentimental girls the painted things adore.

## V.

I mean not all : thank Heaven ! for there are some  
Would 'cut' the perfumed coxcomb in the street ;  
These weave a charm about the name of home,  
And in the desert bid fair blossoms greet  
The traveller's eye. They are of earth the wheat,  
The precious grain, the gold without alloy ;  
In their embrace truth, virtue, friendship meet :  
All that the warm heart yearneth to enjoy,  
And all that charms the eye of the love-dreaming boy.

## VI.

They are the magnets of the erring soul,  
The stars to guide man on his devious track :  
Nor can he spurn at woman's wild control,  
Which to the path of duty lures him back :  
Presents a shield to ward off the attack  
Of fierce temptation ; and dispels the gloom  
Which gathers in his noon-sky, thick and black.  
What though she sink unlaurell'd to the tomb ?  
Her deeds, like perish'd roses, leave a rich perfume.'

## LITERARY NOTICES.

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**HOME AS FOUND.** By the Author of 'Homeward Bound,' 'The Pioneers,' etc.' In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 582. Philadelphia: LEA AND BLANCHARD.

WE shall devote but brief space to a notice of this work, than which we have seen nothing worse from the pen of its author — not even excepting 'The Monikins.' It will be remembered that, in a late number of this Magazine, in closing a notice of 'Homeward Bound,' we expressed the hope that its author would hereafter forget the unpleasant wranglings of the past, and that 'the fine genius of our countryman, now in the prime of life and manhood, would play out its variations, unfettered by kindled prejudices, and untrammelled by awakened remembrance of real persecution or fancied wrong.' We regret to say, that our anticipations were not well founded. Indeed, the warmest personal friend of Mr. COOPER cannot but deeply regret the publication of the work under notice. As a novel proper, it is, to say nothing of more venial faults, plotless and desultory — utterly 'without form and void.' Our author seems to anticipate this verdict, in his preface; and hazards an apology for his failure, which can in no wise avail him. It will not do for the author of the 'Pioneers,' 'The Spy,' 'Lionel Lincoln,' etc., who has derived so much repute from his labors on American ground, to turn round, at this late day, and, as an excuse for giving us the lees of his good wine, pronounce our country 'the most barren field on earth for a writer of fiction.' It is true, that if Mr. COOPER's fame were to depend upon the volumes before us, it would ultimately be found vastly to resemble infamy. He evidently sat down to his task with all his vanities and grievances, imaginary or real, thick clustering about him; and no reader can resist the conclusion, that the discharge of ink was necessary to avoid a most plethoric congestion. Scenes and conversations, in which American society is elaborately caricatured, make up the staple of the work. The writer indulges liberally in satirical digressions, and is not at all scrupulous about the tie which connects them together. The *spirit* of the book could not well be worse. It is full of nuts for the tories of England, and all enemies of republican equality and institutions, every where. Doubtless, as our author has often averred, there is something too much of national boasting among us. It has been well remarked, that there is enough of honest triumph for the republic, in her actual position, and reasonable prospects, without sending up our writers and statesmen to the high places of the American Pisgah, to enjoy the prospective subjugation of the globe. But on the other hand, is there need of underrating? Is there need of *native* dogmatism and arrogance, in treating of our people? Is there cause for an *American* to represent the mass of his countrymen as fools or clowns? — to speak slightly of our scenery, and disparagingly, nay, contemptuously, of our society, in particular and in the mass? But we must pause. A long notice of these volumes would be out of all proportion to their importance; and we gladly leave them to the oblivion which awaits them, and from which nothing can rescue them.

THE MOTLEY BOOK; A SERIES OF TALES AND SKETCHES. — By the late BEN. SMITH. With Illustrations. One volume. pp. 190. J. AND H. G. LANGLEY, Chatham-street.

WE have already alluded to this work, in the fragmentary form in which it first appeared; and now that the 'tales and sketches' are collected by the author into a volume, where they may be read consecutively, we find no cause to modify the conscientious verdict which we have heretofore rendered against them. The author's head is capacious enough of dreams and similitudes of humor; but there is no naturalness in his descriptions, and no distinctness in his pictures. His observation of men and things, is cursory and superficial; and there is a perpetual tendency with him to exaggeration or dilution of thought; until the reader is sometimes led to doubt whether he always affixes any very precise ideas to the language he employs. Under such a process, even the best of scenes or ideas would become as flat as champagne in a decanter. We will illustrate the justice of our comments, by a single extract from a sketch entitled 'Greasy Peterson,' a grocer, described, with characteristic *vrai-semblance*, as 'a smooth, unctious, *fish-faced* being,' which we shall take the liberty to place by the side of a natural picture, drawn by a master of the humorous, and ask the reader to compare the 'odd patch-work fancy' of our motley author, with the clear limning, which he has elsewhere aped, but signally aped in vain:

'Greasy Peterson vulgar mortals have named thee, knowing not the true sweetness and blessedness of thy life in its even flow. Judged by thy garments, thou art in truth a poor-devil. A blue coat, patched like the sky with spots of cloudy black, oil-spotted drab breeches, cased in coarse overalls of bagging, are not the vestments in which worldly greatness clothes itself, or worldly wisdom is willing to be seen walking streets and highways. True, thou hast a jolly person and goodly estate of flesh and blood under such habiliments. Glide on, glide on, Oleaginous Robert — like a river of oil, and be thy taper of life quenched silently as pure spermaceti! Robert Peterson, Esq., green-grocer and tallow-chandler, possessed the most incongruous face that ever adorned the head of mortal. His nose thrust itself out, a huge promontory of flesh, at whose base two pool-like eyes sparkled small, clear and twinkling, while a river of mouth ran athwart its extreme projection, flowing almost from ear to ear, with only a narrow strip of ruddy cheek intervening. Within, greasy Bob possessed a mind as curiously assorted as his countenance. It was composed of fragments of every thing, bits of knowledge of one kind and another strangely stitched together, and forming an odd patch-work brain, whose operations it was a merry spectacle to observe.

'Good morning, neighbor Peterson,' said as mall, *pie-shaped fruiterer* from next door, 'Good morning! I hope we shall have fine weather, now the wind has shifted his tail to the Nor'-west.'

Who ever saw a 'fish-faced' or a 'pie-shaped' man, or one, elsewhere mentioned, with features 'like a dried codfish, suddenly animated?' Compare the foregoing obscure and plethoric picture — a single specimen from a numerous class, of kindred genus and characteristics — with the subjoined, by IrvING, whose drawings in this kind seem always, in contrast with those of other would-be humorists, (we except NEAL, the charcoal-sketcher,) like a Michael Angelo in a picture-gallery. The passage is familiar to the reader, being a sketch of Ichabod Crane, and his steed 'Gunpowder,' as they sat off for old Baltus Van Tassel's party:

'The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scare-crow eloped from a cornfield. \* \* \* It is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with

burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral, but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from his name, which was Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and as the horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called, and the skirts of his rusty black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail.'

We have expressed our conviction, and given the grounds for our belief, that the *forte* of the writer of these 'motley' outlines, is *not* the humorous; and we say it in all kindness, and with a due remembrance, that it is to our own pages that 'BEN. SMITH' is indebted for the small amount of capital in literary repute, upon which he subsequently began to trade. We may believe, moreover, that were some judicious friend to clip, amend, and emend, as in the case of the trifle which gives our author his *nom de guerre*, it would be the better for the writer's success. He is far more felicitous in serious compositions. The 'Potters' Field,' for example, is very spirited and pathetic, and shows the true vein of our author; the same is true of the little sketch entitled 'The Unburied Bones.' And we cannot but hope, that he will for ever renounce, for this species of composition, the 'things of shreds and patches,' which he must needs imagine to possess, what they assuredly do not, the spirit of genuine wit and humor. We need not say, that Mr. SMITH has our best wishes for his success, in any pursuit which involves no waste of his energies upon a species of literature, which, though not perhaps foreign to his taste, is certainly beyond his grasp.

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VELASCO; A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS. By EPES SARGENT. pp. 110. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THE author of this play — which has already received the stamp of public approbation, having been performed with entire success, before the critical audiences of the 'literary emporium' — informs us, in a brief introduction, that its basis is historical, although many of its scenes and situations are purely imaginary. 'All that may seem strange or unnatural,' says Mr. SARGENT, 'in the conduct of the drama, is in strict accordance with popular tradition. The general action of the piece is derived from incidents in the career of Rodrigo Diaz, the *cid*, whose achievements constitute so considerable a portion of the historical and romantic literature of Spain.' Until now, however, the subject has never been successfully introduced upon the English stage. As the play, when produced at the Park Theatre, will fall under the province of our theatrical reporter, we shall avoid aluicing off any portion of its interest, by attempting a synopsis or analysis of its character; but leaving this task to abler hands, we may, in a few words, express our convictions of its general merits. The whole is, to our conception, managed with judgment and good taste. The unity of the drama is well preserved throughout, while the plot or business of the piece advances gradually and naturally. Unlike too many native productions, of a similar description, it is not glaringly unequal in portions of the acts or scenes — half ice and half fire; but the subordinate interests are well maintained, and not remotely accessory. The language of passion is bold and figurative, yet for the most part brief and concise. There is little or nothing of disproportioned and injudicious ornament; and in these days of rant and fustian, to avoid these, deserves no small praise. We can well imagine, as we read, what fine effect must have been given to

portions of this drama, by that accomplished artiste, Miss ELLEN TREE, with her musical voice, graceful action, and queenly presence.

The few desultory selections, for which only we have space, and to which we hasten, will convince the reader of the justice of our encomiums. The subjoined is the spirited opening of the third scene. The *locale* is a wild glen, in a violent storm, with thunder and lightning. The hero enters from the rocks in the back-ground:

## VELASCO.

'I lay my brow against the marble rock,  
I hold it throbbing to the dewy grass;  
There is no coolness in the summer rain!  
The elements have lost their attributes.  
The oaks are shiver'd round me, in the blaze  
Of the near lightning, as it bursts the folds  
Of its black cerements, but no gracious bolt  
Blasts me or scathes! A wilder storm is here!  
The fiery quiver of the clouds will be  
Exhausted soon; the hurricane will sink;  
And, through the vista of the western clouds,  
The slant rays of the setting sun will stream;  
And birds, on every glistening bough, will hail  
The refluent brightness, and the freshen'd air;  
But when will pass away from this sad heart  
The cloud of grief, the tempest of remorse!  
When will the wingéd hopes, that glanced and sang  
In joy's melodious atmosphere, return,  
To welcome back the gladness of the soul!  
This spot! What fatal instinct led me here!  
It is our trysting-place; and — ha! what form  
Breaks through the shadowy gloom? 'tis Izidora!  
She sees me — she advances — knows she yet  
The fearful truth? Oh! were this trial spared me!

The annexed passage is not less felicitous, and will convey to the reader some idea of the subdued yet expressive fervor which characterizes the more passionate portions of the performance. The scene is an apartment in the royal palace, into which the heroine enters, sumptuously attired in her bridal robes:

## IZIDORA.

'I will believe that I am borne along  
To this day's purpose in the arms of Fate!  
For, though my better angel warns me back,  
With earnest gesture and imploring eyes,  
Yet am I weak, resistless as a child!

[*Shouts are heard.*]

Shout on, glad voices! Swell your acclamations!  
It is my bridal day — a day of joy!  
My heart is lifted on those waves of sound,  
And thrills with the first gladness it has known  
Since — since —

Away! away! thou fiend, remembrance!  
Is there no spell can lay thee? Thou art hideous,  
Yet there's a fascination in thy horror,  
That bids me gaze and gaze till I am frenzied.  
Ah me! on what a base is reared the joy,  
A single flash of memory can shiver!  
What have I done? Brief is the time elapsed  
Since, with the ashes of his great forefathers,  
All that is mortal of my sire was blended.  
And now, death's sable livery is changed  
For bridal pomp — the wail of lamentation  
For shouts of mirth, and nuptial harmonies!  
And he, I wed, is — reason cannot breathe it!  
Yet in that little space — that sand of time —  
What weary lives of anguish have been crowded!



What maddening thoughts! What passions and what terrors!  
 Revenge, and love, and duty, and despair!  
*The fury of the elements! the shock*  
*Of adverse fleets on a tempestuous sea!*  
*But, over all, riding the topmost wave,*  
*Love's bark still flouts triumphant!"*

In fine contrast is the character of 'Julio,' whom we shall shadow forth in the following striking extract. Entering a gorgeous banquetting-hall, through folding-doors, upon a guilty errand, he exclaims:

JULIO.

'How like a cautious, trembling, guilty thing,  
 I glide with stealthy paces toward my purpose.  
 Can that be good, of which the outward signs  
 Are the thief's posture and the coward's tread?  
 Away, reflection! 'T is too late to waver,  
 When half the crime is in th' intent committed.  
 Decision gives a virtue even to vice,  
 And gilds its black deformity. Oh! think  
 Of all the fierce incentives to the act.  
 Quick! or the occasion's gone!

*[He advances rapidly towards the table, — hesitates as he is about to poison the goblet, and finally, recoiling from the undertaking, rushes to the front of the stage.]*

Was I struck blind?  
 Ere I could do the deed, a shadow fell  
 On all around me; and the flashing board  
 Changed to funereal blackness! Indistinct  
 Was every object to my blasted sight;  
*And the gemm'd goblet faded, and the floor*  
*Sank in and reel'd like the sea's undulations!*  
 I'll not renew th' attempt.

*[A burst of sprightly music is heard from a distance.]*

Ah! they approach!  
 With dulcimer and cymbal, they approach!  
 Ghost of my slaughter'd father! Now transfuse  
 Into this frame thy immaterial essence!  
 Nerve the obedient muscles of mine arm,  
 And be thine own avenger!

The foregoing extracts will satisfy the reader, that this drama possesses literary claims of no common order. Of its merits as an acting play, occasion will be taken to speak at large, in these pages, hereafter.

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**HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** To which is prefixed a brief Historical Account of our English Ancestors, to their Migration to America, and of the Conquest of South America, by the Spaniards. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL. D. In one volume. pp. 358. New-Haven: S. BARCOCK.

WE are indebted to the publisher for a copy of the latest edition of the above-named work, and have great pleasure in conscientiously recommending it to the acceptance of the public. It contains many things which we do not remember to have seen in any kindred volume, such as the origin and history of our ancestors, the particular account of the formation of our institutions, and of the origin of the Hartford Convention, of which there is no where else so correct and detailed an account. Many of these valuable facts could have been derived only from personal knowledge, or from rare documents, in possession of the author. Of the discontents in Connecticut, in 1783, which threatened a serious commotion, we believe there is no account in any of the histories of this republic, not even in MARSHALL'S. But for the brief record in the present volume, the present generation would be entirely ignorant of these events. Indeed, the history of the whole period from the peace of 1783, to the

adoption of the constitution, is, in all the histories for schools which we remember to have seen, except the one before us, a barren, imperfect account, although it was a period of great anxiety, when it was doubtful whether anarchy or civil war was to be our fate.

The time will come, when the labors of our venerable historian and lexicographer will be properly appreciated. Although now eighty years of age, he enjoys fine health, and that 'good digestion which waits on appetite.' A friend who has shared the society of the 'old man eloquent' for a number of years, mentioned to us, some time since, several circumstances, which fully confirm in our mind the entire authenticity of the prominent facts related in the volume under notice. Mr. WEBSTER was within the sound of the church-bell in New-Haven, a freshman in college, when the news arrived of the shedding of blood in Lexington. Hence he must have lived through the revolution, and all subsequent political events. He began, it is believed, to take an active part as a writer, in support of the government, as early as 1783, when DANIEL WEBSTER must have been in his cradle. He had previously encountered all the distresses of the country in the war; and when Burgoyne was marching toward Albany, in 1777, he shouldered his musket, a volunteer, to meet his troops, sleeping on the ground, and in stables. Two or three years afterward, he wrote a pamphlet, to urge for a new constitution, and carried it to Mount Vernon in person, and placed a copy in the hands of General WASHINGTON. Such are some of the prominent scenes and events with which our author was familiar; and they constitute him a historian of rare merits; since he mainly speaks of matters, 'all of which he saw, and part of which he was.'

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PROSODY OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D. New-York: HARPER AND BROTHERS.

THIS volume is an honor to our country, and above all, to our city, which has the proud boast of having nurtured the only scholar, undoubtedly of America, and possibly of the world, who could have produced this accurate and elegant compendium. It has heretofore often been advanced as a reproach against us — and, though reluctantly, we must admit not wholly without grounds for the assertion — that, although occupying a high station among the kingdoms of the earth, as regards the general diffusion of plain elementary education, we have been almost entirely deficient in that high and polished scholarship, which, we are informed, is almost universal among the higher classes of England, France, and Germany. This point of prosody, above all others, is the one in which we have been held sorely deficient; and it must be acknowledged, that without a knowledge of this high and scientific branch of classic lore, no person can be deemed, in the true acceptance of the word, *a scholar*. We are acquainted with no more sure or ready test of classical attainments, than the knowledge of quantity; and we would no more admit any man to be qualified for the situation of a teacher, to whom it was possible to commit an offence against the common rules of prosody, than we would term a man an orator, who could, even in extemporaneous speech, violate any rule of English grammar, or pronunciation. This reproach on our scholarship will we trust now be speedily abolished; all that is needed to effect a general reformation on this point, being the adoption of this book in every school and college of the Union; and first of all, the careful study of it by all *soi-disant* teachers and professors. Of course, it is the text book of Columbia College; and it has given us pleasure to learn, that this volume, as well as the grammar of the same author, has been adopted in the largest boarding school of this vicinity, and we believe we may add one of the best classical institutions in the United States — the establishment of the Rev. Mr. HUDDART, at Bloomingdale.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

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**AMERICAN INSTITUTE.** — Having been prevented, by pressing engagements, from attending the late exhibition of the American Institute, we avail ourselves with pleasure of the brief record of a friendly correspondent. The institution deserves, as we are glad to learn it receives, the most enlarged favor and support. 'The late annual fair,' says the writer, 'was closed by an able and elegant dissertation on the rise, progress, and present prospects, of the various manufactures within our borders. The remarks of Gen. TALLMADGE upon this occasion, were signally appropriate. He observed, that not only had the manufacturer, the machinist, the man of science, the agriculturalist, and the ladies, entered the arena for competition, in their several departments, but that representatives from our navy were present, to await the award of premiums. The article the latter offered, was of too great bulk to be transported to the garden; and a delegation was appointed to visit the navy yard, where they were shown on board the noble ship Ohio, which may perhaps challenge the world for beauty of model and workmanship. The single article of iron, manufactured and vended in this city in 1836, amounted to seven millions of dollars; and although a temporary stagnation of business has somewhat diminished the trade, the manufacture is still on the increase, some articles having even been largely required for the London market.

'The improvements in the manufacture of silver ware, were mentioned as evidence of native skill, as a few years since it was esteemed in Europe an impossibility to attain perfection in *chasing*, which is the most scientific part of the whole. Our manufacturers in this branch are second to none in the world, and we are no longer dependant upon a foreign market for our supply. The taste displayed in the manufacture of the varied articles in this line, has reduced imports at least two thirds; and to such perfection is the manufacture of gold watch-cases carried in this country, that the finer class of watches are imported without them. \* \* The lovers of music were regaled at intervals during the fair, with performances on the superior church-organs of Mr. JARDINE, who, although a new competitor, succeeded in obtaining the golden medal.

'In 1828, the American Institute introduced the culture of silk within our borders, and by the exertions of its members, the question as to whether its growth was adapted to our climate, was speedily solved in the affirmative. The importations of this one article, for the last sixteen years, amount to one hundred and sixty-seven millions, and in the year 1836, to twenty millions. The attention of our countrymen has been gradually turning to the production of this article; and so simple is the process of reeling it from the cocoon, that the small sum of three dollars will enable any person to purchase a reel, amply sufficient for his own use. In all other silk-growing countries, it has been found necessary to make use of artificial means in its production; but our climate is so peculiarly adapted to its culture, that the cocoons yield a far greater abundance of silk than they do elsewhere. So great is the demand for the *morus multicaulis* tree, that the proprietors of one garden, in New-Jersey, have sold this year twenty thousand dollars' worth of them, and the demand is constantly on the increase. It can scarcely be doubted, that but a few years will elapse, before the culture and employment of silk will form one of the most prominent features in our agriculture and manufactures.'

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. — 'This good man and noble poet has lived to see his 'fame ripen into abundant fruit.' Those who once ridiculed, now admire; those who once condemned, now applaud. His beautiful fancy and more beautiful diction; his fine ear for the music of verse, and the music of nature; his all-observant eye, and his great tenderness and delicacy of feeling, have at last come to be appreciated. His verse now finds its way to the general heart; and the reason why he has *ever* been underrated, is, in our judgment, owing mainly to a host of feeble imitators, who have managed to have their sentimental rant, and sonorous but windy philosophy, christened of his school; inferior minds, whose only merit, if merit it can be called, was a proficiency in the art of saying ordinary things in an unintelligible way; of hiding no meaning, as some one has well said, in substance, in a kind of stern and pompous wordiness, and imparting to language a sort of emphatic inanity. But how wide is WORDSWORTH'S poetry from all this! The modest simplicity of thought, the beauty and picturesqueness of fancy and language, which distinguish the following, are the common characteristics of WORDSWORTH'S verse. The lines are from 'Friendship's Offering,' an English annual for the coming year. Could any thing be more exquisite, than the lines we have italicized? We commend the whole to such as consider 'poetry its own exceeding great reward,' and more especially to the utilitarian and the misanthrope:

'SUNSET.

'HERE let us lie, upon this primrose bank,  
And give our thoughts free way. Our thoughts are fair;  
For Heaven is fair, and Earth all round is fair;  
And we reflect both in our souls to-day.  
*Art thou not joyous? Does the sunshine fall*  
*Upon a barren heart? Methinks it is*  
*Itself the sweet source of fertility!*  
In all its golden warmth it wraps us round;  
Not us alone, but every beast and bird  
That makes the breathing forest musical:  
Nor these alone; but every sparkling stream,  
And every hill, and every pastoral plain;  
*The leaves that whisper in delighted talk,*  
*The truant air with its own self at play —*  
*The clouds that swim in azure — loving Heaven*  
*And loving Earth — and lingering between each,*  
*Loth to quit either; are not all alive,*  
With one pure unalloyed consummate joy?  
Let us rejoice, then, beyond all the rest;  
For how shall wisdom show itself so well,  
As in administering joy unto itself?  
They who disdain the merry, are not wise;  
And they who step aside, when mirth comes by,  
And scorn all things which are not bought with pain,  
Are — fools, good cousin. What else can they be,  
Who spurn God's free-given blessings? I am one  
Who prize the matron Summer most in smiles,  
And give my heart up to her rose-crowned hours.  
And so art thou — or so thou *wilt* be, child,  
When that the orb of Time, now in its dawn,  
Hath ripened the young brain with liberal thought.  
Keep this in mind: and now, we two will watch  
The Day go downward toward the glowing west;  
*And when the gold grows pale, and evening airs*  
*Come murmuring o'er the meadows, we will drink*  
*The balmy ether — the nectarean breath*  
*Which Earth sends upward when her Lord, the Sun,*  
*Kisses her cheek at parting.'*

We are anticipating, by every arrival, original poetical articles for these pages, from this delightful writer. Our last advices from him, at Rydal Mount, were, that so soon as a serious disorder of the eyes, which prevented his reading or writing, should have abated, an early opportunity would be embraced, to copy out and transmit the articles in question. We may hope, therefore, to receive them ere long.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, for October, republished by Mrs. LEWIS, is an admirable number. The articles, seven in number, are: The Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. RUSCHENBERGER's 'Voyage round the World;' the writings of 'Boz;' Sir WILLIAM KNIGHTON's Memoirs; Life, Works, and Correspondence, of Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE; Strictures on a Life of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE; and Remarks on an Article in the Edinburgh, on the Times of George the Third and George the Fourth. The paper upon Dr. RUSCHENBERGER's volume, does not treat that work as a production of great merit. The narratives of our voyages of discovery which have hitherto been produced, are not deemed creditable to the American Navy, 'which will probably,' adds the reviewer 'receive its first development, and raise its first monument,' from the Exploring Expedition. Our author's theory of the 'necessity of winds and waves,' is pronounced absurd; and in relation to the subterranean islands, reared by the coral animals and 'other mollusca,' with which the imagination of the voyager so liberally teemed, the reviewer claps an extinguisher upon the whole, by the unqualified assertion, that 'there are no such islands in existence.' It is alleged, that the author has mistaken the insects, which inhabit defunct coral, for the animal itself! His accuracy is more than questioned, and his 'practised readiness to expatiate upon the wonders of nature,' is freely commented upon. Many of his descriptions are declared to have been borrowed from the accounts of others, and therefore to present little claim to new attention. His strictures upon the missionaries, it is said, 'cannot fail to embroil him with that body.' One of that body, we may add, has already rendered these harmless, so far as they related to himself. In conclusion, the reviewer regrets that a government like ours should equip vessels for distant voyages, without taking care to provide them with competent observers and historians.

The notice of Boz's productions is cordial and discriminating. He is declared to be the most popular writer of his day. Since the publication of the poems and novels of SIR WALTER SCOTT, there has been no work, the circulation of which has approached that of the Pickwick Papers, which have been often dramatised, and of which more than thirty thousand copies have been sold. 'We think him,' says the reviewer, 'a very original writer, well entitled to his popularity, and not likely to lose it, and the truest and most spirited delineator of English life, among the middle and lower classes, since the days of Smollett and Fielding.' His unaffected style, 'fluent, easy, spirited, and terse,' his keen sense of the ludicrous, exuberant humor, mastery of the pathetic, and dramatic power, are warmly commended, and his latest productions are pronounced the best. Long may 'Boz' live to write, and long may the Edinburgh Review remain of its present opinion!

THE LATE JOHN W. GOULD. — The death of this gifted young gentleman—who was, as a writer, as much a favorite with the public, as he was, as a man, with all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance—has doubtless been made known to our readers, through the public journals. He sailed last June from New-York for Rio Janeiro, for the improvement of his health. On his arrival, finding himself growing worse, he returned in a brig, bound for Baltimore. He died on the first day of October, sixteen days from port. In the January number of this Magazine, we shall endeavor to do that justice to the memory and merits of the deceased, which neither our leisure nor space will now permit. The admirer of the stirring sea-sketches which 'JACK GARNET' communicated, from time to time, to the KNICKERBOCKER, will be gratified to learn, that he has left behind him, for these pages, one of the most vivid pictures ever traced by his pen, which (with picturesque and affecting passages from his correspondence and private journal, recorded during the long outward voyage, 'in weariness and painfulness' too often,) will form a prominent attraction of our next number.

'GERALDINE,' the first part of the forthcoming volume of poems, by RUFUS DAWES, Esq., has been laid before us by the publisher. We have derived abundant pleasure from its perusal; for it teems with fine imagination, oblique satire, and pleasant philosophy. We await the publication of the entire volume, for an enlarged notice; but in the mean time, we cannot resist the inclination to transfer a few fragmentary stanzas, taken at random, as 'samples' of the 'entire lot.' We take three stanzas from the opening, descriptive of the *locale*. The last verse is exquisite:

'Around that hermit-home of quietude,  
The elm trees whispered with the summer air,  
And nothing ever ventured to intrude,  
But happy birds that caroled wildly there,  
Or honey-laden harvesters that flew  
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,  
Hard by a shelving lake, whose pebbled bed  
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood,  
That hung its festoon foliage over head,  
Where wild deer came at eve, unharmed to drink,  
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,  
Where through the mountain vista, one vast height  
Towered heavenward without peer, his forehead bound  
With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,  
While far below, the lake in bridal rest,  
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.'

A deserved hit is here conveyed to the good citizens of Boston and Charlestown, who, if the journals speak truly, are permitting Bunker-Hill to be sold for building-lots:

'The men who deluged BUNKER-HILL with blood,  
Have left a progeny that stand for gold,  
As firmly as for Liberty they stood.  
Go to that sacred altar and behold  
Lean Avarice with Gratitude contending,  
And Liberty her backward glances sending !'

Some idea of the manner in which Mr. DAWES applies the lash to 'spiritual wickedness in high places,' may be gathered from the annexed, which is not more faithful in its drawing, than felicitous in execution:

'I've known a person speculate in churches,  
Who went 'to meeting' twice a day at least,  
Yet seldom left the table without lurches,  
And very often went to bed a beast;  
He'd give a flip to clothe a beggar's shins,  
And cover thus a multitude of sins.

And this was *Oikarist*! the laying by  
Of treasure in high heaven! O human pride!  
O vanity supreme! As if the eye  
Of the Eternal Spirit could abide  
Hypocrisy so monstrous, and be mocked  
With outward show of good, where vice is locked.

All men must live; indeed 'tis very rare,  
To find a person starving in our days;  
Some men feed well on sumptuous daily fare,  
On canvass-backs, and sundry other ways,  
And many, who to ruin are turned over,  
But 'go to grass,' to red themselves 'in clover.'

Some know the world a goose and club together,  
In hope to find a standing for their legs;  
One salts its tail to rob it of a feather,  
Another kills it for the golden eggs:  
Friendship in trade abandoned store and cottage,  
About the time that EASE sold his pottage.'

The 'dread hereafter,' which to so many is the sting of death, is lighted up with 'a gleam of true philosophy,' in the following:

'Might we but tear the Stygian folds away,  
And show the buried life in its true features,  
Ere man's designing hand had made a prey  
Of loveliness to mock his fellow-creatures,  
How would we burn with shame to scan the pages  
That hold the records of but threescore ages?

Then might we see the human mind upspringing  
In its primeval beauty, unencumbered  
By the unnatural chains around it clinging,  
Bolted and riveted by hands unnumbered,  
Now free, and conscious of its true relation  
In this fair world, its blessed habitation;

So full of happiness — if man would feel  
The truth that this Eternity is now —  
That Time is but a name for the great wheel  
Of natural changes — that to this we bow,  
When we lie down in death, another name  
For being, and though modified, the same.

Death only moulds the body in new forms,  
Mind always is, in one eternity;  
And when we learn to live above the storms  
Engendered by false notions, and apply  
Our hearts to wisdom, we shall find our heaven,  
On this long injured earth, already given.'



A truthful and striking picture of the drunkard and gamester, must close our extracts for the present :

' But now, that soul was like the eagle's flight,  
Lofty and full of spirit-breathing fire; —  
'Tis past — the revels of a single night,  
Have deluged every thought and high desire,  
And paralyzed the feelings that refined  
The earthliness of passion in his mind.

[wake!

And when he wakes — Oh God, when will he  
The seal of hell is fastened on his brow —  
Wave after wave ebbs off from Lethe's lake,  
And consciousness is clinging to him now:  
Remorse — dread — thirst — with agony in wait—  
The horrors of the damned anticipating. [ing,

And now he makes a vow he'll drink no more,  
No more he'll stake his fortune at the bank;  
But ere the last resolve is muttered o'er,  
The empty goblet shows that he has drank.  
And once again delirium has its sway,  
While all his thoughts are revelling at play.

Drunk without pleasure — destitute of power  
To shun the scourging furies that pursue him,  
He counts the tedious moments of the hour,  
And hugs the vulture that is gnawing through  
While mean suspicion turns all eyes to see [him.  
His degradation and insanity.'

We shall take an early occasion to refer to this volume, of which the poem under notice forms but a small portion. The publisher, Mr. S. COLMAN, we are glad to perceive, has done ample justice to the externals of the work.

AMERICAN WRITINGS ABROAD. — Some of our latest works, 'owing to steam,' are echoing from abroad. The London 'Athenæum' and 'Literary Gazette' — whose approving words of, and liberal extracts from, the KNICKERBOCKER, we are bound to acknowledge — devote many of their columns to notices of American books and periodicals. Some, as will have been seen by the public journals, are highly commended, while others are 'whistled down the wind.' 'Burton, or the Sieges,' the last work of the author of that very clever book, 'The South-West, by a Yankee,' the 'Gazette' pronounces a 'tedious narrative,' with a 'vast deal of trashy romance running through it; the 'sieges' being laid on young ladies' hearts, and the hero being a pitiful fellow. We look in vain,' continues the reviewer, 'for any passage to interest us in himself or in his doings.' He takes the author to task for saying that the love of flowers is usually found alone in the higher walks of life: 'Where on earth could he pick up such an opinion? In no land we ever read of, or visited, are flowers unprized by the poor: in our own country, the very mud hovels of pauperism are embellished by common roses, geraniums, and other easily-obtained flowers.' The 'Gazette' seems not to know that the 'pitiful fellow' who is the hero of the work in question, is the notorious traitor and profligate, AARON BURN.

PARODY. — All we know concerning the origin of the subjoined, is, that it proceeds from a 'clever' person, in both the senses of that word; from one, in short, who belongs to the corps of 'Futchey'-uns,' a mysterious brotherhood, known generally in Rhode-Island, and in Massachusetts 'some:'

## LAMENT OF THE 'CISLED.'

I.

I REMEMBER, I remember,  
The house where I swig'd gin,  
The small bar-window, where, each morn,  
I took 'the critter' in;  
It never came a wink too soon,  
Nor too often in a day;  
But sometimes, 't was so awful strong,  
It took my breath away!

II.

I remember, I remember,  
The decanters red and white,  
The tumblers, and the copper-spoons  
That used to shine so bright;  
The bar-room, where the landlord stood,  
And sued me, when I got  
So blue upon my birth-day —  
'T will never be forgot!

III.

I remember, I remember,  
How my head was wont to ring;  
I thought each object that I saw,  
When 'out,' upon the wing;  
My spirit was gin-toddy, then —  
Indeed, it is so now;  
There 's naught like that, to take, I think,  
The wrinkles from the brow.

IV.

I remember, I remember,  
The sign-post slim and high;  
I used to think its gilded top  
Was thrust into the sky!  
'T was most preposterous ignorance,  
As clearly now I view;  
But get as blue as I was then,  
And you will think as too!

R.

**FOREIGN LITERARY AND OTHER GOSSIP.**—We are indebted to an obliging friend in London, for the following familiar gossip for October. It has had a long passage, but is still the latest:

'THE publishers, as the *'Athenæum'* says, are yet taking their siesta, but they will wake up shortly. From now until Christmas will be their harvest time. Very few works of interest have appeared this last month. *'Travels in the three great empires of Austria, Russia, and Turkey, by E. B. ELLIOTT,'* is one of the novelties; but even those regions have almost ceased to be a novelty. Maj. MITCHELL's *Expeditions into the interior of Australia* are spoken of as extremely interesting. A history of Madagascar, with an account of Missionary operations there, by Rev. WM. ELLIS, is shortly to appear, in two volumes octavo, with a profusion of plates. Talboys has published a translation of Guizot's history of the English Revolution; and his *'Democracy in Modern Communities'* has also been re-printed.

'I have just been looking at a most magnificent volume on the Coronation of George the Fourth. It has full length portraits of chief personages in the ceremony, in state costume, exquisitely colored like miniatures; and is got up at immense expense. The details, and most of the persons represented, are the same as at the Coronation of Victoria; and it is far too costly a work to be done again very soon. One or two copies, I am told, have been sent to New-York.

'A work by the author of *'The Great Metropolis,'* called *'Sketches in London,'* with humorous illustrations in the *'Pickwick'* style, is published this week; as well as a very pretty book of Views in London, finely engraved, in royal octavo. An octavo edition of Richardson's Dictionary is announced in preparation. A new impression of the Waverly Novels, in forty-eight volumes, with a series of beautiful illustrations, is nearly completed. Mr. CADELL yet retains the proprietorship of these profitable works, but the plates in this edition are published by FISHER. The whole style of the series is much improved.

'More than usual attention has of late been drawn to American books here; chiefly owing to the establishment of a New-York house in Paternoster Row. The *Athenæum* complained of the difficulty, heretofore, of obtaining American books, even for review; but now they have their hands full.

'The popularity in England of some of the little works by Miss SEDGWICK, Mrs. CHILD, JACOB ABBOTT, etc., is really astonishing. Tegg, in advertising a new edition of Mrs. Child's *'Frugal Housewife,'* says, that '56,000 copies have been sold in England alone.' He also prints an immense number of *'Live and Let Live,' 'The Poor Rich Man,' 'Parley's Tales,' 'Uncle Phillip,'* etc. At least six different rival editions of some of Abbott's works are published in England and Scotland. Indeed, there is beginning to be a brisk competition here in this business of printing American books for nothing; and we cannot consistently find fault, if the American authors do not reap the benefit of this popularity; for we have given them more than tit for tat in this sort of business; but the balance of accounts will soon be pretty nearly even, if not in our favor. It is a pity, that a fairer state of things could not be brought about. Parliament has passed a copy-right act for foreign authors, but only for those countries which reciprocate the compliment; and at present, no legal copy-right can be secured by an American in England. Many have supposed otherwise, as in the case of IRVING and COOPER's works; but I believe the fact has never been contested in law.

'The American house introduced here the author's edition of *'Probus,'* or the KNICKERBOCKER's *'Letters from Rome,'* which was immediately published by Bentley, under the name of *'The Last Days of Aurelian; or the Nazarenes of Rome.'* By and by, authors will be unable to identify their own works.

'The Americans are acknowledged to excel in making school-books, and not a few are extensively adopted here; such as ANTHON's editions of Sallust, Cicero, and Cæsar; COMSTOCK's *Natural Philosophy;* PARKER's *Grammar* and *'Composition;'* Mrs. PHALPS' *'Female Student,'* etc. etc.

'In considering the copy-right question, it seems plain that one thing might and should be done, for the benefit of all parties; and that is, *the duty on English books should be reduced or abolished*. This matter has only to be placed in its true light, and congress will see the heavy injustice of the present enormous tax on literature in the shape of duties. As a branch of the revenue, it is paltry; but the tax falls on those who can least afford it, viz., literary men. The chief ostensible reason for the duty, is the protection of American editions; but I think it can be clearly demonstrated, that this reason is groundless, and that there would be just as many or more books printed in the United States, if the duties on foreign books were abolished. For instance: suppose English editions untaxed — how many new novels at a *guinea and a half* would be imported, while they can be re-printed in New-York for fifty cents? All these light works of the day, smaller books of travels, etc., which are now re-printed, would continue to be so, if there was no duty at all. But there are many *heavy* works, scientific, theological, and others, which will never be re-printed, but which are wanted nevertheless, by practical men connected with these various pursuits. Books should be free — free as air; and I am inclined to imitate O'Connell, and 'agitate' the matter, till it is 'mended' in the senate chamber.

'Beside the Corn Laws and the Franchise, the good people here have another bone to pick, which they are beginning to dislike. Strong disaffection is evidently growing up toward the profuse ceremonies, lordly dictation, and exclusive privileges, of the Established Church. You saw, no doubt, the letter to the Bishop of Exeter from one of his curates, the Rev. Mr. Head. 'The Times' and the Tories of course denounced it as 'abusive' and 'ungentlemanly,' but others, even of 'the church' people, warmly applauded it. This bishop (PAILPOTTS,) seems to be specially unpopular.

'With all due respect for appropriate forms and ceremonies in public worship, an American, even if an Episcopalian, must feel that many of those in the English churches are useless, if not ridiculous. The dignitaries at the door, with cocked hats and gold-laced robes, (what they are there *for*, I have never discovered,) another, with a long pole, specially appointed to escort the preacher to the pulpit and open the door for him; a clerk, (or *clark*!) perched up under the desk to chant in a doleful whine, the *amens* and responses and to give out the hymn; and perhaps two or three others beside the preacher to read the different parts of the service. And most vilely they do read it. Any school-boy of ten years old who could not read better than three-fourths of these learned divines, would be at the foot of his class. As to the internal regulations of the 'parish,' I am not yet initiated; but you are well aware that all denominations in England must pay tithes to 'the Church,' whether they support their own or not; and that no one here can be *legally* born, married, or buried, out of the pale of this *stately* establishment, if they presume to dissent from its dictates!

'The queen is still rustivating at Windsor, and the 'dowager' has gone to winter at Malta. I have been told, by one conversant with court affairs, that the secret of Lord Melbourne's very *constant* attendance at the castle of late, is a 'match' on the tapis between himself and no less a personage than the Duchess of Kent. He is a widower, about sixty; the Duchess perhaps forty, and very good looking. The Viscount seems inclined to hold on to the premiership, at any rate; but if he retains office, it can scarcely be owing to any excess of talent. It is said to be settled, also, at least by the cabinet, that the royal Victoria herself is really to give her hand, if not her heart, to her cousin, Prince George of Cambridge. This arrangement would probably please all parties, except the disappointed continental princes. The favored heir-apparent to a share in the throne, has just gone abroad; and 'they say' another august ceremony will be performed on his return, two years hence. You may take these rumors for what they are worth.

Yours truly,

X. Y. Z.'

## L I T E R A R Y   R E C O R D .

'We have perused, and for the most part with critical attention, the volumes named below. A lack of time and space, however, prevents more than the mere 'record,' which the title of this department indicates, of their general character.

'AN EXPEDITION OF DISCOVERY INTO THE INTERIOR OF AFRICA,' is the title of two volumes from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART. The reader follows the traveller, Capt. ALEXANDER, through the hitherto undiscovered countries of Great Namaquas, Boschman, and Hill Damara; and but for certain minuteness of detail, and the introduction of divers small matters, he will find the journey interesting, and his company agreeable. There is certainly much of new and valuable information in the volumes; and hence we may commend them as worthy of general perusal. The same publishers have issued, in two volumes, 'NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS; Evenings with Prince Cambarces. By Baron LANSON.' It needs but the thousand and one passages from this work, which have found their way into American journals from English periodicals and newspapers, to attest the romantic interest and agreeable variety which are their national and literary characteristics.

'MANUAL OF CONCHOLOGY, according to the system laid down by LAMARCK, with the late improvements by M. de BLAINVILLE. Exemplified and arranged for the use of Students. By THOMAS WYATT, M. A.' This is a beautifully-executed volume, from the press of the Brothers' HARPER, illustrated by thirty-six colored plates, containing more than two hundred types, drawn from the natural shell. The whole is a free translation of LAMARCK's system, simplified, and will be found greatly to facilitate the study of a beautiful and interesting science, by divesting it of numerous technicalities, and by dividing it into four classes, to each of which are assigned its various families, to each family its genera, and to each genus its living species; thus making it plain, and within the reach of the meanest capacity. The work is an easy introduction to the science, being unincumbered by numerous divisions and subdivisions, which only serve to perplex and hinder the student. The publishers, we remark, have in press a work by the same author, on Natural History, for the use of schools, in which is comprised a synopsis of all the branches of that beautiful study.

'BABYLON.' — A poem by a young writer, C. W. EVEREST, Esq., of Hartford, (Conn.,) thus entitled, and containing certain pencilled passages, having been 'clandestinely' taken from our table or apartment, we are unable to do more than record our remembrance of its merits and defects. With a good deal of imagination, ease of rhythm, and correct measure, there were associated occasional negligences, which we had designed to point out, in a spirit of candor and kindness, to the clever and promising young writer. One or two songs, in a measure differing from the main poem, we call to mind, as especially felicitous, while to the whole may be awarded, under the circumstances, much encouragement and praise. We may look with confidence, if we do not misjudge, for a higher and more sustained flight, from one whose spring is so full of promise.

PELAYO: A STORY OF THE GOTH. — This latest novel of the popular author of 'Mellichampe,' 'The Yemassee,' 'Guy Rivers,' etc., reaches us, by some inadvertance, not to say negligence, at so late an hour, that we are unable to notice it in detail. We have given it, however, a cursory examination, and are free to say, that such novel-readers as kindle at passionate language, and stirring dramatic incident, will find in these volumes a welcome treat. The writer has departed, in some few instances, from what is usually received as history, yet not so materially as to take from his work the character of a historical romance. The volumes are distinguished, in their externals, by the neatness which is a characteristic of all the works from the press of the publishers, the BROTHERS HARPER.

**BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.** — The 'juvenile portion of the community' are not a little indebted to Mr. JOHN S. TAYLOR, Park-Row, for the many beautiful, entertaining, and instructive volumes, which he is from time to time putting forth, for their pleasure and improvement. Among his late issues, are two, which are especially intended as Christmas presents. They are entitled 'Stories from Scripture,' and 'Moral Lessons and Stories,' and are beautifully printed, and illustrated by that prince of wood-engravers, ADAMS, in his best style. Both in externals and matter, they deserve warm commendation. The same publisher has issued two little books, of a similar character, entitled 'The Lofty and the Lowly Way,' and the 'Triumph of Faith, and Songs of Heaven.'

**RELIGIOUS ANNUALS.** — We had intended an elaborate notice of two native annals, of distinguished merit, the CHRISTIAN KEEPSAKE, and the RELIGIOUS SOUVENIR; but important avocations have prevented. The first-named, and the largest volume, is edited by Rev. JOHN A. CLARK, Philadelphia, and illustrated in the first style of American art. Its literary contents, it may be remarked, are in good keeping with its externals. The 'Souvenir' is edited by Mrs. SIGOURNEY, which is an abundant guaranty for the excellence of its literary department; while the engravings and typographical execution sustain the high character which the work has hitherto enjoyed.

'EVENINGS AT HOME.' — THE LIFE OF CHRIST. — 'Evenings at Home, or the Juvenile Budget Opened,' is the title of a handsome volume, of some four hundred quarto pages, most liberally and beautifully ornamented and illustrated, by ADAMS; the contents, varied and interesting, by Dr. AIKIN and Mrs. BARBAULD. This is, in every respect, a very agreeable and handsome Christmas-Gift. Its publishers, the BROTHERS HARPER, have also issued, in a similar dress, and with a like number and character of adornments, 'The Life of CHRIST, in the Words of the Evangelists: a complete Harmony of the Gospel History of our SAVIOUR; for the use of young persons.'

'THE MIDDY, or Scenes from the Life of EDWARD LASCELLES,' is the title of a novel in two volumes, from the press of Messrs. CAREY AND HART. We have little hesitation in pronouncing it one of the best sea-novels of the season. The style of the work is good, the descriptions graphic, and the grouping of the incidents artist-like and dramatic. The many imitations of 'Peter Simple,' which have been spawned upon the public, have made us suspicious of this species of composition; but a few such works as the one before us, would go far toward mitigating the most confirmed distaste.

'THE CHRISTMAS GIFT,' published by APPLETON, is one of the cleverest annals of the season. It is absolutely crowded with various delightful pictorial conceits, from the pencil of CHAPMAN. We need only say of its literary contents, that they bear incontestable evidence of having been furnished by one who has before contributed to American literature an equally pleasant 'Salmaguindi.'

'COUNTRY STORIES.' — Here are twelve charming stories, by Miss MITFORD, each one of which is worth more than the trifling sum demanded for the volume. A cheerful spirit, a fine eye for the beautiful in nature, and the graceful pen of a ready writer, have so long been associated with the name of this clever authoress, that it were a work of supererogation to commend her sketches to favorable acceptance.

**EXHIBITION AT THE BARCLAY-STREET ACADEMY.** — The fine pictures by DUBUFE, of 'Don Juan, Haidee, and Lambro,' 'The Circassian Slave,' 'St. John in the Desert,' and 'The Princess of Capua,' have already been mentioned, in terms of deserved praise, in these pages. To this distinguished collection are now added, 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' a noble production of WICHELO, and 'The Revolt in Paris,' by GIRAUD.

**CHESTERFIELD.** — The Brothers' HARPER have published, in a large and handsome volume, of six hundred and fifty pages, 'The Works of LORD CHESTERFIELD, including his 'Letters to his Son,' etc.; to which is prefixed an Original Life of the Author. First complete American edition.' The mere title of this work, indicates its character.